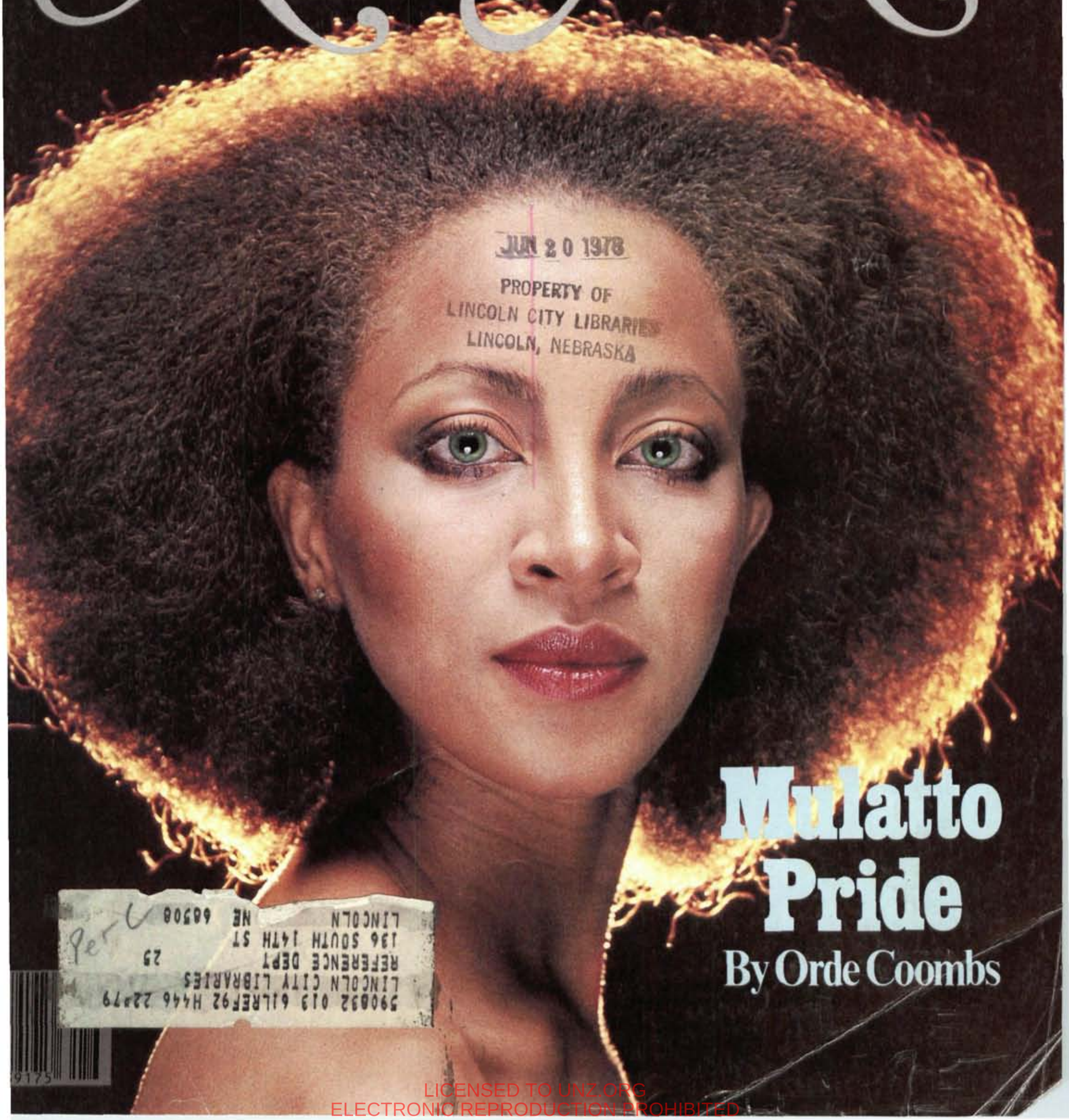
Long Island's Best Beaches: A Day-Tripper's Guide

Harriet Rabb, the Scourge of Corporate Male Chauvinism

Rock Keeps You Young, by Christina Paolozzi Bellin

ONE DOLLAR
JUNE 26, 1978

NEW YORK



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By Orde Coombs

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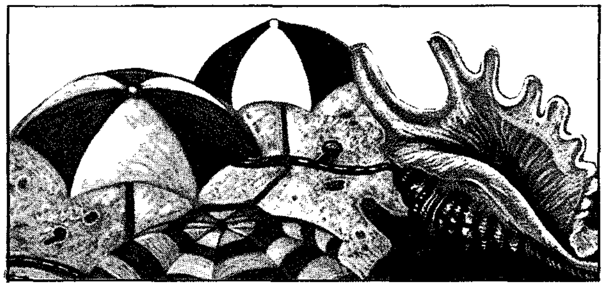

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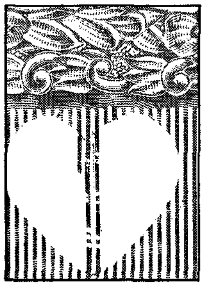

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Mulatto Pride

By Orde Coombs

No longer aspiring to be either white or black, Americans of mixed racial lineage are learning to take pride in being mulatto. They see themselves as a new people, the synthesis of racial conflict. Yet Mr. Coombs finds something vaguely disturbing in the new mulatto chic, the growth of a new "otherness," constituting another front in the color war.

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Harriet Rabb, Scourge of Corporate Male Chauvinism

By Lindsy Van Gelder

Big-time corporations, notably *Reader's Digest*, *Newsweek*, and New York Telephone, have been brought to heel in federal-tax-discrimination suits by a small-but-oh-so-mighty lawyer named Harriet Rabb. Her present target? Fortress New York *Times*.

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See the Nice School Bus. See the Hood Driving It.

By Nicholas Pileggi

Last week, reporter Pileggi wrote of the deplorable conditions allowed to exist on the city's absurdly expensive school buses. In part two of his report, he discusses the fact that the Board of Education school-bus operation in New York has become another turf for the mob and that many of the drivers are not the sort parents would willingly entrust with the well-being of their children.

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By Nancy McKeon

Queens, Brooklyn, Nassau, and Suffolk have waterfronts, which is not quite the same as saying that they are a beach bum's paradise. Nancy McKeon lists the best public beaches for a day's outing from midtown, and our pullout map (page 46) shows you where they are.

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By Christina Paolozzi Bellin

According to some observers, rock has passed into history, music to be experienced only through a veil of nostalgia. Not so, says former actress and model Christina Paolozzi Bellin. She and many others of her generation are still sustained by rock; they share John Travolta's Saturday Night Fever, and the throb in Travolta's arteries is *their* throb too.

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as I am listening now."

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LETTERS

Order in the Court

I am one of the court-appointed psychiatrists advising the marriage tribunal in Brooklyn ["Brooklyn: Reno of the Catholic Church," by Philip Nobile, June 12]. Ex-seminarian Nobile is almost hellishly unfair in categorizing the psychiatric analysis for the tribunal as instant (implying, perhaps, that it is superficial). Well in advance of the court hearing, I receive as many as 50 pages of sworn testimony to study and analyze. In court I spend several hours listening to testimony and asking questions. If necessary I can call for further testimony or reserve my decision while I research or ponder the issues. My so-called instant analysis is painstaking, serious, and as well documented as I can make it.

Furthermore, the charge that the psychiatrist's advice controls the court is not true. Just as in civil courts, the judges are well aware that expert testimony is only part of the evidence to be evaluated. Judges really do make judgments about which testimony to believe, which to discount, and which evidence preponderates.

Finally, the charge that the questioning is "degrading" to the spouses has been dismissed by the people who have been through it. Invariably, they tell me that they have been helped to understand themselves better and to be better able to choose their next partner.

Justice may be blind, but the tribunal, motivated by compassion, has brought more of it to Brooklyn.

Charles E. McDermott, M.D.
Brooklyn

The author replies: I believe it is a corruption of psychiatry to declare a person "psychically incapacitated" for marriage based on mere reading of a life history and a few hours of courtroom interrogation, especially when the psychiatrist's decision is given the same day. When marriage tribunals receive expert psychiatric advice that does not fit with the court's views, a second opinion is sought. Since the expert's opinion invariably coincides with the court's decision, it is not unreasonable to think that the former controls the latter. Finally, one petitioner's growth experience is another's degradation.

The News From Israel

At last! Someone besides the *Jewish Week*'s editor has found out about the *Times*'s tilt in favor of the Arabs ["The Jews vs. the New York *Times*," by Sidney Zion, June 12]. For weeks I kept reading Marvine Howe's dispatches and the columns of Anthony Lewis and thought perhaps it was just these two mavericks who had become the unofficial spokesmen of the PLO. Then the drumfire of the *Times*'s editorial pontifications and its slanting of the news against Israel and Begin indicated that these writings were not aberrations.

It's ironic, but I used to be non-Zionist, if not anti-Zionist. The unfair treatment Israel has been accorded and the subservience of the administration and much of the press to the Arab potentates have aroused my sympathy for Begin, whom I once disdained.

Saul Schindler
Hewlett, N.Y.

Bric-a-Broc

In "Beauty and the Bistro" [June 12], Ellen Stern identifies a brass water vessel as a "pitcher." In fact, this object is not a pitcher at all. It is a broc. To illustrate, I turn your attention to the words of the late Alexander Calder, whose eye for pure design surpassed all others', when he described a bit of his life in France *en famille:*

> Louisa had gone off to buy a broc and washbasin. Now, a broc is a beautiful thing of conical shape, tall and slender—and instead she bought a pitcher, fat and dumpy, while the basin had a flat bottom. She said, "You won't see these things anyway, because they'll be in the cook's room." But I was furious . . . and took the two objects down to the cellar and drove a spike through each. I feel that if one accepts things which one does not approve of, it is the beginning of the end.

Charles A. Schwefel
Washington, D.C.

Live Softer, Live Longer

Re "An Intimidating New Class: The Physical Elite," by John Van Doorn [May 29]. After reading the reports issued by some scientists having disappointing experiments with jogging piglets, I am going to follow the advice of the late Chauncey Depew. To wit: "My most strenuous physical activity will be as honorary pallbearer for my more athletic friends."

Frank Engle
Lithonia, Ga.

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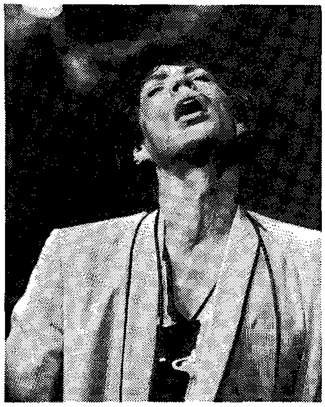
NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

Jagger Calls on His Other Child



Jagger: Date with a daughter.

Caught up in the spirit of Father's Day, Mick Jagger paid a visit to his child by Marsha Hunt, Karis, before setting off on tour. Mick hadn't seen the six-year-old girl for years, not since losing the paternity suit Marsha filed against him. The other day in Los Angeles he collected Karis—who looks just like him—and took her out for an ice cream. That doesn't mean there will be a get-together with Marsha herself. She and Mick aren't speaking. A veteran of the London production of *Hair,* Marsha is currently house-sitting in L.A. while trying to get her singing career going and at the same time caring for Karis. Mick's $17-a-week child support doesn't go a long way toward making ends meet.

Four Flops Got A Sneak Preview

It seemed a great idea at the time: a special preview of big musicals for the women who book theater parties. The show was staged in the Alvin Theater back in January, and the four shows previewed for the potential block ticket buyers were *Alice, Working, By Strouse,* and *The Prince of Grand Street.* They've now all folded, with a cumulative loss of some $4 million.

City's Lenders Banking on Chile

Maybe New York City needs a junta. How else to explain why the major banks have quietly made a $210-million loan to the colonels' regime in Chile while rejecting further aid for our city? The big loan, whose major sponsors are Morgan Guaranty and Citibank, is just one more sign of the continuing investment American business is making in the troubled South American nation. Forty-nine other banks each bought a piece of the $210-million loan. One of these banks, it's interesting to note, is the Southeast First National Bank of Miami. Southeast's manager of special projects, international division, is one Vernon Townley. His son has been indicted for conspiracy to murder Orlando Letelier, the former Chilean diplomat who was blown up in Washington. The younger Townley is now singing to a grand jury. A spokesman for Southeast First National told us that Townley Senior's duties are "totally domestic in nature," and that he had nothing to do with the bank's decision to invest $2 million in the Chilean loan.

Syms on Record With Frampton

Sylvia, Peter together at last: Closing musical generation gap.

The veteran jazz singer Sylvia Syms just put down a new album called *She Loves to Hear the Music,* and it should have youth appeal. Sylvia does her own version of teen idol Peter Frampton's "I'm in You." Playing lead guitar and doing backup vocals on the track is none other than Frampton. . . . Barry Manilow whistled up a deal with Home Box Office to tape several of his shows for one spectacular telecast. Superstar Carly Simon is considering a similar deal. . . . The cast album of Sammy Davis Jr.'s *Stop the World— I Want to Get Off* revival has just been recorded. The show, a disco version of the Anthony Newley musical, will open on Broadway in August. What's unusual is that this is the first time a Broadway-cast album has been made in Los Angeles. . . . ABC's record division continues to distress the company. Losses are huge and morale is low. ABC would sell it, but a company in the entertainment business just has to have a record outlet. . . . Joni Mitchell's new album has a black man posing on the cover. Don't be fooled, though. The black man is Joni herself, in drag.

BY NEAL TRAVIS

Saffir Telling Of Tribulations

You can't say Len Saffir doesn't try. Since the *Trib* folded so ignominiously, Saffir has been casting about for new employment. He's now decided to do what everyone else is doing this year and is writing a novel about the whole affair. Yes, he says, there's a William Simon character in there (referring to the former treasury secretary, who was an early backer, then departed in a fight for control with Saffir).

"The novel will show what went wrong with the *Trib,*" says Saffir. "It's a story about sex, greed, and politics." It won't mention, however, one of Saffir's own contributions to the debacle—his "exclusive" about David Frost rewriting the Nixon memoirs. Months later, Saffir still hasn't admitted that the David Frost in question was a Grosset & Dunlap editor and not the Frost who interviewed Nixon on TV.

Frost Cools It With Caroline

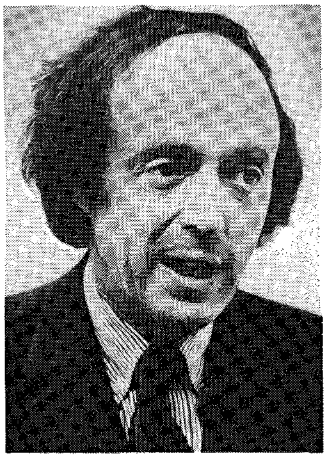
One bit of gossip you won't get to hear on *Headliners With David Frost* concerns Frost's domestic arrangements. The toothy one has been staying in girl-friend Caroline Cushing's New York apartment while Caroline labors as a gossip columnist in Los Angeles. But at the same time he's taken up again with a former love, Carol Lynley. This hasn't upset Caroline as much as you might expect. She, in turn, has moved in with Willy Graham, son of the Washington *Post*'s Kay. Willy is a public defender in Riverside, California, but with Caroline's urging the two of them might just go back to Washington and shake up the family newspaper. Caroline's already been checked out by Willy's mother and passed inspection.

Photo credits: top – Tom Hill ; center – Michael Putland/Retna

You Could Die Waiting

We now know why the president of Cyprus, Spyros Kyprianou, and his party had to cool their heels for an hour before being admitted to Studio 54 the other night. Explains owner Steve Rubell, who's a real Brooklyn boy: "I thought they meant he was the president of Cypress Hills Cemetery in Brooklyn. What other Cypress is there?"

Writer Out of Step With 'Times'



Lewis: Different view of law.

There's turmoil at the New York *Times*, where columnist Anthony Lewis is feuding with almost everyone else on the staff. The *Times* has its lawyers working feverishly on ways to cope with the Supreme Court decree that newsrooms may be entered and searched by the police. The newspaper (like most others) ran an editorial deploring the decision and pointing up the dangers in it. Scotty Reston even wrote an open letter of protest to Judge Byron White. Then along came Lewis with a column suggesting that the decision wasn't all that bad and that the opposition to it was hysterical. That may have suited Lewis's contacts on the Supreme Court, but it struck *Times* executives, from Abe Rosenthal down, as a bitter betrayal. Lewis is still having to defend himself each time he sticks his head in the newsroom.

Hamptons Crowd Backs Viet Book

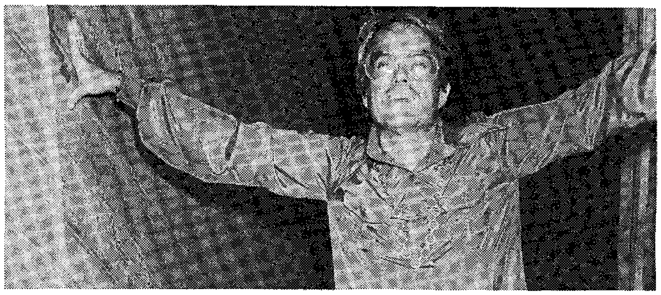
There hasn't yet been a big best-selling novel with the Vietnam war as its background, but a lot of people in publishing think that will change when Winston Groom's *Better Times Than These* goes on sale this week. All the Hamptons heavy hitters—Willie Morris, Irwin Shaw, and others—are pushing the book, which is being described as the *From Here to Eternity* of Vietnam. Groom, a protégé of James Jones's, will be given a launching party by Jones's widow, Gloria.

GOP Playing MaryAnne's Song

The news that Lieutenant Governor Mary Anne Krupsak was dumping Governor Hugh Carey came as just as big a surprise to the Republicans as it did to the Democrats. But the Republicans moved quickly, and before Krupsak held her first press conference after the announcement they'd recruited a videotape crew to follow her around the state. All the anti-Carey things she said were recorded and will be used in Perry Duryea's television campaign. Duryea (who has been getting laughs by cracking to Irish groups that's he's "just a fishmonger") reckons it's going to be a very dirty campaign anyway, and doesn't care who objects to the use of disenchanted Democrat Krupsak in the commercials.

Krupsak: Carey cracks on tape.

Stigwood, Carr Breaking Up Act



Carr: Dressing down from Stigwood ends profitable partnership.

While *Grease* looks as if it will make a lot of money for Paramount, it will do so at the cost of the long and profitable friendship that existed between co-producers Allan Carr and Robert Stigwood. The two, who made something like $8 million each from their *Survive!* epic, will not work together again.

The ego clash had been coming for ages, and *Grease* just brought it to a peak. First, Stigwood's people went around trashing *Grease* and saying Stigwood's forthcoming *Sgt. Pepper* was far superior. Then Carr began saying he had "discovered" John Travolta, which teed Stigwood off.

Things got really acrimonious when, before the Hollywood premiere of *Grease*, Stigwood snapped at Carr (who favors caftans): "Don't wear one of your goddamned dresses." The night before the New York *Grease* preview, a huge Broadway billboard was erected for *Sgt. Pepper* in a spot where none of the guests would miss it. And at the Studio 54 "sock hop" afterward, there were few Stigwood people present. The word was they hadn't been invited. Some think Paramount head Barry Diller could have smoothed things over between the two men but just didn't bother.

Roone's Vision Earns Black Eye

"It was a mediocre show to begin with. Then Roone Arledge came in and turned it into a disaster," says a veteran of ABC-TV's awful new magazine program, *20/20*. "Arledge is now trying to disclaim responsibility, saying he didn't see the show until just before air time," says the insider. In fact, he was still working on it half an hour before it went to air. He worked on it for a week before that. He personally pushed the Geraldo Rivera piece at the expense of the Jerry Brown interview. He insisted on the Robert Kennedy bit. He thought the Flip Wilson tearjerker was wonderful. He put it together like a sports show. Arledge is supposed to be a genius. Well, this was his first attempt at putting together this type of show and he blew it."

Everyone's angry at Arledge, it seems. The *20/20* staff held a meeting in the Café des Artistes the day it was learned that co-hosts Harold Hayes and Robert Hughes were being sacked. The staff wanted to walk out in protest over the hapless hosts being made to carry the can for Arledge's astigmatism. Several affiliates had already called in complaining that the show had pushed the prestige of ABC News even lower.

20/20 itself now appears doomed, and nice old Hugh Downs will preside at the burial. But what of Arledge? His stewardship has done nothing to raise the ratings of ABC News, the one area the network runs third in and the one area it must improve if it is to wrest any more affiliates from NBC and CBS. The feeling at ABC at the end of the week was that Roone might soon be restricting himself to sports, the one area where his vision is unimpaired.

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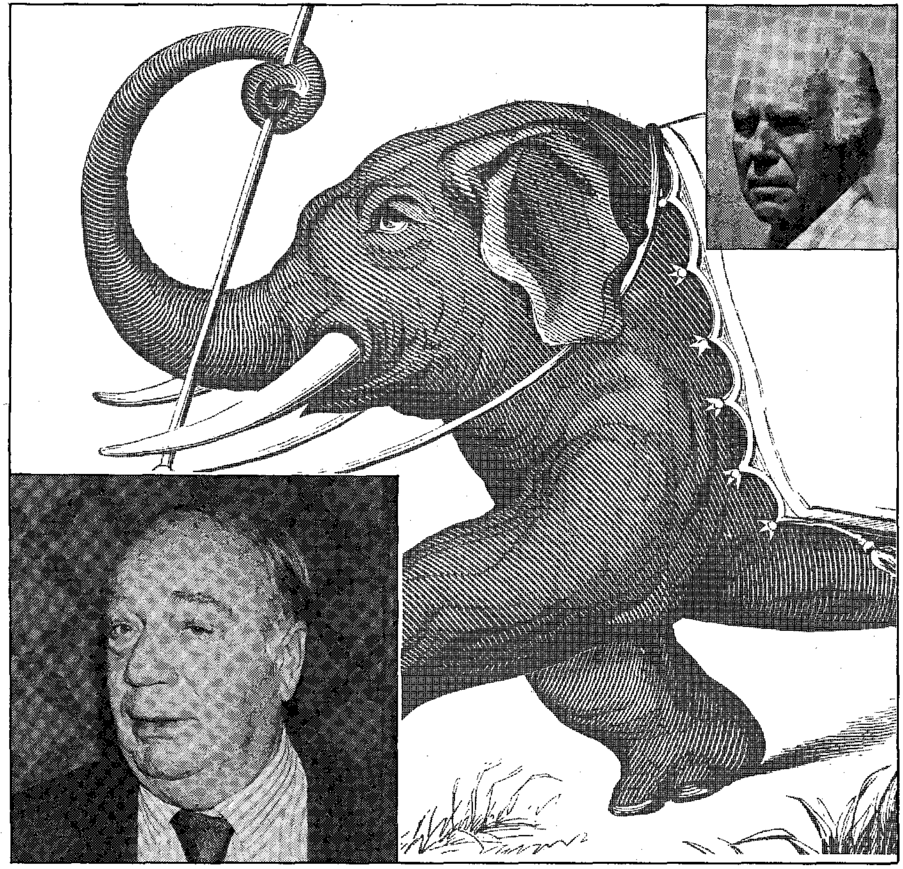
Politics / Sidney Zion

STATE REPUBLICANS ARE THE GLEEFUL OLD PARTY



Vince the Prince: *Like all New York Republicans at this moment, Vincent Albano, Manhattan GOP chief, is ecstatic over the chances of gubernatorial candidate Perry Duryea.*

Hugh a Shoo-Out?

Vincent Albano, venerable chief of the Manhattan Republicans, never knocks politicians unless they are reformers, in which case he knocks them even if they are Democrats.

These days, Vince the Prince is so busy knocking wood he wouldn't have time for reformers if they were Republicans, God forbid.

"How does it look to you?" he asks, knocking wood, and when you tell him it looks like roses for his man Perry Duryea, he not only knocks wood, he *says*, "Knock wood."

Albano insists he is not superstitious, only running scared. "I always run scared. I've been around too long to get overconfident," he says. "But I gotta admit we look like a winner this time." Knock wood.

While Albano, in his 30 years as a Republican, has never had the luxury of overconfidence in city elections, he has seldom been on the losing end statewide. Since 1942, when Thomas E. Dewey became governor, the Republicans have controlled the statehouse for all but eight years. No Democrat has been re-elected governor since Herbert Lehman did the trick in 1940.

This is often forgotten in New York City, which has had only three Republican mayors in this century. But it's a Republican state and has been, with relatively little interruption, since 1860, when the GOP became a power in New York State.

As we'll see, these phenomena are not unrelated. For the moment, it is enough to recall that the Republicans are used to running New York State and have had one of the most effective and well-oiled machines in the country.

Against this background—assuming history is not without relevance—Mr. Carey cannot be considered a shoo-in even if he looks it.

In the event, he looks like anything but, and the performance of his party last week at the Albany nominating convention—as contrasted with the GOP meeting in Manhattan—had all the earmarks of an archetypal joust: the seemingly calm but in fact disgruntled and divided Democrats versus the smooth, unified Republicans.

So, the Republicans easily put together a well-balanced ticket that is at the least outwardly attractive. The Democrats came up with an all–New York City slate (remember how they used to say that only "suicidal reformers" did that?), partly because of the remarkable defection of Lieutenant Governor Mary Anne Krupsak.

Krupsak's eleventh-hour walkaway, accompanied by cutting remarks about Carey's *bona fides,* was based mainly on her reading of the electorate, according to people close to her. She travels all over the state, and she concluded, like nearly all politicians with half an ear cocked to the voters, that Carey was in terrible trouble. When a poll taken two weeks ago showed that she could beat Carey head-on, she began wondering seriously what she was doing on the Avis line, and finally she got off it.

The assumption was that she would then make a run at him for the top spot; why else would she quit? But at this writing Krupsak appears to have taken herself out of a gubernatorial primary and has implied she will support Carey. Given what she said about him when she quit the ticket, this is incredible, and if she sees it through, it may well spell the end of her political career.

Nor is it likely to help Carey, for it will be seen as crazy, cynical, or both. How, after all, can you back a candidate you found it impossible to run with?

In a similar vein, Carey's choice of Mario Cuomo to fill Krupsak's slot will fool nobody, particularly the Italian voters, whom it was meant to fool. If the governor is in the soup with Italians for reneging on his promise last year to support Cuomo "all the way" for mayor of New York, his desperate new embrace will probably succeed only in dipping poor Cuomo into the soup with him.

Well then, can anything save Hugh Carey? How much trouble is he really in? Of course, he *could* win, if for no

Photographed by Fred McDarrah / Jane Schreibman

better reason than the possibility of a Republican disaster. Sitting around with Duryea the other night at "21," I said to him, "The way it looks now, you can't lose unless you're indicted."

Duryea laughed, though he might have slugged me. Four years ago he *was* indicted, for election fraud. It was a cockamamy charge, properly thrown out of court by Burt Roberts, a tough Democratic judge. But it kept Duryea from a shot at the gubernatorial nomination.

The only point is that anything can *happen in an election*, and while Carey's chances are not so dim as to ride on such "hopes," he is nonetheless in considerable trouble.

The litany is well known. His opposition to capital punishment has clearly hurt him, particularly in districts a Democrat must take big in order to win. A large segment of the Jewish vote, once vehemently opposed to the death penalty, has switched hard on the issue and appears implacable. Polls show Jewish sections of Brooklyn, where Republicans seldom get more than 10 percent, now going to Duryea, who favors capital punishment.

Many Jews—perhaps the same ones, maybe others as well—resent Carey for opposing Abe Beame in the mayoral primaries last year.

The Irish vote, which should be Carey's without question, is no longer socked-in, owing to his pro-abortion stand and his attack on the IRA.

The Krupsak incident figures to hurt him with the Poles, and, as indicated, it's unlikely the dumping of Cuomo will be forgotten by the Italians, who have Bruce Caputo to turn to as lieutenant governor on the Republican line.

Apart from these ethnic matters, Carey faces a serious economic situation, which, fairly or not, voters tend to blame on incumbents.

And then there is Westway, which could cost the governor the usually solid Democratic vote on the West Side of Manhattan and in the Village. Carey pledged in his 1974 campaign that he would never allow Westway to happen; his leadership in the fight for it now, including his dragooning of Mayor Koch to the fore, has helped turn his credibility gap into a canyon.

Beyond all this, there seems to be a widespread perception that Carey doesn't care very much for the job, that it bores him, that he wants it mainly for the sweet smell of power, the high life, the nights with Anne Ford Uzielli, the songs with Sinatra.

The city Democratic bosses, who created him, do not trust him—to say the least. They call him a "loner"; they point to double crosses—most notably

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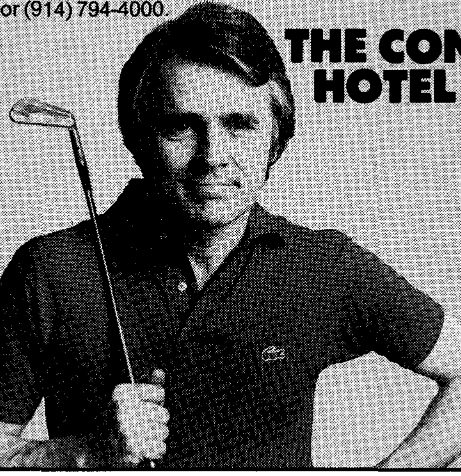

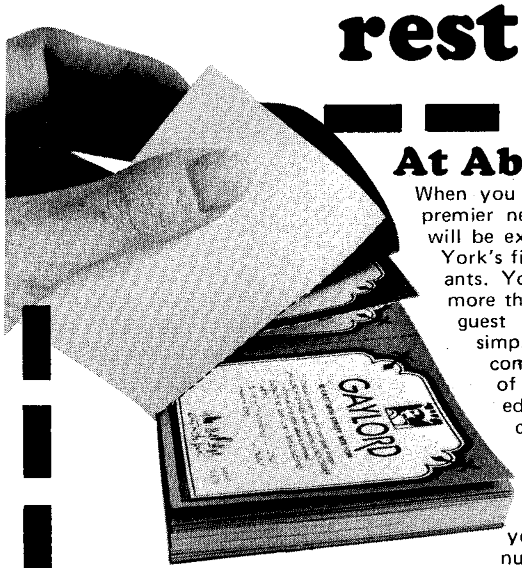

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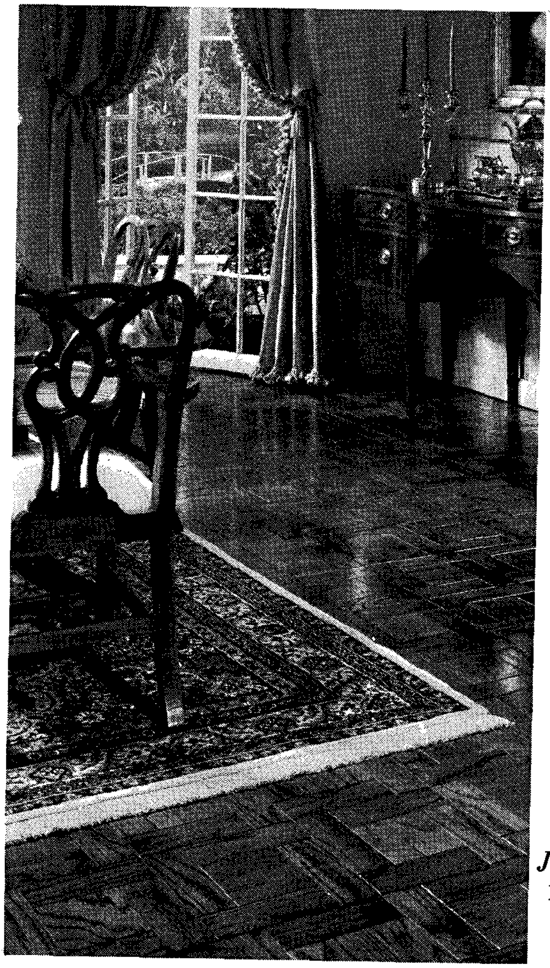

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his jettisoning of Patrick Cunningham, who put him on the ballot in 1974, before others backed him—and while they say these things "not for attribution," they say them clear and not without venom.

The few Democrats who have gone public against Carey are themselves generally loners, like Manhattan Borough President Andrew Stein. "Carey's a loser," says Stein, "and he'll take the party down with him."

This, I've found, reflects the views of the movers and shakers in the party. Yet they "support" Hugh Carey, and the jackpot question is why.

First, consider the obvious alternative: a bitter primary fight against an incumbent governor. A boss-led primary would probably not succeed, given the public's disposition toward party oligarchs. The other kind, a true insurgency, might well succeed but would leave the bosses worse off than they are with Carey.

In 1974, *stronger* party leaders misled the people into thinking that Carey was a reform candidate. All of them publicly backed Howard Samuels, but as soon as they nominated Samuels all, except for Meade Esposito, secretly switched to Carey. They misjudged Carey, whom they had reason to believe was one of them; probably they also misjudged Samuels, who, despite his reform background, would likely have worked more closely with them.

Now they're stuck with Hughie, but this is not to say they will stick with him. Indeed, they are almost certain to do all they can to dump him in the November election, because party bosses always prefer to lose an election rather than win with a person they *cannot trust*.

This iron law goes double with Democrats in New York State, who are just as uncomfortable with their own governor as Republicans are with their own mayor of New York City.

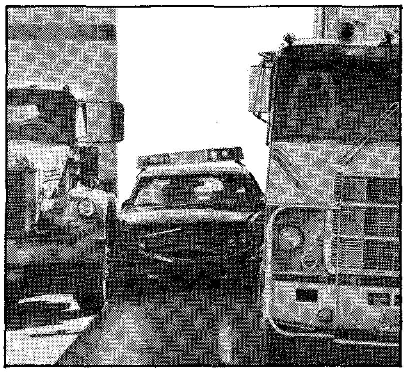
The reason is fundamental to the politics of collusion—the two parties against the people. As practiced here, it means the GOP runs the state and the Dems run the city. That way, the Democrats can blame upstate "apple knockers" for ruining city services, and the Republicans can blame "city slickers" for driving the apple knockers off the farms.

The only people who don't take the rap in such an arrangement are the political leaders, which is what it's all about.

It's only been going on for 118 years in New York, so why should it be any more than a "conspiracy theory"?

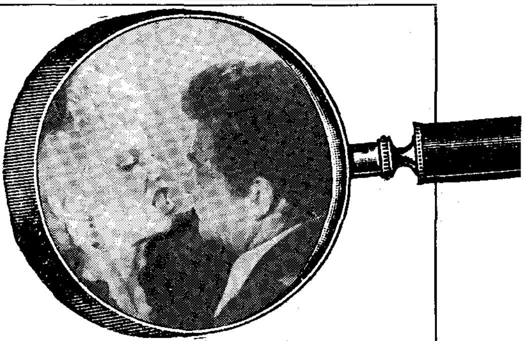
Still, anything can happen. On the other hand, it says here, "Duryea in '78." Knock wood. ■

OPENING THIS WEEK



Convoy, *directed by Sam Peckinpah, about a truck drivers' protest. Opens June 28th at 86th Street East.*

Julie MacKenzie in J. M. Barrie's ghost play, Mary Rose, *at the Lion Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St., opening June 22nd (736-0242).*



Marsha Mason plays a murdered San Francisco detective's widow and the paramour of his partner, Peter Falk, in The Cheap Detective. *Opens June 23rd at the Coronet and Little Carnegie.*

MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

June 20 through 28

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). *The Man Who Loved Women.*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). *A Different Story.*

Bay Cinema, Second Ave nr 32nd (679-0160). *Grease.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *An Unmarried Woman.*

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 6/20, *Zatoichi Conspiracy; Kill.* 6/21, *The Sargossa Manuscript; Un Chien Andalou.* 6/22, *Night Moves; The Long Goodbye.* 6/23, 24, *The Passenger; 8 ½.* 6/25, 26, *Mr. Klein; The Conformist.* 6/27, *Sisters of the Gion; When a Woman Ascends the Stairs.* 6/28, *A Man and a Woman; Another Man, Another Chance.* 6/29, *Pigpen; Sweet Movie.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 6/20, *Tristana; La Grande Bourgeoise.* 6/21, *Intolerance; Judith of Bethulia.* 6/22, *The Magnificent Ambersons; The Music Room.* 6/23, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes; Monkey Business.* 6/24, *Lisztomania; Performance.* 6/25,*The Baker's Wife; Marius.* 6/26, *Fanny; Cesar.* 6/27, *Big Deal on Madonna Street; The Lavender Hill Mob.* 6/28, *Heaven Can Wait; It's a Wonderful Life.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Cat and Mouse.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-0774). *Bonjour Amour.*

Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza (752-5959). *An Unmarried Woman.*

Cinema Studio, Bdway & 66th (877-4040). *A Star Is Born* (Judy Garland).

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 6/20, *Spirit of the Beehive; Viridiana.* 6/21, 22, *Long Day's Journey Into Night.* 6/23, 24, *Juliet of the Spirits; The Clowns.* 6/25, 26, *Joseph Andrews; Tom Jones.* 6/27, *Pumping Iron; Lifeguard.* 6/28, 29, *The Man Who Loved Women; The Best Way.*

Columbia II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *Servant and Mistress.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). Thru 6/22, *Pretty Baby.* From 6/23, *Cheap Detective.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th Street East of 2nd Ave (759-4630). *Jaws II.*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). *F.I.S.T.*

8th St Playhouse, 52 W 8th (674-6515). 6/19, 20, *Son of Kong; Mighty Joe Young.* 6/21, 22, *The Joy of Living; Carefree.* 6/23, 24, *The Bachelor and the Bobby Soxer; Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House.* 6/25, 26, *Where's Poppa?; Arsenic and Old Lace.* 6/27, 28, *Larceny One; The Fortune Cookie.*

86th St East, off 3rd Ave (AG 9-1144). Thru 6/27, *Coming Home.* From 6/28, *Convoy.*

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). Thru 6/20, *Joseph Andrews.* From 6/21, *High Anxiety.*

Festival, 57th nr. 6th (757-2715). Thru 6/22, *The Chess Players.* From 6/23, *Pretty Baby.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). Thru 6/20, *Coming Home.* From 6/21, *High Anxiety.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *Coming Home.*

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). *The Turning Point.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). Thru 6/22, *A Woman at Her Window.* From 6/23, *Cheap Detective.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *Star Wars.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd Avenue near 86th Street (427-1332). *Damien-Omen II.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th at 3rd (AT 9-4607). *Grease.*

Loews State II, Broadway at 45th (582-5070). *Grease.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). To be announced.

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). I & II. To be announced. III. *Capricorn One.*

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). *Jaws II.*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). Thru 6/22, *Outrageous; The Man Who Fell to Earth.* From 6/23, *Pretty Baby.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 6/20, *Joseph Andrews; Looking for Mr. Goodbar.* 6/21-27, *High Anxiety; The Mad Adventures of "Rabbi" Jacob.*

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). *An Unmarried Woman.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 6/20, *American Graffiti.* From 6/21, *High Anxiety.*

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *Madame Rosa.*

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). (Last minute changes frequent here; phone ahead). I. *High Anxiety.* II. Thru 6/20, *Outrageous; The Man Who Fell to Earth.* From 6/21, *F.I.S.T.* III. *The End.* IV. Thru 6/22, *Pirosmani.* From 6/23, *That Obscure Object of Desire; The Lacemaker.*

Radio City Music Hall, 50th St at 6th Ave (CI 6-4600). Thru 6/21, *Fantasia.* From 6/22, *Matilda.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). Thru 6/20, *The Chase; The Wild One.* 6/21-24, *Rebel Without a Cause; East of Eden.* 6/25-27, *Les Girls; Easter Parade.* 6/28-7/1, *The Great Ziegfeld.*

Rivoli, 1620 Bdwy (247-1633). *Capricorn One.*

RKO Cinerama I & II, Broadway at 47th (975-8366). I. *Jaws II.* II. *Jaws II.*

RKO 86th I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. *Jaws II.* II. *Jaws II.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). Thru 6/20, *Coming Home.* From 6/21, *High Anxiety.*

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *House Calls.*

St Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292). *Close Encounters of the Third Kind.*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *Dear Detective.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). 6/20, *Things To Come; Transatlantic Tunnel.* 6/21, 22, *Cleo From 5 to 7; One Sings the Other Doesn't.* 6/23, 24, *Where's Poppa?; The Mad Adventures of Rabbi Jacob.* 6/25, 26, *Citizen Kane; The Stranger.* 6/27, *The Blue Light; SOS Iceberg.* 6/28, 29, *It Happened One Night; Arsenic & Old Lace.*

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). From 6/20, to be announced.

34th St East, near Second Avenue (683-0255). *Damien-Omen II.*

Trans-Lux East, *3rd at 58th* (PL 9-2262). *Capricorn One.*

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *The End.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *Capricorn One.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). Thru 6/22, *Capricorn One.* From 6/23, *Pretty Baby.*

Whitney Museum, Madison at 75th (794-0600). New American Filmmakers Series: 6/20-25, *Prayer* (1976), Zalman Jofen.

Ziegfeld, 141 W 54th (765-7600). *The Last Waltz.*

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

THE MOVIES

American Graffiti–During a hot end-of-summer night, in a Calif. town in 1962, four high-school buddies begin to grow up. All to the constant throbbing music of the time. If you're nostalgic about D.A.'s, '58 Chevy Impalas, Del Shannon, Buddy Holly, the Platters and sock-hops, this will take you home again. Beautifully directed by George Lucas. thru 6/20, Playboy.

Bonjour Amour–Story of a first love—all its joys, sorrow, and discoveries, directed by Roger Andrieux, starring Pascal Meynier and Guilhaine Dubos. Cinema II.

Capricorn One–Directed by Peter Hyams, film deals with conspiracy involving the U.S. Space Agency. With Elliott Gould, Brenda Vaccaro, Sam Waterston, O.J. Simpson, and Hal Holbrook. Rivoli; thru 6/22, Waverly; Loews Triplex; Trans-Lux East; U.A. East.

Cat and Mouse–Claude Lelouch's playful mock-thriller stars Serge Reggiani as the cop/cat and Michele Morgan as the exquisitely magisterial mouse and Paris *et environs* (as the Michelin says) as the playpen in which these two enact one of those ultra-sophisticated duets in which love and *money are entwined to the detriment of neither.* Cinema I.

The Chess Players–A miniature-like film by Indian director Satyajit Ray sets the chess-playing obsession of two fatuous noblemen against the takeover of their province by the British in 1856. The ironies are slow, subtle, and schematic, but in the end, totally satisfying. Thru 6/22, Festival.

Citizen Kane–The greatest American film, alas. This allegory and cautionary tale of American success, told in terms of a thinly veiled Randolph Hearst, is Orson Welles's finest achievement as director, and not bad as actor, either. Unfortunately, the script, by Herman Mankiewicz, or someone else by that name, though clever, is somewhat shallow. Everything else, however, remains impressive after all these years and despite repeated viewing. 6/25, 26, Thalia

Close Encounters of the Third Kind–If there is a theme here, it is that it is harder for a grown-up to pass through the eye of a needle than to gain access to the sanctuary of UFO believers. The most damning argument against the existence of UFOs—they always appear to country people who have a lot of time on their hands, and never to busy urban dwellers. And in the final sighting, director Steven Spielberg and a special effects team has given us nothing less than an electronic Second Coming. The film has no story, characters, sense of danger, or conflict between good and evil. St Marks Cinema.

Coming Home–Jane Fonda and Jon Voight are wonderfully sexy in this love story between a paraplegic veteran and a woman whose husband is off in Vietnam, and there are moments between them that take your breath away. But when they trade each other in for halos and open their arms to returning vets, Hal Ashby's film turns into a soft-headed encounter session on Vietnam that is true to neither individual nor political realities. Greenwich; thru 6/20, 72nd St E; thru 6/27, Gramercy; 86th St E.

Damien-Omen II–William Holden and Lee Grant star, and Jonathan Scott-Taylor is introduced as the Antichrist Child, now in his teens. Directed by Don Taylor, the film features Lew Ayres and Sylvia Sidney. 34th Street East, and Loews Cine.

Dear Detective–Annie Girardot and Philippe Noiret are irresistible as a police commissioner and a Sorbonne professor who fall in love, but this is despite the viscously cute format of Philippe de Broca's boulevard farce. Sutton.

A Different Story–The old gay meets gal, gay and gal become roommates (gal is lesbian) story given a surprisingly fresh face by the empathetic acting of Meg Foster and Perry King. But when the sparkle of friendship surrenders to the steam of sex, the film goes rapidly downhill and finally derails. First film by director Paul Aaron. Baronet.

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands–You had to be in the streets of Bahia, where the film is set, or perhaps in a Brazilian audience (where the film is reported to have outgrossed *Jaws*), to appreciate the non-stop merriment of this witless sex farce, in which a roguish gambler awakens his virginal bride to a world of sexual delights and then dies from his own dissipation. Paris.

The End–This comedy about a dying man doesn't establish Burt Reynolds who stars and directs as the rival of Mel Brooks or Woody Allen, but it is a respectable miss. Its boners *seem* more egregious because of the hyperkinetic behavor of Reynolds's California Sonny, and Reynolds's failure as director to find and maintain the proper tone. Dom DeLuise and Robby Benson are hilarious in supporting roles. Quad; Trans-Lux 85th.

F.I.S.T.–Norman Jewison's drama of criminal infiltration in a teamster-style union only skims the surface of this fascinating subject, but it has charm and vitality. Sylvester Stallone as the charismatic, silver-tongued Johnny Kovak is always interesting, but the film lacks textural authenticity, and it hasn't the power drive to lift it off the ground. Eastside.

La Grande Bourgeoise–Directed by Mauro Bolognini, and starring Catherine Deneuve, Fernando Rey, and Giancarlo Giannini, this is the sort of film that leaves a bad taste in the soul. The script is poor and based on a scandal that lit Bologna at the turn of the century which dealt with the destruction of the Socialists by the Christian Conservatives. The horrendous cinematography of Ennio Guarnier, while making too few demands on the mind, strains our eyes beyond endurance. 6/20, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Grease–As the nerve center of the revival craze, *Grease* has been hyped so continuously that the movie version seems like one more promotional party. It is well to have Stockard Channing and John Travolta who can impose their personal rhythm on the chaotic and potentially embarrassing proceedings. Film abounds in the presence of veterans like Eve Arden, Frankie Avalon, Sid Caesar, Joan Blondell, and Dody Goodman. Edd Byrnes is hilarious as a TV host who delights in his fox-in-the-chicken-coop position. Randal Kleiser directed. Loews State II; Loews Orpheum; Bay Cinema.

High Anxiety–The news about Mel Brooks's latest film, good or bad depending on your degree of Melomania, is that it's 100 percent pure (i.e. impure) Brooks, meaning that it is wildly uneven, vulgar, intermittently hilarious, and at its very best when it is not being terribly funny at all. This collage/*hommage* to Hitchcock is to the Master of Suspense what *Blazing Saddles* was to the Western, and *Young Frankenstein* to the horror film, and *Silent Movie* to silent comedy. Quad; from 6/21, Olympia; 72nd St E; Embassy 72nd; Gramercy; Playboy.

House Calls–Howard Zieff's furious and funny comedy is a middle-aged romance starring Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson as the cautious, one-step-at-a-time lovers. Matthau and Jackson have never been more charming. They bring out in each other a quality of shy vulnerability that is downright erotic. Art Carney is hilarious as the beacon of incompetence of a Los Angeles hospital that is a monument to malpractice. 68th St Playhouse.

Jaws II–Roy Scheider stars in a sequel to you-know-what, directed by Jeannot Szwarc, with Lorraine Gary, Murray Hamilton, Joseph Mascolo, Jeffrey Kramer, Collin Wilcox, and Ann Dusenberry. RKO Cinerama I & II; RKO 86th St I & II; Murray Hill; D. W. Griffith.

Joseph Andrews–This second adaptation of a Henry Fielding novel to be directed by Tony Richardson is earthier and dirtier and uglier than *Tom Jones.* Ann-Margret, Michael Hordern, Jim Dale, and John Gielgud are fine in supporting roles, but Peter Firth is just another pretty face as the bumbling hero. Thru 6/20, Embassy 72nd; 6/25, 26, Cinema Village.

Juliet of the Spirits–Fellini in his decline: a film that looks like the incestuous marriage of *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar,* or a megalomaniacal interior decorator's dream of glory signifying nothing. The late Gianni di Venanzo was a great cameraman, and could wrest beauty even from vulgarity, but this left-handed tribute by Fellini to the hangups of his wife, Giulietta Masina, is a disservice both to her and to the rest of us. 6/23, 24, Cinema Village.

The Last Waltz–Martin Scorsese's elegiac tribute to The Band is the most beautiful rock concert film ever made, but its vibrant colors and swooping camera movements are curiously at odds with the sweaty immediacy of the rock concert. Stars The Band-leader Robbie Robertson with his musicians, and Eric Clapton, Bob Dylan, Joni Mitchell, Neil Diamond, Van Morrison, et al. Ziegfeld.

Lisztomania–Ken Russell is like a plague of locusts which makes its subjects ridiculous, then devours them. In this dreadful film, Liszt is a nonstop fornicator and glitter rock star (played by Roger Daltrey) who spends his life shuttling between boudoirs and Mick Jagger-style concerts. He meets Richard Wagner who turns into Dracula, complete with castle and fangs. Russell is impartially unfair to whatever he touches, so Wagner's music gets it as much as Liszt's. 6/24, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

The Long Goodbye–With high style, love and wit, adventurous moviemaker Robert Altman has taken Raymond Chandler's 1940's detective, Philip Marlowe, embodied him with remarkable success in Elliott Gould and thrust him into the 1973 world. The result is a first-rate suspense melodrama, with the lagniappe of satire and some excellent offbeat casting, including Nina Van Pallandt, Jim Bouton and Sterling Hayden. 6/22, Bleecker St Cinema.

Looking for Mr. Goodbar–This is Richard Brooks's best film. It is harrowing, powerful, and appalling. The tension between his bluntness and Diane Keaton's instinctual delicacy has produced the ideal chemistry in this version of Judith Rossner's grisly socio-sexual thriller. Thru 6/20, Olympia.

Madame Rosa–This Oscar-winning fable about the rapport that develops between a dying Jewish ex-prostitute and an Arab orphan is a fantasy of Arab-Israeli old-young togetherness. But even as it strains credibility it breaks the heart, particularly Simone Signoret's breathtakingly courageous performance of a once-beautiful, old and puffy whore. Plaza.

A Man and a Woman–One of these fluffy pieces of romantic nonsense that Claude Lelouch has turned out less well recently, but which here works thanks to the marvelous Anouk Aimee and the very good Jean-Louis Trintignant, and the by now hallowed sentimental theme song by Francis Lai. It's all about cars and love, in that order, but nicely photographed and pleasant in its harmless silly way. 6/28, Bleecker Street Cinema.

The Man Who Loved Women–Francois Truffaut's funniest and most charmingly personal film in years, the anatomy of a womanizer (Charles Denner), relating the outrageous predicaments of the hero who wriggles out of them with a strategic genius, and yearns to locate an island inhabited only by women. Art; 6/28, 29, Cinema Village.

Matilda–Elliot Gould, Robert Mitchum, Clive Revill, Harry Guardino, and Karen Carlson are in the cast of a comedy celebrating the misadventures of a boxing kangaroo. Daniel Mann directed. Opens June 22nd at Radio City Music Hall.

Mr. Klein–A masklike Alain Delon stars as an art dealer who buys paintings from Jews who are fleeing Paris for their lives in 1942, only to become an object of suspicion himself. What might have been in other hands a nightmare journey becomes an uninvolving quest through portals and doorways, and more portals and doorways. It is a perverse choice of material for even so resolutely perverse a director as Joseph Losey. 6/25, 26, Bleecker St Cinema.

Outrageous!–A winning little Canadian film written and directed by Richard Benner. It is the story of a homosexual hairdresser and a young girl escapee from a mental institution and of their life together. The dialogue is fresh and spirited, witty and lifelike, the film is moving and amusing. Thru 6/22, New Yorker.

The Passenger–An empty, inscrutable parable about a jaded journalist who starts a new life with an assumed identity and finds that it, too, turns sterile and deadly. A beautifully photographed film that reveals the once great Antonioni totally at the end of the line, making parodies if his earlier films. Dialogue, characterization, continuity, credibility—nothing works here, only pretension is rampant. A film for Antonioni-haters, whom it will supply with an arsenal of ammunition against him. Very sad. Jack Nicholson performs aimlessly in a vacuum, Maria Schneider is dependably awful. 6/23, 24, Bleecker St. Cinema.

Pretty Baby–Louis Malle's tastefully composed film about a child prostitute is more a study in decadence than a drama of innocence corrupted. As a product of the bordello world conjured up in Polly Platt's screenplay and Sven Nykvist's lustrous cinematography, the 12-year-old played with all-knowing sophistication by Brooke Shields is never innocent enough to be violated, or yearning enough to be pitied. Thru 6/22, Coronet; from 6/23, Festival; New Yorker; Waverly.

Pumping Iron–A specialized sort of documentary film about muscle men and, to a much lesser extent, their families, trainers, fans; a film that cannot help having a certain freak-show appeal. Yet is does have its reveting passages, as when we see the screen wellnigh explode with the superhuman, or superbovine, exertions of these body builders, or when Arnold Schwarzenegger, the champion of champions, gives out with mischievous bits of witty cynicism. 6/27, Cinema Village.

Servant and Mistress–Inside this film, there's a funny little one dying to get out, but there's little room for humor in this drama of depravity about a servant (Andrea Ferreol) left everything by her rich employer, who then lords it over the disinherited nephew (Victor Lanoux), forcing him to pay for his past liberties with ever greater lessons in servitude. The plot is absurd on the face of it, but the actors themselves are mesmerizing. Columbia II.

The Spirit of the Beehive–For total incompetence, there is nothing like this film by the Spaniard Victor Erice. It's the story of little sisters, one good, one bad, who see the movie *Frankenstein* in their village and are incited to speculate about spirits while their father tends his bees. The picture lacks even the lowest kind of inventiveness. 6/20, Cinema Village.

Star Wars–George Lucas's impeccable technical achievement: a quantum—or maybe quasar—leap beyond *2001.* But strip the film of its often striking images and its highfalutin scientific jargon, and you get a story, characters, and dialogue of overwhelming banality without even a "future" cast to them. Still, *Star Wars* will do very nicely for those lucky enough to be children or unlucky enough never to have grown up. Loews Astor Plaza.

An Unmarried Woman–Jill Clayburgh has the role of a lifetime and is glorious in Paul Mazursky's brilliantly funny comedy about a painful liberation. One-night stands and the singles' scene are ordeals in the process by which a woman abandoned by her husband triumphs over self-doubts and puts herself back together—or assembles herself for the first time. Beekman; Paramount; Cinema III.

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

CURRENT

The Act–Imagine the incestuous marriage of TV and Las Vegas and, next, their idiotic progeny; you now have a perfect picture of this work. If ever a supposed Broadway musical looked like a cross between a less than spectacular TV spectacular and a dry-as-dust show at the Sands or the Desert Inn, this vulgar concoction is it. Its main—almost its only—selling point: Liza Minnelli, and she has only brashness, pathos, and desperate energy. F Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Thru 7/1. Majestic, 247 W 44th (246-0730).

Ain't Misbehavin'–Would the slapdash playfulness, the lovable smallness of this show survive the lure of self-aggrandizement, moving from Off- to On Broadway? Nothing to worry about; it did. The cast of five—Ken Page, Armelia McQueen, Andre De Shields, Charlaine Woodard, and Nell Carter—works together as nimbly and wickedly as five fingers in a piece of sleight of hand. The delicious songs by Fats Waller and his friends continue their joyous renaissance, under the guidance of Murray Horwitz and Richard Maltby jr. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sun at 7; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

Annie–*Oliver Twist* in drag, but with so much going for it (a chorus line of moppets, a Christmas tree, and a diminutive bundle of radiance named Danielle Brisebois) that only a Fagin reborn would note the drab book (Thomas Meehan) and lyrics (Martin Charnin) or Charles Strouse's recycled score. Shelley Bruce now has the title role. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat at 2, Sun at 3 p.m. At the Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

Chapter Two–Neil Simon attempts, in part at least, to be serious about the real-life romance, marriage, and problems of Marsha Mason and Neil Simon and to pierce through to the troubling core of things. But he handles drama as if it could be constructed out of one-liners, only sticking laments where the laughs would normally go. There are some genuinely funny one-liners afloat, but the playwright's ultimate failure stems from his belief that you can build anything out of one-liners, from coffee tables to cathedrals. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Imperial, 249 W 45th (CO 5-2412).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St.* Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Shubert, 225 W 44 (246-5990).

Da–On second seeing Hugh Leonard's bittersweet autobiographical comedy (transported almost intact to Broadway) is even more entertaining, endearing, and gently moving. And at the center of the production are three superlative performances—Sylvia O'Brien's, Brian Murray's, Barnard Hughes's. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Morosco, 217 w 45th (246-6230).

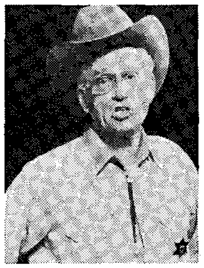
Dancin'–Director Bob Fosse has devised a heterogeneous choreography ranging from classical ballet through modern dance to every form of show-biz and disco dancin'. What doesn't work is the two side by side, like internecine Siamese twins. The proximity of popular dance gives ballet an air of pretentiousness; ballet retaliates by making pop dancing look facile, tawdry. *Dancin'* is sheer perfection for the vulgarians, anathema for the purists, and a mixed bag for the over-whelming rest of us. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (246-6699).

Deathtrap–Ira Levin's play concerns a formerly successful playwright, a disciple who sends him a play clearly destined to become a Broadway smash, and the stale playwright's disapproving wife, who has strong scruples and a weak heart. There is a basic problem with the comedy mystery genre, wherein the laughs are supposed to lull you into a false security. The plot, however, is impossible. John Wood, Marian Winters, and Marian Seldes do what they can with not very rewarding material. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Dracula–Among Edward Gorey's impressive but inappropriate sets, this camped-up version of a trashy old play offers mostly cutenesses instead of thrills, and can at best impress if you sit far enough back so that the stage is reduced to the appropriate comic-strip (or Gorey drawing) dimensions. Frank Langella may be the ideal Dracula for this kind of production. The other actors, except for the splendid Alan Coates, are unsafe even in comic-strip size. Dennis Rosa misdirected. Tues thru Fri at 8; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Martin Beck Theater, 302 W 45th (246-6363).

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow is Enuf–Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of Ntozake Shange, lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an enthralling experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 5; Sun at 2 p.m. Booth, 222 W 45th St (246-5969).

HAR YEW?



Henderson Forsythe plays the two-fisted sheriff in **The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas,** the Larry L. King—Peter Masterson—Carol Hall—Tommy Tune comedy, which also stars Carlin Glynn as a feisty madame, and has moved uptown to the 46th Street Theater, 226 West 46th Street (246-4271).

Gemini–Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed. Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues. Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

The Gin Game–A first effort by D.L. Coburn concerns two inmates of an old folks' home. The man lives for gin rummy now; the woman is willing to learn the game. They play, and miraculously—or contrivedly—she keeps winning. It is staged with almost indecent expertise by Mike Nichols. With Jessica Tandy and E.G. Marshall. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. John Golden, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Grease–Broadway's senior musical, about high school shenanigans in the fifties, now seems as much a period piece as any Romberg operetta, but the energy of the original has been remarkably well preserved. Without a single memorable song or solo turn, the show holds onto an amusing, attractive ridiculousness, mostly due to Patricia Birch's lively choreography and Tom Moore's no-nonsense direction. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

Hello, Dolly!–A show of questionable value has been revived with all the reverence of a museum piece. The excellent plot survives in Michael Stewart's book; Jerry Herman's score has a kind of hearty, community-sing artlessness. Some performances quicken the old pulse. Carol Channing still croons so penetratingly that the electronic amplification is quite unnecessary. And she is a real trooper who never steals a scene; of all our *monstres sacrés,* she may be the best behaved. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Lunt/Fontanne, 205 W 46th (JU 6-5555).

I Love My Wife–Wife-swapping in Trenton, done as a series of sleazy skits, with a Cy Coleman score and direction by Gene Saks that even brings the orchestra onstage to mess around in the action. Mon thru Sat at 8. mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

The King and I–Yul Brynner and Constance Towers as the king and Anna. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed thru Sat at 7:30; mats Sat, Wed & Thurs at 2; Sun at 2 & 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon, Tues, Wed & Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. & Wed at 2 p.m. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

On the Twentieth Century–Harold Prince has provided lively direction and Robin Wagner has come up with grand designs in this musical which stars Judy Kaye, John Cullum, and Imogene Coca. It has pizzazz and razzle-dazzle, bursts of energy and invention, music and laughter, and good expensive production values. John Cullum gives his best performance to date. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; music by Cy Coleman. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. St. James Theater, 246 W 44th (OX 5-5858).

Once in a Lifetime–A revival of the George S. Kaufman/Moss Hart comedy about Hollywood in 1929 when the movies were just learning how to talk. With George S. Irving, John Lithgow, Deborah May, Jayne Meadows, Treat Williams, and Max Wright. Directed by Tom Moore. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2; Sun at 3. Through 8/27. Circle in the Square, 1633 Bdway (581-0720).

Runaways–A new entertainment, written, composed, and directed by Elizabeth Swados, is really about growing up—absurdly, tragically, and sometimes, despite everything, even triumphantly. The music, in all conceivable pop, folk, and ethnic modes, is fair to excellent. The performances, both by the four professionals and the fifteen semiprofessionals and neophytes are, at the very least, engaging; in many cases, enchanting. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sun at 7; mats Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (730-1760).

Same Time, Next Year–Bernard Slade's comedy, of a genre that used to be called "saucy," neatly mingles two sure-fire elements, fornication and nostalgia. Over the years, however, the play has become ritualized, about as titillating as, say, an exhibition of bloomers at the Smithsonian. With Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Ambassador, 49th St W of Bdway (541-6490).

Timbuktu!–The performances in Geoffrey Holder's musical are wildly divergent and the score is as inconsistent as it is overblown. *Kismet,* which it was based on, was a slick, vulgar, absurd musical that nevertheless managed to have enough redeeming features to be enjoyable. Melba Moore would be

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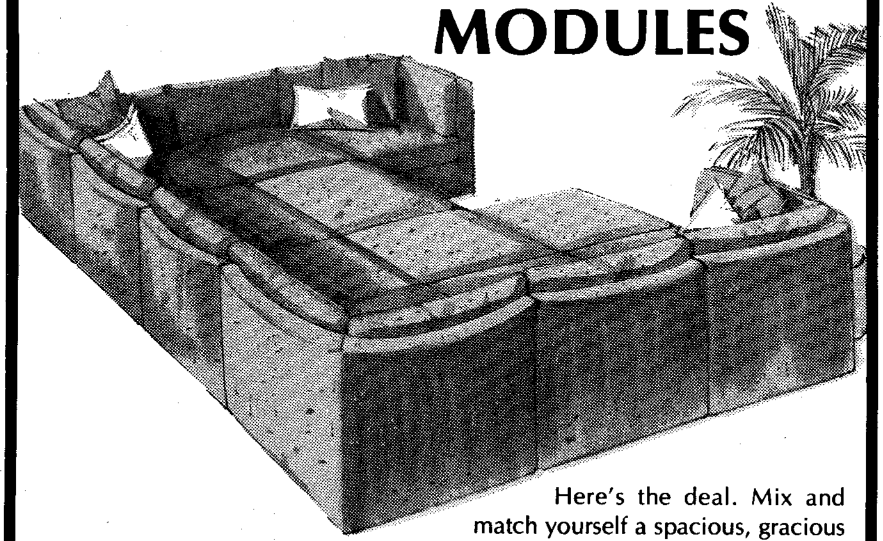

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charming if she were not over directed; Eartha Kitt cannot move except in slow motion; Gilbert Price sings compellingly but has very little presence; Ira Hawkins is a handsome Hadji whose acting does not extend beyond a smirk. Tues thru Sun at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Mark Hellinger, 51st & Bdway (757-7064).

Tribute–Bernard Slade's new play starring Jack Lemmon is extremely clever and likable, which is as unusual a combination in plays as it is in people. A play that mixes laughter and tears with almost supernatural skill, always sidestepping ultimate frivolity, always teetering back from the abyss of mawkishness into the happy pratfall of farce, that takes the sting out of adultery, divorce, prostitution, failure in business, nonachievement of artistic aspirations, family in-fighting, and, best of all, death itself, is the most comforting news this side of a cure for cancer. Tues thru Sun at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

The Wiz–Oz with a black cast—Munchkins, Cowardly Lion, and all, with jivey dances choreographed by George Faison. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; mats Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadway, 1681 *Broadway* (CI7-7992).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

Academy Arts Repertory–Lanford Wilson's *The Gingham Dog,* 6/21, 22. Orton's *What the Butler Saw,* thru 6/25. Braunstein's *Synchrony,* thru 6/25. Stoppard's *The Real Inspector Hound,* 6/30-7/30. $3. Academy Arts, 330 E 56th (486-1431).

Across Division Street–A play by Muet Li, directed by Karen Huie. Thru 6/25, Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. Drama Ensemble, 108 Wooster St (925-9016).

American Dance Machine–A recreation of memorable moments in Broadway's musical history, directed by Lee Theodore, with Helen Gallagher, Barry Preston, Janet Eilber. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 7:30. mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Century Theater, 235 W 46th (354-6644).

The Ballroom at St. Patrick's Cathedral–A new play by Louis Phillips about a family of Greek-Americans in Mass. during the final days of World War II. Colonnades Theater Lab, 428 Lafayette (673-2222).

A Bit of Rough–Quentin Vidor and Megan Bango in Gilly Fraser's play. Fri thru Mon thru 7/2, at 8 p.m. $3. AMDA Studio, Hotel Ansonia, Bdway & 73rd (799-9190).

Bleacher Bums–Baseball comedy in nine innings, with Harold Anderson, Dennis Franz, Roberta Custer, Ian Williams. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7:30 & 10; Wed mat at 2 & Sun at 3 (247-0393).

Catsplay–Istvan Orkeny's play is artistically accomplished, meltingly humane, and cries out for the biggest and best exposure. It is the best new play of the season, wonderfully old-fashioned and deals with such antique commodities as sympathy for all its characters, and is about life that refuses to capitulate to any sort of betrayal—by friends, family, lovers, or even common sense. The acting is excellent for the most part, and Lynne Meadow has directed with economy and purposefullness in John Lee Beatty's modest but apt set. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Promenade, Bdway at 76th (799-7690).

Carmencita–Book and lyrics by Manuel Martin Jr., music by Tania Leon and Coleridge T. Perkinson, choreography by Martial Roumain. Fri thru Sun, at 8 p.m. Mat Sun at 3 p.m., thru 6/25. INTAR, 420 W 42nd (247-6776).

The Coolest Cat in Town–Music by Diane Leslie, book and lyrics by William Gleason, directed by Frank Garucci, starring Joey Faye. City Center Little Theater, 137 W 55th (246-8997).

The Constant Wife–W. Somerset Maugham's comedy on marital infidelity. 6/21-25, at 8 p.m. Lincoln Square Arts Guild, 150 W 68th (595-4767).

Crime on Goat Island–Ugo Betti's classic about justice involving an intruder and three women living on an island. 6/16-18, 23-25, 30-7/2. $2.50. Hartley House Theater, 413 W 46th (246-9872).

Crimes Against Nature–New play in which nine gay male performers each relates his story of how he has survived in an oppressive society. Tues thru Thurs at 10; Fri & Sat at 8 & 10; Sun at 8 p.m.

Actors Plyhse, Seventh Ave So at Sheridan Sq (989-6311).

Doctor Faustus Lights the Lights–Gertrude Stein's rarely-seen play, directed by Craig Lowy, with music by Leslie Elias. Thru 7/1. Thurs & Fri at 8; Sat, 7/1 at 7:30 & 10 p.m. $2.50. St. Peter's Church, 336 W 20th (929-2390).

Does Anybody Here Do the Peabody?–Enid Rudd's new '30s play with music, directed by Patricia McCorkle. Wed thru Sat, 6/28-7/15 at 8 p.m. $3. Walden Theater, 1 W 88th (874-7995). Closed

Drama Committee Repertory–GBS's *Man of Destiny,* Wed & Thurs at 8; Sun at 2:30, thru 7/27. Oscar Wilde's *A Woman of No Importance,* Fri thru Sun at 8. *Crane's Way,* Mon thru Thurs at 8; Sun at 5 p.m. 6/21-7/6. $3. 17 W 20th (929-8377).

ExPatria–Cubist musical comedy by Donald Johnston, Patricia Tunstall, and Stephen Policoff. A work-in-progress. 6/22, 23, 24, at 8:30. $2. 45 E 20th St (982-2986).

Family Business–Dick Goldberg's play about infighting in a suburban Boston Jewish family is a fog of melodrama occasionally pierced by a ray of something resembling truth. Much of the violence stems from the revelation that one of the four loving but internecinely embattled sons is a homosexual. The acting of a cast of six is remarkable. Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St (254-4370).

The Fantasticks–Musical based on the Rostand play, in its zillionth year and the end is not in sight. Has spawned plenty of on-Bdway talent. Tues-Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

A Fierce Longing–Play based on the life and works of the Japanese author Yukio Mishima. Wed thru Sat at 7 p.m. 6/21-7/8. The Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St (966-3652).

The 5th of July–Lanford Wilson writes intelligent, amusing, racy dialogue, but this play lacks a little urgency although it is never uninteresting. It is accorded a fine production, under Marshall W. Mason's skilled direction, which errs only in trying to be too fast, too manifold, too clever. Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10 p.m. Sun mat at 3 p.m. Thru 9/3. Circle Repertory, 99 Seventh Ave So (924-7100).

I Am a Zoo–Bonnie Zindel's comedy about a psychiatrist and his wife, their parents, animals, and second divorce, directed by Susan Miller Kovens. Thurs & Sat at 8:30; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. thru 7/2. $3. Jewish Repertory Theater, 344 E 14th (674-7200).

I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It on the Road–A new musical with book, music, and lyrics by Gretchen Cryer and Nancy Ford, about a popular singer. Public/Anspacher Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

International Stud–Harvey Fierstein's play about a Brooklyn Jewish boy who makes his living as a drag performer and stud. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 5 & 8. Players Theater, 115 MacDougal (254-5076).

Jean Cocteau Repertory–John Ford's *'Tis Pity She's a Whore,* Sartre's *No Exit,* Ben Jonson's *Volpone* Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery (677-0060).

Jungle Coup–Richard Nelson's tale of a journalist reporting out of Zaire who gets lost in the jungle. 6/22-7/1. $3. Playwrights Horizons, 416 W 42nd (564-1235).

Just the Immediate Family–Play by Grace Kimmins, directed by Richard Russell Ramos. Wed thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Sun at 3, from 6/28. $6. Hudson Guild, 441 W 26th (242-1569).

A Life in the Theater–David Mamet is our current most-promising playwright. In this series of vignettes, showing us an older, proudly declining actor and a young and ambitiously climbing one in their on- and off-stage relationships, he gives away the show by the fact that every scene is a duologue. We keep waiting for a little verbal football, something more team-oriented and teeming with life. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7. José Ferrer stars. Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St (WA 4-8782).

A Little Wine With Lunch–Comedy revue by John Von Hartz, with music by William Shimmel, directed by Norman Marshall. Thurs thru Sat at 8; mats Sat

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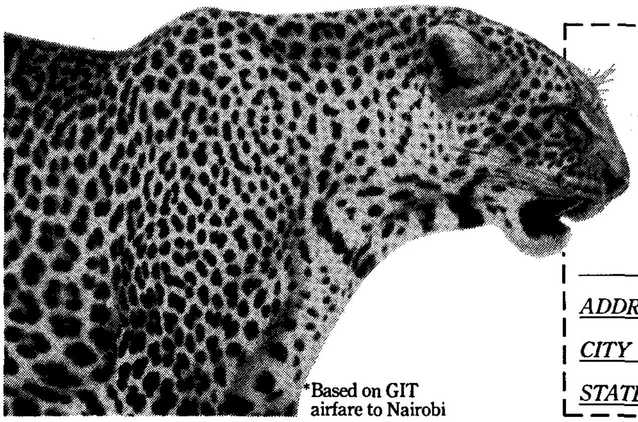

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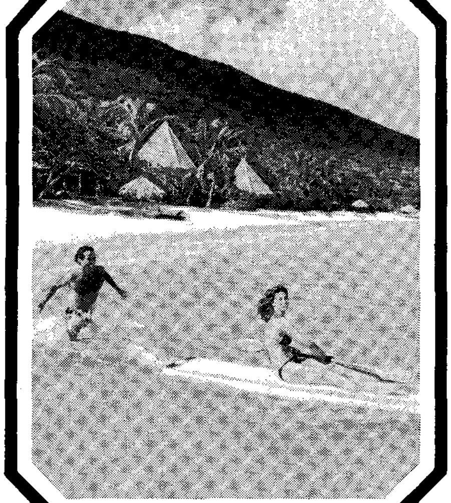

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The Loves of Cass Maguire–Brian Friel's comedy about an American waitress's return to Ireland. 6/22-25, at 8 p.m. $3. Theatre Off Park, 40 E 35th (683-4991).

The Man With a Load of Mischief–Music by John Clifton, book by Ben Taver, lyrics by Clifton & Taver. Set in an English wayside tavern in 1810, musical deals with the coming of age of a spirited young lady searching for intrigue. Thru 6/26. $3. Production Co., 249 W 18th (691-7359).

Mary Rose–Sir James M. Barrie's ghost story, directed by Larry Carpenter. Wed thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Sun at 3 p.m. $4. Lion Theatre, 422 W 42nd (947-4224).

Modigliano–Dennis McIntyre accosts his semilegendary painter hero in an essentially realistic manner. The language is generally efficient, often effervescent. It does not give us enough of what makes a specific artist unique, but the production is competently staged, and my only quarrel is with the pretty but inappropriate and repetitious music. Thru 6/25, Courtyard Gallery, 39 Grove St (362-0470).

Moliere in Spite of Himself–Mikhail Bulgakov's not very good *A Cabal of Hypocrites* adapted into a much worse and unendurably longer play by Michael Lessac, who also directed the cast into what he must have taken to be stylization, but is mostly palsied delivery further overwhelmed by unmeaningful pauses. Tues thru Sat at 7:40 p.m. thru July. Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St (673-2222).

Molly Bloom and the Women of Ireland–Drawn from the works of Joyce, Wilde, O'Casey, Yeats, and traditional Irish song. With Helga Kopperl and Susan Reed, directed by Robert Elston. 6/28, 29, 30, at 8:30 p.m. American Renaissance, 112 Charlton Street (929-4718).

My Cup Ranneth Over–Authored by Robert Patrick, directed by Marlyn Baum, featuring Nancy Snyder and Amy Wright. Tues thru Fri at 11 p.m. Thru 6/30. $3. Circle Repertory, 99 Seventh Ave So (924-7100).

Orlando Maleroso–A puppet farce for adults performed by visiting Yugoslav puppeteers. 6/22, 23, 24, at 7:30. It recounts the story of the legendary knight in Charlemagne's service who performed good deeds for the ancient city of Dubrovnik. La Mama, 74A E 4th St (475-7710).

The Passion of Dracula–Stefan Schnabel in a totally new version of the Count's adventures (vastly preferable to the on-Broadway version), by Bob Hall and David Richmond. Peter Bennett directs. Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St (YU 9-2020).

Pins and Needles–Revival of the 40-year-old musical revue by Harold Rome. Cast with members of the ILGWA, it ran from 1937 to 1941. Roundabout/Stage One, 333 W 23rd (924-7160).

The Price of Genius–A new play by Betty Neustat, based on the life of a 17th century Mexican nun. Susan Stevens has the title role. Directed by Susan Lehman. 6/20-24, 26-29, 7/6-9, all at 8 p.m. $3. Interart Theater, 549 W 52nd (246-6569).

Private Lives–The Noel Coward comedy, directed by Richard Pace. 6/23-25, at 8 p.m. $2.50. Three Muses, Ansonia Hotel, Bdway at 73rd (348-4556).

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead–An absurd and unnecessary act is the reviving of this play, by James Kirkwood. It had lasted, with a much better cast and a much better-appointed production, sixteen performances on Broadway, and then joined the eponymous feline in the happy mouse hunting grounds. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St (254-6330).

Repertory–*Double Exposure*, Mark Pirolo's play, Fri & Sat at 8; Sun at 2 & 7, thru 6/25. $3. *Forever Yours, Marie-Lou*, Michel Tremblay's comedy, Mon thru Thurs at 8, thru 6/22. $2.50. Westbeth, 151 Bank St (691-2272).

Royal Repertory–GBS's *Candida*; David Guerdon's *The Laundry*. $3. Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave (GR 5-9647).

The Show Off–George Kelly's 1920s comedy, starring Paul Rudd and Polly Rowles. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. Thru 7/16. Roundabout/Stage Two, 307 W 26th (924-7160).

Soho Rep–Anouilh's *Traveler Without Luggage*, 6/23 at 8:30; 6/24 at 7 & 10:30; 6/25 at 7:30. Soho Rep, 19 Mercer St (925-2588).

Spanish Theater Repertory–Plays by Lorca, Carballido, Raznovich; Calderon, and Lope de Vega, in Spanish in rotating repertory. Thru July. Gramercy Arts Theater, 138 E 27th. For dates and time call 889-2850.

The Subject Was Roses–Revival of the Frank D. Gilroy play, directed by Alan DiBona. 6/22-25, at 8 p.m. $2.50. Gallery Theater, 161 W 22nd (866-3860).

Taudshow–A play for one actor from the life and work of Antonin Artaud, starring Jerry Mayer, directed by John Pynchon Holms. Tues, Wed, Thurs, at 8 p.m. $3. Little Theater, 425 Lafayette (677-6350).

This Room and This Gin and These Sandwiches–Edmund Wilson's play, directed by Ellis Santone. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. thru 6/25. $3. BMT Company, 137 W 22nd (691-7950, ext. 840).

Tobit–A new musical by Bruce Beacham and Rob Houghton, directed by Cliff Aerie and Bob Chase. Wed thru Sun, thru 6/25, at 8 p.m. Sun mat at 3. By the Improvisational Ensemble. Abbey Theater, 136 E 13th St (677-4210).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.)*, but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Cordis Heard, Monica Merryman) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St (541-8394).

Wings–Arthur Kopit's new play, with Constance Cummings in the lead role of a woman suffering from a stroke. Directed by John Madden. 6/20-7/2. Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

A Women of No Importance–Oscar Wilde's play, directed by Andres Castro. Fri thru Sun at 8 p.m. thru 9/10. $3. West Side Repertory, 252 W 81st (666-3521).

The Winter's Tale–Shakespeare's, directed by David Kears. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 5 p.m. thru 6/25. $3. NY Theater Ensemble, 62 E 4th St (477-4120).

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Monday through Friday, 1 to 6 p.m. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Applause–40th St & Lex. Restaurant club, with singer-pianist Ann Lebeaux holding forth Mon thru Sat from 8 p.m. (687-7267).

Arthur's–44 W 56th. Continental cuisine, showcase Tues & Wed. Other nights singing waiters and waitresses (581-9765).

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (Cl 7-7000).

Cachaça–403 E 62nd. Mirrors, dining at marble-topped tables, potted palms, gray velvet Chesterfield sofas (688-8501).

Catch a Rising Star–1487 1st Ave. Continuous entertainment by comics and singers Tues thru Sun, with steadies Pat Benatar and David Sayh (794-1906).

La Chansonette–890 Second Ave. Rita Dimitri entertains every Tues thru Sat. Mondays, Trudy Richards Moreau, once Charlie Barnet's vocalist, sings with sparkle and wit. Thru 6/23, singer Jan Kiepura Jr. (PL 2-7320).

Chateau Madrid–48th St & Lex. Spanish revue, Mon thru Fri 9:30 & midnight. Sat has three shows (PL 2-8080).

Club Ibis–151 E 50th. Egyptian decor, international cuisine, and a revue with belly-dancers and whirling dervishes. Two orchestras for dancing. Showtime is 9:45 & 12:30 every night but Sunday (753-3471).

Comic Strip–1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment, Sun thru Fri, fun starts at 9; Sat at 9 & 12:15 (861-9386).

Copacabana–10 E 60th. 6/23, 24, Nancy Callman entertains at 10 and midnight. Dancing in the lounge nightly (PL 5-6010).

Copa-Disco–10 E 60th. Huge dance floor with much light and sound. Fri & Sat only, 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. (755-6010).

THE INCREDIBLE FATHA

Earl "Fatha" Hines, the "trumpet-style" jazz pianist, and his trio, with vocalist Marva Josie, play the **Cotton Club,** at 666 West 125th Street, June 28th through July 10th, twice nightly, at 10 and 12:30. Through June 26th, Marilyn Johnson appears, with Richard Otto on jazz violin. Call MO 3-7980 for reservations.

Dangerfield's*–1118 First Ave. Singer Frank Sinatra Jr. with comedian Chuck Sacci and trombonist Larry O'Brien and his band (593-1650).*

Dionysos–304 E 48th. Stelios, a band for Greek dancing. Elena Voulgari entertains nightly. Interesting decor, and international cuisine (758-8240).

Improvisation–358 W 44th. Comics and singing waitresses all night long, seven days a week; food; total informality (765-8268).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. Thru 7/29, singer-pianist Glen Covington and his trio, nightly except Sunday at 10, midnight & 2 a.m. The Tommy Furtado Trio Tues thru Sat and the Bernie Leighton Quartet on Sun and Mon (838-8384).

Koatails–1189 First Avenue. New discotheque, right out of Busby Berkeley, tuxedoed waitresses, demonstrations of period dances (535-6423).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Ave. Fri & Sat, thru September, dancing, cheek-to-cheek, to the Randy Corts Combo from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (683-0044).

L'Oubliette–2 W 55th. Soul French discotheque with fine music and atmosphere (265-1595).

Playboy Club–5 E 59. Entertainment, dining, and dancing. Thru 6/24, singer Lainie Kazan in Lainie's Room. In the Cabaret, 6/24-26, Singer Saverio Saridis (PL 2-3100).

Rainbow Grill–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. Thru 6/24, Australia's songstress Lana Cantrell. From 6/27, *Viva! Viva!* a new revue with seven chorus girls and five chorusboys, directed by Peter Jackson. (PL 7-8970).

Rainbow Room–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world, almost. Sy Oliver and his orchestra play for dancing (except on Mondays). (PL 7-9090).

Reflections–40 E 58th. Attractive bi-level discotheque, open Fri & Sat from 10 to 4 a.m. (MU 8-3365).

Le Refuge–309 E 83rd—Charming French dining place with live baroque guitar and harp music, Mon, Tues & Thurs, from 7:30 p.m. (UN 1-4505).

Roma di Notte–137 E 55th Italian cabaret with hide-away caves for private dining. Dancing to the Roma 88 orchestra, plus strolling musicians from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. Closed Sundays (832-1128).

Roseland–239 W 52nd. Ballroom open for dancing Wed, *and from 5:30; Thurs & weekends from 2:30.* American and Latin bands. Midnight disco Wed, Fri, Sat. Dance class & Show Wed night (CI 7-0200).

Shepheard's–Park Ave & 56th. The Sheffields entertain three times nightly. Disco dancing continuously on the glass floor (421-0900).

Sibi–151 E 50th. Nice warm upstairs dancing den, with Pianist-singer Bobby Cole and his jazz quartet, every night but Sunday from 9 p.m. (753-3429).

Sirocco–29 E 29th. Greek-Israeli nightclub starring Aris San, a disco dance band, The Siroquettes (a chorus line!), & other ethnic entertainment. Closed Mondays (683-9409).

Stork Club–112 Central Park South. Perhaps the most elegant room for dining and dancing in the city. The Irving Fields Trio supplies dance music *Mon thru Fri 8 til midnight. Sat til 1 a.m. (581-7080).*

Touches–190 Third, at 17th. Discotheque, all scintillation, and mirrors, downstairs from that estimable eatery known as Tuesdays (533-7902).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Americana, 811 Seventh Ave (581-1000). **French Quarter:** New Orleans atmosphere, and dancing to music of Bobby Michaels & Company, Mon thru Sat, 9 to 1:30 a.m. Sun 5 to midnight. **Bridges:** Singer-pianist Amy Lynn Yago, 5:30 p.m. to 11 p.m.

Biltmore, Madison at 43rd (687-7000). **Under the Clock:** Singer-pianist Theresa Kelly here for four weeks, Mon thru Fri, 7 to midnight.

Carlyle, Madison Ave & 77th (744-1600). **The Cafe:** Bobby Short is here with Beverly Peer on bass, and Gene Gammage on drums. **Bemelmans Bar:** Jazz pianist Marian McPartland is here for her sixth season & continues thru 6/30.

Pierre, 5th Ave & 61st St (838-8000). **The Cafe:** The Bernie Leighton Trio for listening and dancing, Tues *thru Sat, 9 to 12:30.*

Plaza, Fifth Ave at 59th (PL 9-3000). **Edwardian Room:** Dance music by the Roger Stanley trio, Tues thru Sun from 6:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's:** Turn of *the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment* nightly. From 9:30 to 1:30. **The Falstaff Room:** Pianist Effie, 5 to 10 p.m. Mon thru Fri. And from 10 to 12:30, singer Mary Small.

Sherry Netherland, 5th Ave and 59th St (EL 5-2800). **Le Petit Restaurant:** Earl Rose plays from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. Wednesdays through Fridays.

St. Regis Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **Old King Cole:** Continuous dinner/dance music, Ray Hartley, pianist, Mon thru Thurs 5:30-8 p.m. The Peter Duchin Quartet headed by pianist John Bunch, 8 p.m.-1 a.m. Fri & Sat, 9 p.m.-2 a.m.

UN Plaza, 44th & First Ave (355-3400). **Ambassador Lounge:** Greenhouse with muted lights is the setting for Dick Hankinson at the piano. Mon thru Fri, and Earl Rose, Sat & Sun, from 5 to midnight.

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JAZZLINE 421-3592.
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Ali's Alley–77 Greene St. 6/20-24, Sonny Murray was one of the engineers of the 'new' drumming in the '60s, but in recent years his band, the Untouchable Factor, has receded to a rewarding middle ground. 6/27-7/1, Rashied Ali Quintet. Ted Daniel has the big band on Monday nights (226-9042).

Arthur's Tavern–57 Grove St. Dixieland on Monday evenings with the Grove Street Stompers at home base from 9:15 until 1 a.m. Mable Godwin at the piano Thurs thru Sat, 9:30 to 3:30 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

Assembly–16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatle songs, requests (581-3580).

The Bottom Line–15 W 4th. 6/20-22, B. B. King; 6/23, 24, Doc & Merle Watson. 6/25, Ralph McTell & Bert Jansch. 6/26, 27, Flo & Eddie (228-6300).

Cafe Fanny–Hotel Biltmore, Madison & 43rd. Gale and Prudence Curtis perform Mon thru Fri at this 19th century cafe with an informal ambience, which is open to midnight always (687-7115).

Carnegie Tavern–165 W 56th. Singer Bobbi Baird is now on hand. Jazz pianist Ellis Larkins continues here from 8 to midnight (PL 7-9522).

Christy's Skylite Gardens–64 W 11th. Charming restaurant filled with plants, skylights, and music nightly (673-5720).

The Clubhouse–1315 Second Ave (at 69th). Steakhouse, with a tennis and golf motif, and jazz/blues/ballads singer and pianist Stan Facey entertaining nightly (628-0600).

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July 3-July 22

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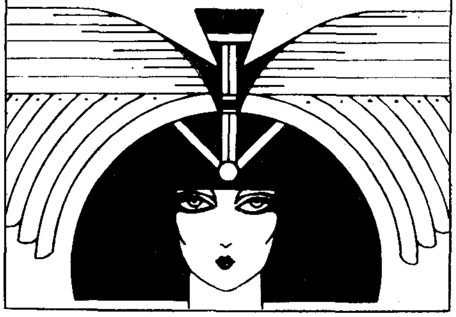

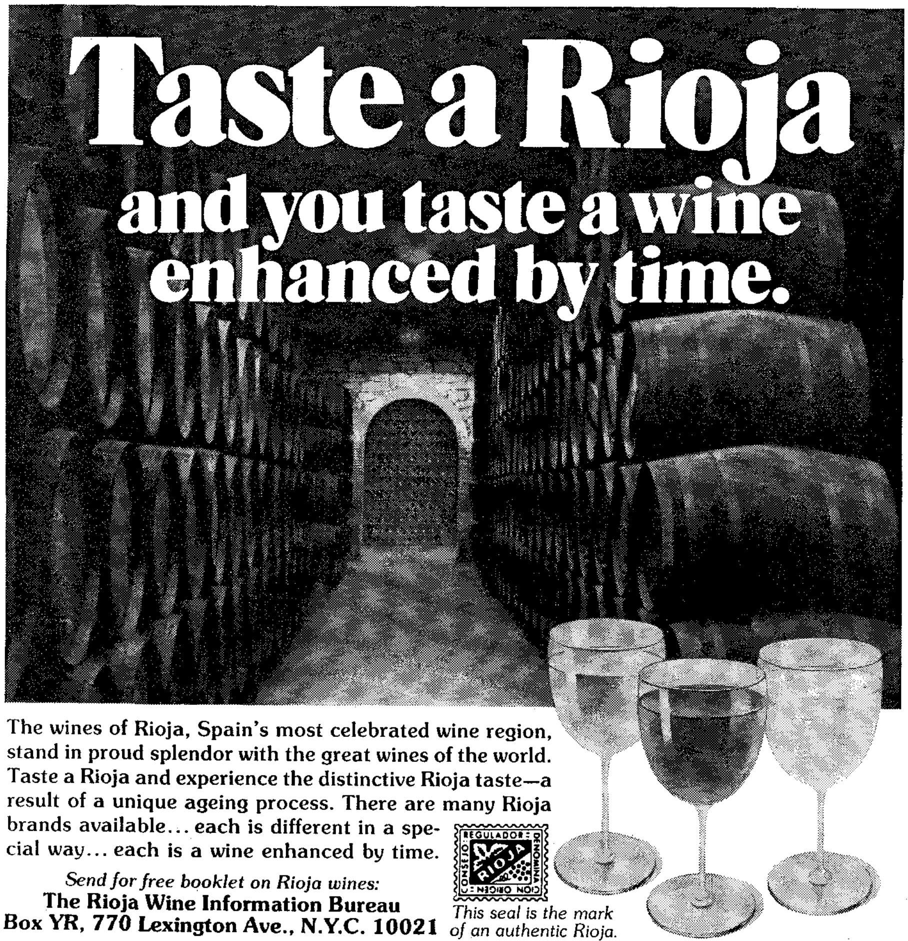
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Cue- "...a show that could heal the wounded soul of anyone fortunate enough to see her." Chip Orton

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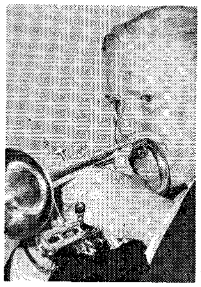


Legendary trumpeter **Wild Bill Davison,** now living in Denmark, returns for his annual engagement at **Eddie Condon's,** 144 West 54th Street, for two weeks starting June 19th. With him are Kenny Davern, Cliff Leeman, George Masson, Jim Andrews, and Red Balaban. Monday thru Saturday at 9:30 p.m. 265-8277 for reservations.

The Cookery–University Pl at 8th St. Alberta Hunter, that grand old lady of the blues, sings Mon thru Thurs at 8:30 & 10:30 and Fri & Sat at 12:15 a.m. (OR 4-4450).

Coriander–314 E. 72 St. This cozy little restaurant is much enhanced by the presence of pianist-singer Joe Derise, a veteran charmer with an impeccable repertoire. He appears nightly from 10 p.m., with bassist Ernie Furtado (794-2700).

Crawdaddy–45th & Vanderbilt. Thru 6/30, Red Richards performs at this genuine New Orleans restaurant Mon thru Fri, 6:30 thru 11:30 (687-1860).

Grand Finale II–210 W 70th. Singer Leslie Gore makes her debut here 6/19, and entertains twice nightly, Mon thru Sat, at 9:30 & 11:30 (759-3303).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Pianist Hod O'Brian's trio with guitarist Joe Puma has most of the week (Wed. thru Sun.) and virtuoso bebop guitarist Chuck Wayne has a trio on Tuesday. But the best is reserved for Monday nights, when Al Haig brings his inimitable finesse to the keyboard (371-2220).

Irish Pavilion–130 E 57th. Pat Conway trio with Pat Mahon on accordion and Pete Cannata on bass guitar playing and singing country, Irish, light rock (759-9041).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. Roy Eldridge is a monument to the jazz spirit, and to miss seeing him at work is to deny yourself the pleasure of witnessing one of the few enduring giants. Mon & Sun, Max Kaminsky, no slouch either, leads the band. Stan Gold Quartet, 5:30-8 on Fridays (664-9700).

Marty's–1265 Third Ave. Terraces and gardens and continental food. Jimmy Jordan plays the piano and sings blues and ballads (249-4100).

Michael's Pub–Irene Kral, a singer with exemplary taste who is attracting a growing coterie of admirers, will be performing with a rhythm section thru 7/1, thrice nightly from 9:15 p.m. (PL 8-2272).

Oliver's–141 E 57th. English-type restaurant, with singer-pianist Danny Deaver, Tues, Wed, Thurs & Sat, 6 to 11. Mon & Fri evenings singer-pianist Elaine Francis (753-9180).

The Other End–149 Bleecker St. 6/20, 21, comedian Chris Rush returns, 6/22-24, bluesman Dave Van Ronk (573-7030).

Reno Sweeney–126 W 13th. Thru 6/24, Cissy Houston, nightly at 9 & 11:30 p.m. Tues thru Sun. Opening for her is Allan Rich. 6/25, at 8:30 & 10:30, singer Karen Akers. Dolly Dawn here 5:30-7 p.m. Tues thru Sat (691-0900).

Sacred Cow–228 W 72nd. Lovely dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

Sweet Basil–88 7th Ave So. 6/20-24, 27-7/1, Ron Carter Quartet (242-1785).

Tramps–125 E 15th. Sue Greenwood, 6/20. Stormin' Norman and Susan, 6/23, 24, 30, 7/1 (260-0370).

Village Gate–160 Bleecker. Richiardi and his "Incredible World of Magic and Illusion," with five other magicians (473-7270).

Village Vanguard–178 Seventh Ave So. Thru 6/25, the splendid pianist Roland Hanna leads his New York Jazz Quartet, with reed man Frank West, an alternately swinging and meditative ensemble (AL 5-4037).

West End–Bdway & 114th. Jazz nightly at 9. 6/20-25, 27-30, The Countsmen (666-9160).

SPECIAL EVENTS, CONCERTS, OPERA, SPORTS
EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Special Events

New York Experience, McGraw-Hill Bldg., Sixth Ave. between 48th & 49th Sts. (869-0345) Mon-Thurs 11-7, Fri & Sat 11-8, Sun 12-8.
Bob Hope/Connie Stevens, Westbury Music Fair (516-333-0533), 6/20-23 at 8:30, 6/24 at 7 & 10:30, 6/25 at 7:30.
Mummenschanz, Bijou Theater, Bdwy at 45th St. (221-8500). Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 2 & 8, Sun at 3.
Beatlemania, Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Bdwy (245-4878). Wed at 2 & 7, Thurs-Fri at 7, Sat at 2, 7 & 10, Sun at 2 & 5.

Concerts

Tuesday, June 20

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Tom Brown, piano, Trinity Church, Bdwy at Wall St. (285-0800), at 12:45.
Jim Moore, mime, Lincoln Center Library, at 4.

Wednesday, June 21

A FIRST IN NEW YORK

Cecylia Arzewski, first violinist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will make her New York City debut recital on Wednesday, June 21 at 8 in Carnegie Recital Hall. Her program consists of works by Bach: Partita No. 1 in B minor, Partita No. 2 in D minor, and Sonata in G minor, No. 1 (247-7459).

Geraldine Fitzgerald, Channel Gardens, Fifth Ave. between 49th & 50th Sts. (582-2424), at 4:30.
Beverly Radin, flute, Lincoln Center Library, at 4.
Mara Goodman, mezzo, Jamaica Arts Center, 161-04 Jamaica Ave. (658-7400), at 1.
Summer Sings: Village Singers, NYU Catholic Center, 58 Washington Square South (254-9703), at 7:30.
Delaware Water Gap, South Street Seaport, 16 Fulton St. (766-9020), at 7:45.

Thursday, June 22

Madeline Frank, viola, St. Paul's Chapel, Bdwy at Wall St. (285-0800), at 12:10.
National Association of Composers USA, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Bill & Mary Buchen, The Kitchen, at 8:30.
Patti La Belle, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.
Assemblage Theater Co., Lincoln Center Library, 4.

Friday, June 23

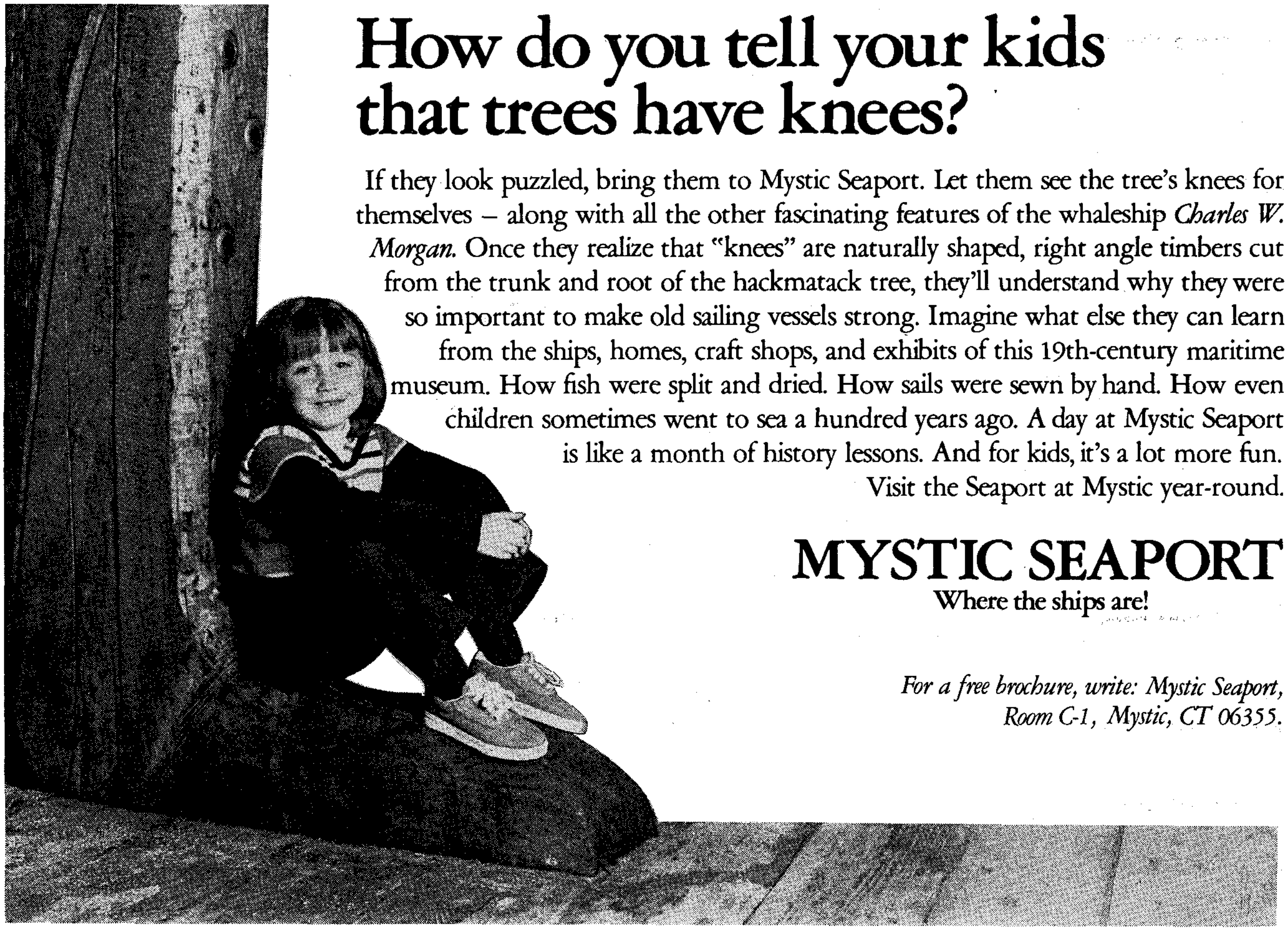
Newport Jazz Festival: Sarah Vaughan/Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, at 8; **New Orleans Preservation Hall Jazz Band,** Waterloo Village in Stanhope, N.J., at 8 (787-2020).
Patti La Belle, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.
Bill & Mary Buchen, The Kitchen, at 8:30.
Summer Sings, Grace Church, Bdwy at E 10th St. (254-2000), at 7.
Dane Belany, jazz, Motivations, 476 Broome St. (226-2108), at 8:30 & 10.
Fania All-Stars, Madison Square Garden, at 8.
Leo Smith/Barry Altschul Quartet, Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350), at 10:30.
Brass Proud, jazz, Museum of Modern Art Summergarden, 8 W 54th St. (956-7298), at 8.
Chieko Daize-Kobashi, mezzo soprano, Alice Tully Hall, at 8:30.
Bob Wilber, soprano sax, Cassidy's, 303 E 53rd St. (755-8050), at noon.
Jazz Concert, Battery Park (269-0320), at 12:30.
Sea Chanteys, South Street Seaport, 16 Fulton St. (766-9020), at 7:30.
Mongo Santamaria, Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. (766-9334), at 7 & 8:30.
Assemblage Theater Co., Lincoln Center Library, 4.

Saturday, June 24

Newport Jazz Festival: Ella Fitzgerald, Carnegie Hall, at 8; **Salute to Jazz Latino,** Avery Fisher Hall, at 8; **Prime Time & Ornette Coleman and the Cecil Taylor Unit,** Carnegie Hall, at midnight; **Count Basie & His Orchestra/Joe Williams,** Avery Fisher Hall, at midnight; **New York Jazz Repertory Co.,** Waterloo Village in Stanhope, N.J., at 5 (787-2020).
Lois Raebeck, folk songs, Theodore Roosevelt Birthplace, 28 E 20th St. (865-3571), at 2.
Miss Five Boroughs Beauty Contest, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Brass Proud, jazz Museum of Modern Art Summergarden, 8 W 54th St. (956-7298), at 8.
Jeremy Steig & Eddie Gomez/John Scofield Quartet, Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350), at 10:30.
Henry Street Settlement Symphony, Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. (766-9334), at 7.
Svetlana Evreinoff, vocalist, Lincoln Center Library, at 2:30.
Errol Parker, jazz, Motivations, 476 Broome St. (226-2108), at 8:30 & 10.
Student Recitals, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2 & 8:30.
Bill & Mary Buchen, The Kitchen, at 8:30.
Sea Chanteys, Pier 15, South St. & East River (343-9575), at 7:30.

Sunday, June 25

Newport Jazz Festival: Jazz Picnic, Waterloo Village in Stanhope, N.J., from noon to 10; **Sonny Rollins Quintet & McCoy Tyner Sextet,** Carnegie Hall, at 7; **Betty Carter & Her Trio/Dexter Gordon Quartet/Max Roach Quintet,** Avery Fisher Hall, at 9 (787-2020).
Philip Setzer, violin, Bronx Museum, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000), at 2.
Hillary Mayers, soprano, Federal Hall National Memorial, 26 Wall St. (865-3571), at 2.



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The Gordon Chorale, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.

Bruce Johnson, jazz, Motivations, 476 Broome St. (226-2108), at 8:30 & 10.

Student Recital, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:30.

Enrico Arndt-Condo, organ, St. Patrick's Cathedral, 460 Madison Ave. (753-2261), at 7.

Orchestra of New York, Queens Museum, Flushing Meadows (592-2405), at 3.

Monday, June 26

Newport Jazz Festival: Salsa en la Calle on the Jazzmobile, Madison Ave. at 112th St., at 7; **Tribute to Clifford Brown,** NYU Loeb Center, 566 La Guardia Pl., at 8; **Festival Dance,** Roseland Ballroom, at 9 (787-2020).

Hod O'Brien, vocalist/**Sumiko Murashima,** piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Salute to Women in Jazz, Casablanca, Bdwy at 52nd St. (924-5026), at 8.

Lily Nehman, vocalist, Lincoln Center Library, at 4.

Jazz Concert, Battery Park (269-0320), at 12:30.

Monty Waters, jazz, Motivations, 476 Broome St. (226-2108), at 8:30 & 10.

Tuesday, June 27

Newport Jazz Festival: Salsa en la Calle on the Jazzmobile, Avenue D at E 10th St., at 7; **Salute to the American Song,** Carnegie Hall, at 8; **Maynard Ferguson & His Orchestra/Stan Getz Quintet,** Avery Fisher Hall, at 8 (787-2020).

Arnie Lawrence, jazz, Motivations, 476 Broome St. (226-2108), at 8:30 & 10.

Jazz Concert, Battery Park (269-0320), at 12:30.

Nat Horne Musical Theater, Lincoln Center Library, at 4.

Nurit Tilles, piano, Trinity Church, Bdwy at Wall St. (285-0800), at 12:45.

Salute to Women in Jazz, Casablanca, Bdwy at 52nd St. (924-5026), at 8.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).
Brooklyn Center at Brooklyn College, Campus Rd at Ave H (859-1180).
Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).
City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).
The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615).
Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall (362-1911); Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424); Library-Museum (799-2200); Metropolitan Opera House (580-9830); New York State Theater (877-4727).
Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).
Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700).
Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave at 82nd St. (535-7710).
Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).
92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (427-6000).
Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).
Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).

Opera

METROPOLITAN OPERA

Tues, 6/20 at 8:30 in Central Park Sheep Meadow: **Rigoletto** with Robinson, Jones, MacNeil, Bini, Hines. Conductor: Masini. Wed, 6/21 at 8:30 in Van Cortlandt Park: **Il Trovatore** with Cruz-Romo, Cortez, Giacomini, Quilico, Morris. Conductor: Stivender. Fri, 6/23 at 8:30 in Marine Park, Brooklyn: **Rigoletto** (Same cast as 6/20). Sat, 6/24 at 8:30 in Eisenhower Park, L.I.: **Il Trovatore** (Same cast as 6/21).

OTHER

Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (535-6310). *Mlle. Modiste,* 6/21 at 2 & 8:30, 6/22-23 at 8:30, 6/24 at 4 & 8:30, 6/25 at 4.

Stuyvesant Opera, Loretto Theater, 20 Bleecker St. (674-5243). *Il Trovatore,* 6/21 & 24 at 7:30, 6/25 at 2:30.

Dance

NEW YORK CITY BALLET
NEW YORK STATE THEATER

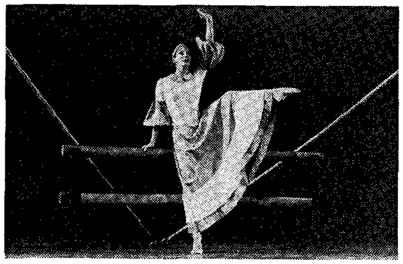
Tues, 6/20 at 8: *Coppélia.* Wed, 6/21 at 8: *Scherzo Fantastique; Duo Concertant; Symphony in Three Movements;* new work. Thurs, 6/22 at 8: *Concerto Barocco; Scherzo Fantastique; Union Jack.* Fri, 6/23 at 8: *Square Dance; Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto;* new work. Sat, 6/24 at 2: *Jewels.* Sat, 6/24 at 8: *Divertimento No. 15; Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto;* new work. Sun, 6/25 at 1: *Coppélia.* Sun, 6/25 at 7: *Scherzo Fantastique; Other Dances; In the Night; In G Major.* Tues, 6/27 at 8: *Jewels.*

BALLET NACIONAL DE CUBA
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Tues, 6/20 at 8: *Les Sylphides; Tarde en la Siesta; Oedipus.* Wed, 6/21 at 2: *Les Sylphides; Dolls; Ritmicas; Oedipus.* Wed, 6/21 at 8: *Coppélia.* Thurs, 6/22 at 8: *House of the Bernarda Alba; Pas de Quatre; Carmen.* Fri, 6/23 at 8: *Giselle.* Sat, 6/24 at 2: *Giselle.* Sat, 6/24 at 8: *House of the Bernarda Alba; Pas de Quatre; Carmen.*

MARTHA GRAHAM DANCE COMPANY
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

A FIRST AT THE MET



This week's Summerdance program features the Martha Graham Dance Company, which becomes the first modern company to perform at the Metropolitan Opera House. Pictured above is **Peggy Lyman** in a scene from *Frontier.* Monday, June 26 thru Saturday, July 1 (580-9830).

Mon, 6/26 at 7:30: *Seraphic Dialogue; Night Journey; The Owl and the Pussycat; Diversion of Angels.* Tues, 6/27 at 8: *Diversion of Angels;* new work; *Appalachian Spring; Night Journey.*

OTHER

Battery, Jeanette Park, 55 Water St. (825-0747), 6/26-7/1 at noon.

Choreographers Showcase, ATL, 219 W 19th St. (924-0077), 6/20 & 27 at 8.

Cubiculo Summer Dance, 414 W 51st St. (265-2138): Marjorie Myerson, 6/20 at 8; Madeleine Perrone & Dancers, 6/22-24 at 8.

Beth Davis & Michael Immerman, Eden's Expressway, 537 Bdwy (787-5170), 6/23-24 at 8.

People/Dorothy Vislocky Dance Theater, Cunningham Studio, 463 West St. (988-7158), 6/22-24 at 8:30.

Laura Powell Dance Co., Open Eye, 316 E 88th St. (534-6909), 6/20 at 8.

Riverside Dance Festival, Riverside Church, 490 Riverside Dr. (864-2929): Daughters of a Vanished Sultan/Serena Wilson, 6/22-24 at 8, 6/25 at 2.

Rod Rodgers Dance Co., St. Mark's Playhouse, 133 Second Ave. (924-7560), 6/21-24 & 26 at 8, 6/25 at 7:30.

Barry Smith, ATL, 219 W 19th St. (924-0077), 6/22-24 at 8, 6/25 at 3 & 8.

Tap Dances & Ragtime Music, Earl Hall Auditorium, Columbia University, Bdwy at 117th St. (864-1713), 6/21-22 at 8.

Art

Galleries are open Tues-Sat from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.
Asterisk denotes show of special distinction.
Art listing edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

*__Lee Adler__–Machine-inspired paintings and prints from the 70s, thru 7/21. Heidenberg, 50 W 57th (586-3808).

Felix Angel–Drawings of athletes, thru 6/24. Noble/Polans, 40 W 57th (541-9510).

Hannelore Baron–Collages and wooden constructions, thru 7/1. Markel, 50 W 57th (581-1909).

Jean-Pierre Cassigneul–Elegant oils, thru 7/1. Findlay, 17 E 57th (421-5390). Mon-Sat 9:30-5:30.

Jack Earl–Small porcelain figures doing daily activities, thru 6/30. Fortnoy, 56 W 57th (757-0461).

*__Mary Frank__–Shadow papers sculpted with scissors and a razor/Sculpture by Marini, Nadelman, Nevelson, and Noguchi, thru 7/1. Zabriskie, 29 W 57th (832-9034). Mon-Fri 10-5:30.

*__Harold Gregor__–Illinois landscapes in paint and on paper, thru 6/22. de Nagy, 29 W 57th (421-3780).

Freidrich Meckseper–Prints of otherworldly still lifes, self-portraits from 1958 to 1978, thru 6/30. Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E 57th (688-8522).

Yoshikazu Ogino–Slit and painted paper, thru 6/29. Phoenix, 30 W 57th (245-5095).

James Rizzi–Collage-like colored etchings and drawings, thru 6/30. Sumers, 50 W 57th (541-8334). Tues-Fri 10-5.

*__H.C. Westermann__–New, intensely colorful watercolors, posters, and sculptures. Coincides with Whitney retrospective, thru 6/30. Frumkin, 50 W 57 (757-6655). Mon-Fri 10-6.

Whanki (1913-1974)–Paintings and watercolors, thru 6/30. Dintenfass, 50 W 57th (581-2268). Mon-Fri 10-5:30.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Dennis Miller Bunker–Rediscovered through loans, thru 6/30. Davis & Long, 746 Mad Ave (861-2811). Mon-Fri 10-5.

*__Edgar Buonagurio__–Multi-dimensional, densely packed abstractions with highly polished surfaces, thru 7/1. Knowlton, 19 E 71st (794-9700).

*__A.M. Cassandre__–Posters (from 1923 to 1939), thru 6/27. Reinhold-Brown, 26 E 78th (734-7999).

Jean Davidson–Color-form abstractions, thru 6/28. Galerias Paco, 26 E 63rd (935-8790).

Tom Dubicanac–Ecological and socio-cultural collages, thru 7/22. Spaced, 165 W 72nd (787-6350). Tues-Sat 12-5.

Mark Krieger–Rich tonal variations in watercolor, paint, and silver points, thru 6/30. Touchstone, 118 E 64th (826-6111).

David Leach–Clay works by this Englishman, thru 6/24. Duhl, 31 W 54th (582-4163). Tues-Sat 12-5.

Margarita Lozano–Pastels, thru 6/30. Aberbach, 988 Mad Ave (988-1100).

*__Utamaro__(1753-1806)–Woodblock prints, drawings, and illustrated books. Nature studies, domestic scenes, and the courtesans, thru 6/30. Ronin, 605 Mad at 57th (688-0188). Mon-Sat 10-6, Thurs til 8.

Alexander Walsh–First NYC showing, thru 6/30. Lerner-Heller, 956 Mad Ave (861-9010).

SoHo

*__Joseph Cornell__–Collages, thru 6/24. Castelli, 420 West Broadway (431-6279).

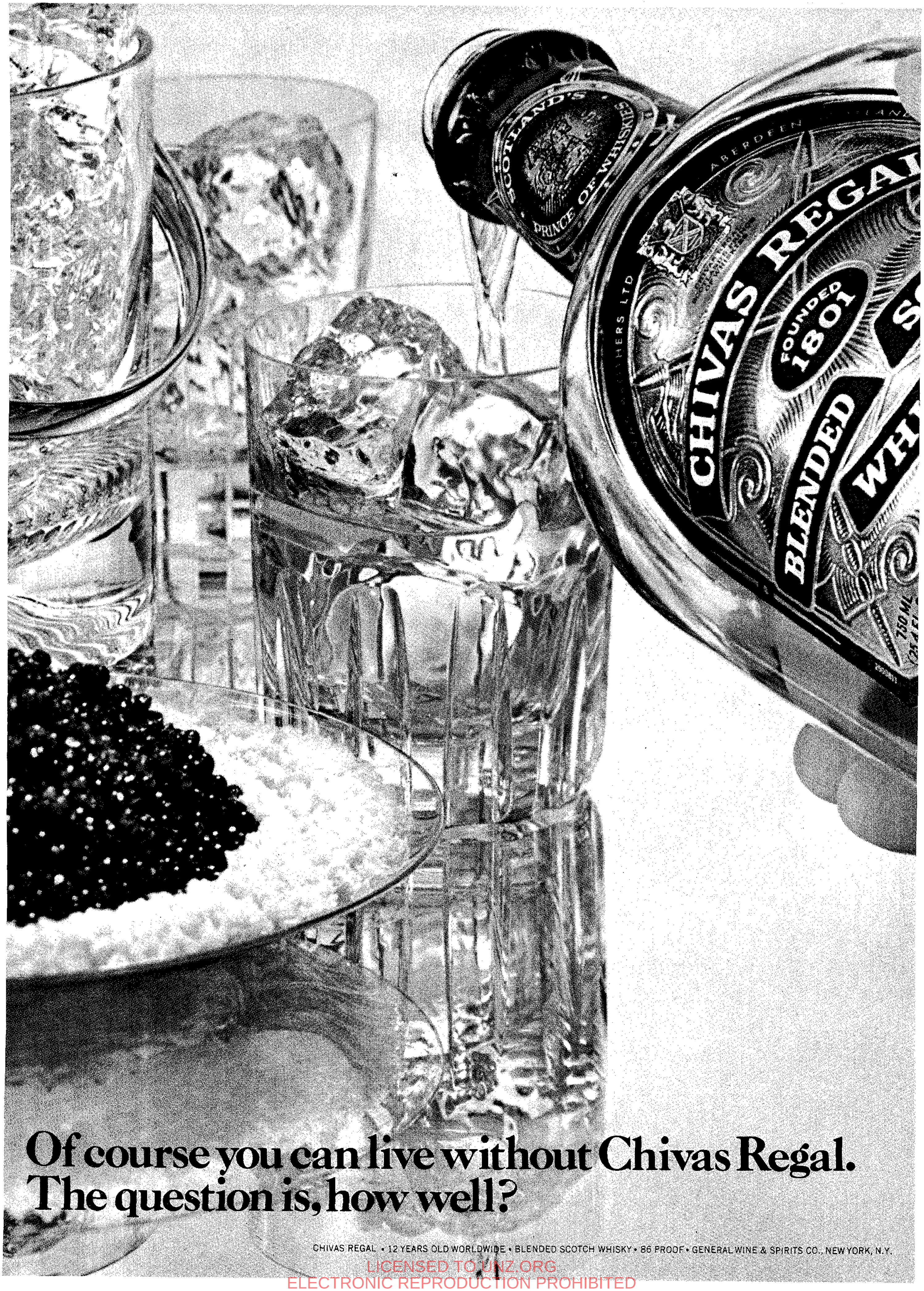
Dan Flavin–Drawings, diagrams, and an installation of fluorescent light, thru 6/24. Friedrich, 393 W Bdwy (925-9380). Tues-Sat 12-6.

Majorie Foy/June Rowe–Male nudes in black-and-white photos/Etchings, thru 6/30. La Fronde, 605 Hudson (242-9788). Tues-Thurs 5-7, Fri-Sun 1-4.

Luis Frangella/Sue Frecon/Russell Sharon–Perceptual drawings/Multi-canvas oils and notes/Clay bells, thru 6/30. Space, 82 Duane (233-1916).

Vaino Kola–Drawings and prints, some of rocks, thru 7/2. Pleiades, 152 Wooster (475-9658).

Karen Lewis–Large scale oils assimilating snapshots, thru 7/2. Pindar, 127 Greene (533-4881). Wed-Sun 12-6.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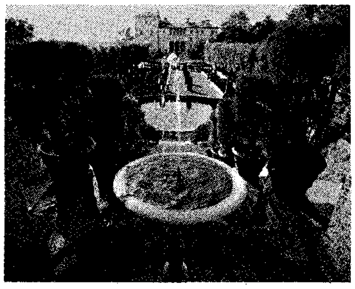

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Trudy Solin–Acrylic dream abstractions, thru 7/2. Bayard, 456 W Bdwy (477-3804).

Richard Zelens–An environment, thru 6/29. 112 Greene (226-8971).

OTHER

Maude Boltz–Large, painted fabric sculpture, thru 6/30. Mall of CUNY, 33 W 42nd (790-4331). Mon-Fri 9-6.

Lily Ente–Black and white marble sculpture and drawings, thru 6/30. NYU, Loeb Center, Washington Square (598-2027).

Jacques Hnizdovsky/Barbara Morgan–Flowers, trees, animals in woodcuts, paintings, and drawings/Martha Graham dancers in photos from 1941, thru 6/30. St. John the Divine, 1047 Amsterdam (678-6923). Daily 7-6.

Ira Arthur Horowitz–Drawings and paintings, thru 6/25. Noho, 542 LaGuardia Pl (473-9619). Tues-Sun 1-6.

Lila Katzen–Steel outdoor sculpture and collage drawings, thru 9/1. Fordham at Lincoln Center (431-9439).

Robert Mapplethorpe/Patti Smith–Photo/Drawings, thru 6/24. Miller, 724 5th Ave (246-1625).

Nickzad Nodjoumi/Greta Schreyer–Semi-abstract figures in drawings and paintings/Landscapes, still lifes, and animals on paper, thru 6/24. Roko, 90 E 10th (GR3-0760).

Bjorn Weckstrom–Jewels and bronze, glass and acrylic sculpture, thru 6/24. Faber, 666 5th Ave (586-8411). Mon-Sat 10-6.

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

Alonzo–30 W 57th (586-2500). Tues-Fri 10:30-5. Still lifes by Gilbert, Lazar, Martin, others, thru 6/30.

***de Nagy**–29 W 57th (421-3780). Shape and field in abstractions by Mueller, Purcell, Saito, and Youkilis, 6/24-7/13.

Eric–61 E 57th (371-9270). Mon-Fri 9:30-5:30, Sat 10-5. Gallery artists, thru 8/30.

Getler/Pall–50 W 57th (581-2724). Graphics by Dine, Rauschenberg, Ruscha, others, thru 6/30.

Jackson–52 E 57th (PL5-6778). "Drawings" using watercolor, fabric, acrylic, by Daugherty, Giordano, others, thru 6/30.

Long–7 W 57th (752-6244). Mon-Fri 10-5:30. Bannard, Dzubas, Motherwell, Noland, others, thru 6/30.

Sachs–29 W 57th (421-8686). Boothe, Ferren, Kuehn, Pace, others, thru 6/30.

Sande–61 E 57th (688-1904). Gallery artists, thru 8/30.

Spectrum–30 W 57th (246-2525). Mon-Fri 11-6. Art by athletes, including Bouton, Grier, Rutherford, others, thru 6/23.

Viridian–24 W 57th (245-2882). Painting, sculpture, prints, and photos, thru 6/30.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Acquavella–18 E 79th (734-6300). Mon-Fri Works by J. Dinerstein Girling, Ross, Slone, and Youkilis, thru 7/23.

American Indian Community House–10 E 38th (532-4897). Hopi and Navajo crafts, thru 6/30.

Atelier International–595 Mad Ave (644-0400). Daily 9-5. Furniture as art, including designs of Le Corbusier, Mackintosh, and Rietveld, plus tapestries, thru 6/30.

Blackburn–110 W 30th (868-7459). Small pewter works by Mingo, a granite floor piece by Stark, others, thru 7/15.

Christopher–766 Mad (737-3224). Gisson, Reboli, Shawe, others, thru 6/30.

Elkon–1063 Mad Ave (LE5-3940). Mon-Fri 10-5:45. Arnoldi, Buckley, Delap, Ridenhour, Roth, and Wesley, thru 7/14.

FAR–22 E 80th (734-7287). Paintings by Leipzig, S. Pearlstein, Sherr, others, thru 6/30.

Forum–1018 Mad Ave (LE5-6080). Mon-Fri 10-5:30. Drawings by Ayaso, Shechter, and Staempfli, thru 6/23.

***L'Ibis**–667 Mad Ave (935-0490). Egyptian gilded masks, gold jewelry, hieroglyphics, sculpture from Rome and ancient Near East, thru 7/30.

Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies–8 W 40th (398-9474). Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat 12-5. Projects, sets, and arcadias by Cook and Herron, 6/21-7/20.

***Knoedler**–19 E 70th (988-1304). Treasures of Mexico, thru 7/22.

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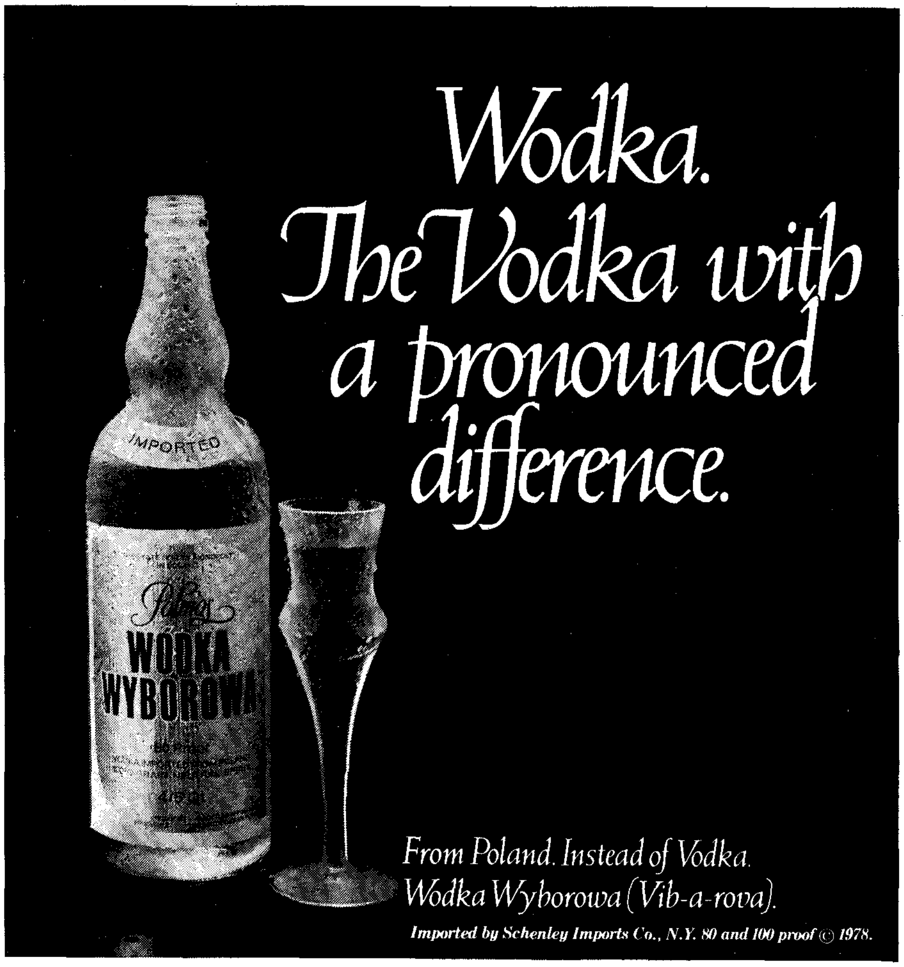

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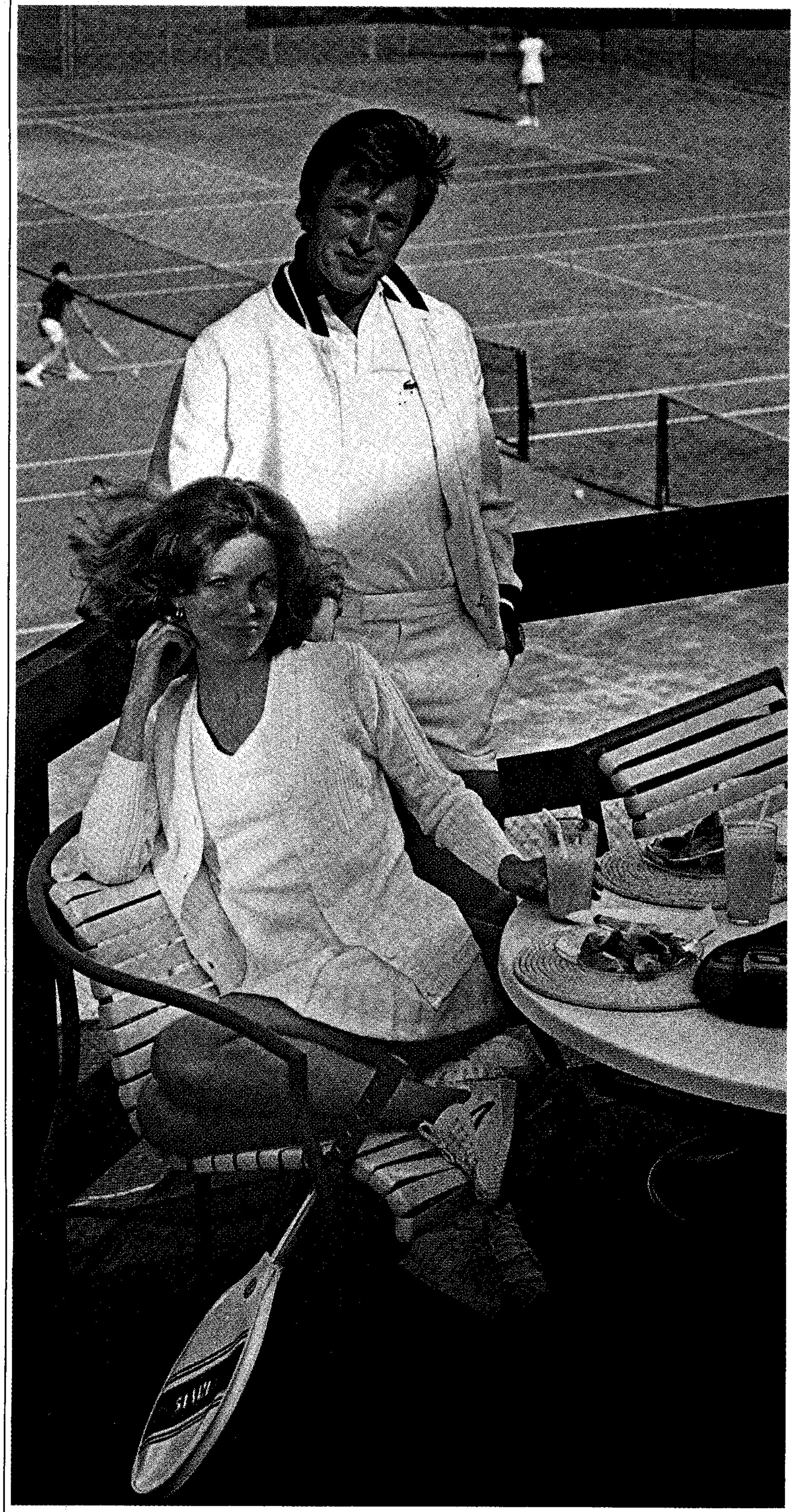

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***Nicholls**–1014 Mad Ave (472-0211). Mon-Fri 11-5. Cartoons, illustrations, and magazine cover designs of food and drink by Addams, Arno, others, thru 7/15.

O'Reilly–35 E 67th (988-4370). Recent abstractions by Brandes and Drapell, plus etchings by Grooms, thru 6/30.

Rolly-Michaux–943 Mad Ave (535-1460). Selected lithos and etchings by Appel, Calder, Dali, Delaunay, and Vasarely, thru 7/1.

***Shepherd**–21 E 84th (861-4050). 19th century English paintings, drawings, watercolors, thru 6/30.

Waldman–231 E 58th (838-2140). Mon-Sat 9:30-6. Antique and contemporary art and sculpture from India, thru 6/30.

Willard–29 E 72nd (744-2925). Chatelain, Lane, Sugiura, others, thru 6/30.

SoHo

Artists Space–105 Hudson (226-3970). Traditions in paint by Clough, Fares, Goldberg, Lees, and Thornycroft, thru 6/24.

Boone–420 W Bdwy (966-2114). Members, thru 6/30.

Braunstein/Quay–139 Spring (925-1200). Sculpture, drawings, and paintings by 3 Californians, thru 7/1.

***Caldwell**–383 W Bdwy (966-6500). Monochromatic abstractions, thru 7/8.

Common Ground–Spring (734-3111). South American festival costumes and masks, naive paintings, and Asian textiles, thru 7/8.

***14 Sculptors**–75 Thompson (966-5790). Works in stone, wood, plastic, metals, mixed media, and drawings by Borg, Schneider, Steinman, others, thru 6/28.

OK Harris–383 W Bdwy (431-3600). Summer invitational with Applebaum, Solomon, Valenta, others, 6/24-7/15.

***Hoffman**–429 W Bdwy (966-6676). Drawings by seven Frenchmen and clay masks by Ethical Culture School students, thru 7/12.

Lohman–55 Wooster (966-7173). Flinsch, Hoff, Kuzma, others, thru 7/1.

Milliken–141 Prince (674-3131). Mon-Fri 11-5:00. Baynard, Friedberg, Saba, Matt, others, thru 7/27.

Neill–136 Greene (925-8633). Works on paper by Absatz, Cristofaro, Pullen, others, plus sculpture by Simonis, thru 7/15.

Soho Center–114 Prince (226-1995). Amann, Colman, Gaetano, others, thru 7/30.

Soho 20–99 Spring (226-4167). An invitational of women doing fabric sculpture, paintings, and graphics, thru 6/28.

Sperone Westwater Fischer–142 Greene (431-3685). Mon-Fri 11-4. Gallery artists Andre, Flavin, Venezia, others, thru 7/30.

Spring Street Enamels–171 Spring (431-8151). Enamels by students, thru 6/30.

OTHER

***Astor**–Lincoln Center (790-6551). Mon & Thurs 12-8, Tues, Wed, Fri, Sat 12-6. The dance in drawings, prints, costume designs, books, and sculpture spanning 5 centuries, including Diaghilev's notebook from 1909 to 1911, thru 9/2.

Department of Correction–100 Centre (374-4440). Works by inmates and independent artists, thru 6/30.

F.I.T.–7th Ave at 27th (760-7760). Tues & Wed 10-9, Thurs-Sat 10-4. Work by the American textile designer Jack Lenor Larsen, thru 9/16.

Glassmasters–621 Sixth Ave (924-2868). 3D stained-glass pieces, thru 7/15.

***NY Public Library**–5th Ave at 42nd (790-6551). Tues 10-9, Mon, Wed, Fri, Sat 10-6. *Religion in New Amsterdam:* books, letters, documents, maps, and prints of the first Old World faiths to come to NYC, thru 6/28.

Songwriters' Hall of Fame–One Times Square (221-1252). Mon-Sat 11-3. Song sheets, photos, memorabilia of America's popular songwriters.

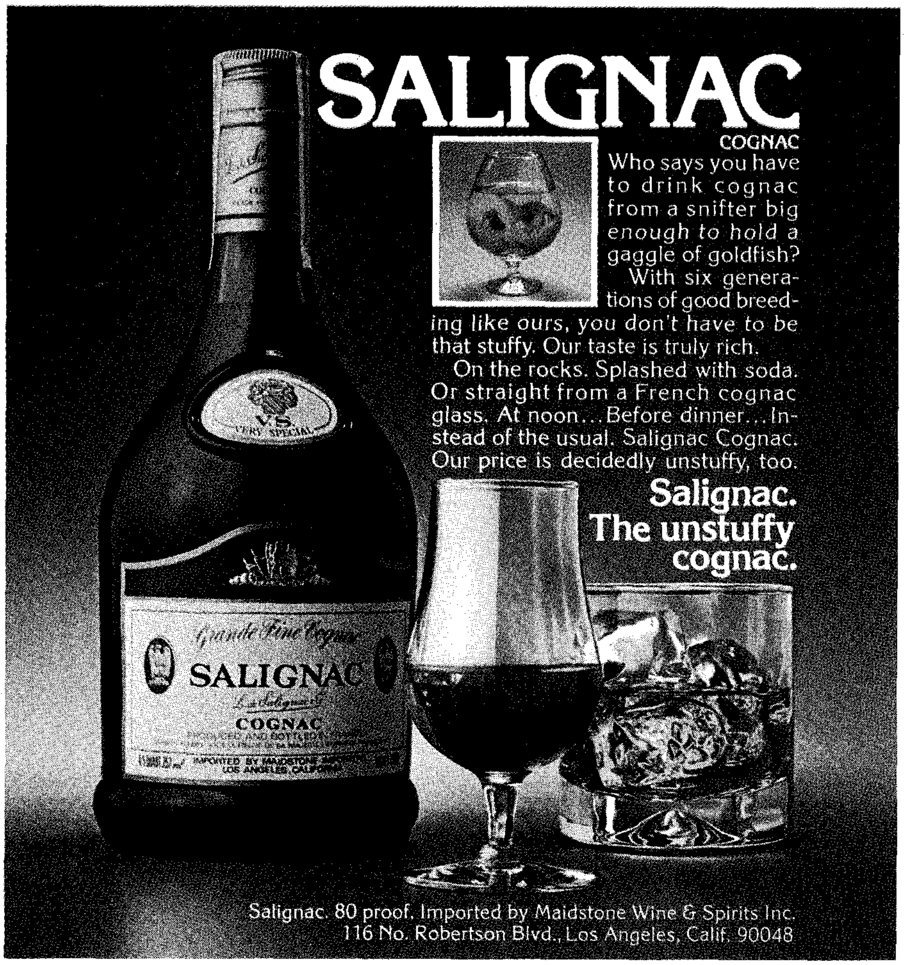
Spanish Institute–685 Park Ave (628-0420). Mon-Sat 10-6. Contemporary artists from Seville, thru 6/30.

Studio 53–424 Park Ave (755-6650). Oils and graphics by Boulanger, Rockwell, and Simbari, thru 6/30.

Studio 264–264 W 40th (354-4378). Tues-Sat 1-6. Paintings, pastels, sculpture, lithos by Ciuca, Gebhard, others, thru 6/29.

Weyhe–794 Lex Ave (TE8-5478). Mon-Fri 9:30-5. Mexican graphics by Orozco, Rivera, thru 6/30.

World Trade Center–U.S. Customs Service (247-5340). Mon-Fri 8:30-4. Antique American flags and memorabilia, thru 7/24.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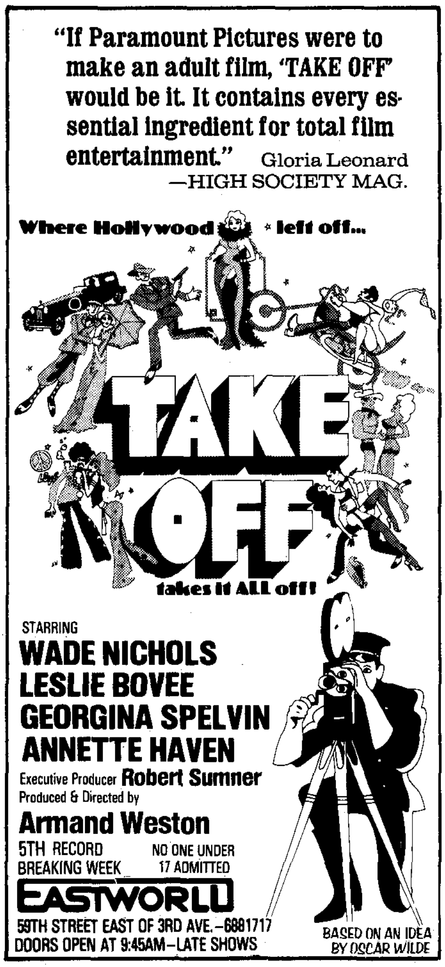
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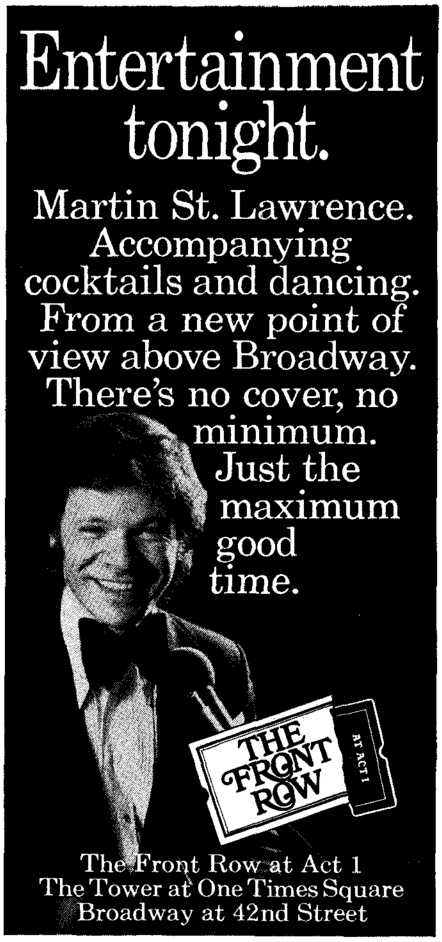
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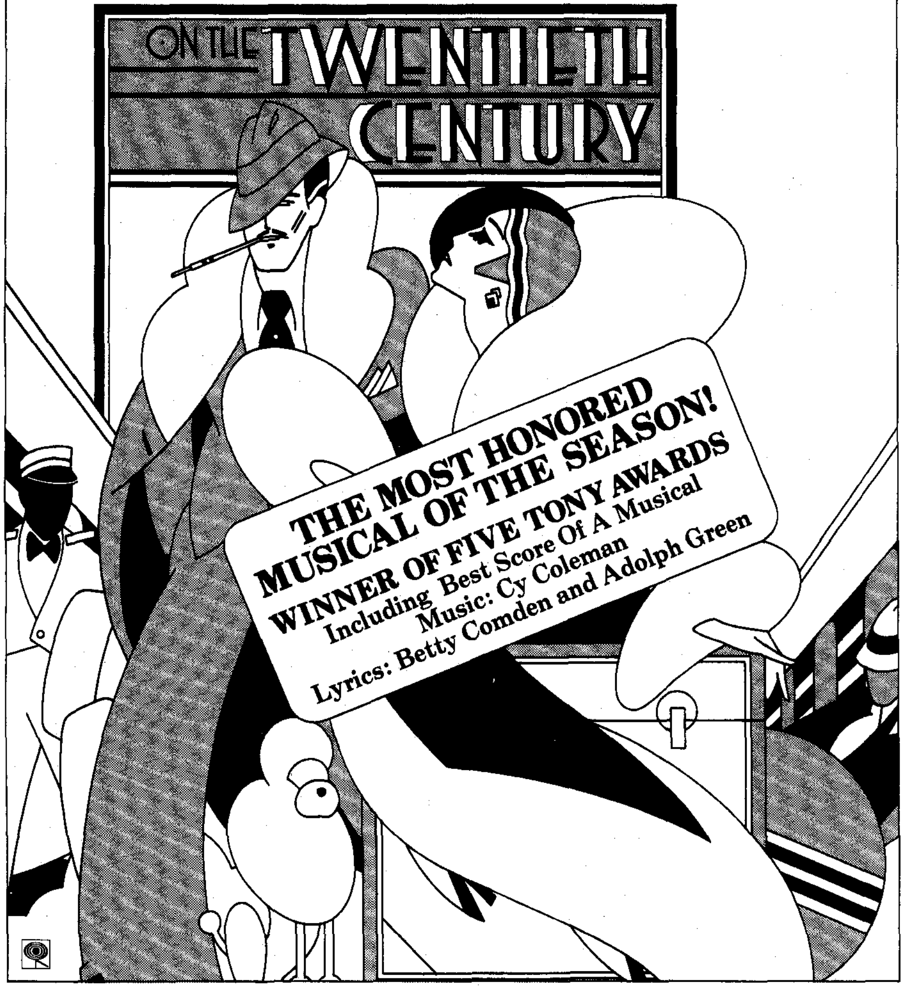
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AROUND TOWN

Photography

***James Abbe**–Militarism in the 30s, including Hitler, Stalin, Spanish Civil War, and Mussolini, thru 7/30. Washburn, 42 E 57th (753-0546).

***Ansel Adams**–The early years, thru 6/30. Helios, 18 E 67th (988-5593).

***Anton Bruehl/Edmund Teske**–From the 20s to the 50s with Marlene Dietrich, Peter Lorre, studio studies, Mexico, other/Composite, solarized images, almost dreamlike, thru 6/24. Witkin, 41 E 57th (355-1461).

Castelli–4 E 77th (288-3202). Black-and-white landscapes by R. Adams, Baltz, Schwartz, thru 6/24.

Marty Fumo–Manipulated, surreal images, thru 7/14. Popular Photography, 1 Park Ave (725-3785). Mon-Fri 9-5.

Geoffrey Gove–Color transformations, thru 6/30. Images, 11 E 57th (838-8640).

Howard Gross–A series of portraits with closed eyes, thru 7/6. Truman, 38 E 57th (688-3516).

***Kodak**–1133 Sixth Ave (262-6183). Mon 12-5, Tues-Sat 9:30-5. *Auto Exotica,* thru 7/21.

***Lynn Lennon/Phillip Leonian**–Fantasy self-portraits/Walkers and walking in black-in-white, thru 6/24. Neikrug, 224 E 68th (288-7741). Wed-Sat 1-6.

James Marshall–People in places from rural India to urban Italy, thru 7/31. Camera Club of NY, 37 E 60th (838-9710). Mon-Fri 1-6.

***Pfeifer**–825 Mad Ave (737-2055). Tues-Fri 10-5:30. Male nude in the 19th & 20th century, thru 7/28.

***Prakapas**–19 E 71st (737-6066). Vintage views of the sidewalks of NYC, thru 6/30.

***Stephen Shore**–The NY Yankees at spring training, thru 6/24. Light, 724 5th Ave (582-6552).

Soho/Stieglitz–34 W 13th (242-9198). Sat & Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9. Light passage by Brin, India by King, the Bushwick section of Brooklyn, and montages by Rizzuto, thru 6/27.

Janna Spark–Details of daily life, thru 7/7. Marcoleo, 1295 1st Ave (UN-1-7600). Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat 10-4.

***Ted Spiegel**–Color views of the Hudson River, thru 7/1. Nikon, 620 5th Ave (586-3907).

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Wed till 9, Sun 11-5. *Ice Age Art—Man's Earliest Masterpieces:* The Cro-Magnon artist's view of his world; thru 12/31. *The Sport of Birding;* thru 7/16. *Rails of the World:* Paintings by J. Fenwick Landsdowne of this little-known bird family; thru 7/16.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. Prints by West Coast artists; thru 7/16.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Embroidery Through the Ages:* Fine and rare examples from the 14th century to the present, for the church and for secular use; thru 9/3. *Celebration of Water:* Water symbolism and water forms—fountains, baths, swimming pools, etc., thru 8/20.

Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1776). Mon-Fri 10-4. Folk art images of George Washington; thru 10/31.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *The Evelyn Sharp Collection:* Forty-five paintings and sculptures from Braque, Calder, Matisse, Picasso, and others; thru 10/1. *Attilio Salemme—Inhabitant of a Dream:* A retrospective consisting of 50 oils; thru 7/4. *Alberto Burri:* A retrospective view, 1948-78; thru 8/27.

Hudson River Museum, 511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers. (914-963-4550). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. New brick sculptures by John Mason. Photographs by Claire K. Yaffa; thru 7/9.

International Center of Photography, Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5. *Photographic Crossroads:* The first retrospective of the Photo League; thru 7/9. *Pierre Boogaerts:* A synthesis of conceptual art and documentary photography; thru 7/9.

Japan House–333 E 47th (832-1155). Daily 11-5, Fri til 7:30. Japanese genre screens from the 17th to the 19th centuries, thru 7/9

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth at 82nd (535-7710). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *The Arts Under Napoleon:* Includes wax medallions, velvet court apparel, the Emperor's death

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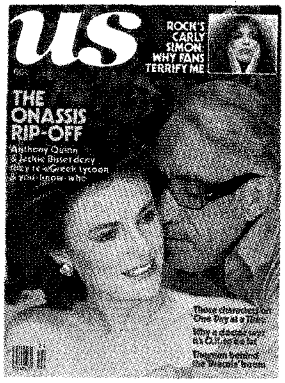
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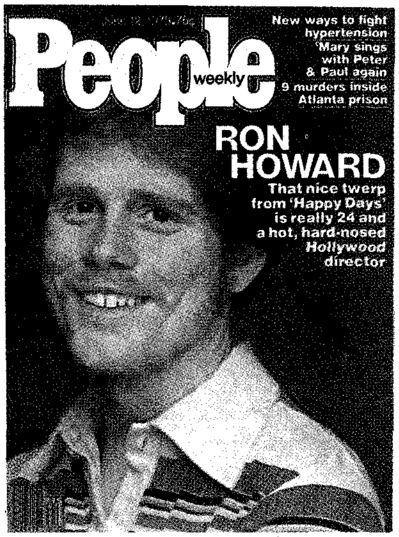
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mask, and more; thru 7/30. *Vanity Fair:* A treasure trove of the Costume Institute, thru 8/27. *The Collection of Alfred Stieglitz:* Fifty pioneers of modern photography; thru 7/16. *Polish Arms & Armor;* indefinite close. *Monet's Years at Giverny—Beyond Impressionism:* Eighty-one paintings done in the immediate environment and the surrounding landscape of his home; thru 7/9.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. *The Spanish Forger:* His works. *Devils, Demons, & Fantastic Creatures:* Drawings of creatures which exist in the imagination. *Books and Manuscripts, 1400-1950:* Books, manuscripts, and first editions of English and American literature. *H.M.S. Pinafore:* Celebrating its centennial. Thru 7/29.

Museum of the American Indian, Broadway at 155th St. (283-2420). Tues-Sun 1-5.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E 53rd St. (752-7684). Tues-Sat 12-5.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Frozen Motion:* The photographic dance images of Marcus Blechman; thru 9/4. A costume history of New York dining and galas; thru 7/9.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (977-8989). Tues-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6. *The Great American Foot:* Celebrating the foot and its diverse images in our culture; thru 6/30.

Museum of Holography, 11 Mercer St. (925-0526). Wed-Sun 12-6. *Light Years:* Illuminating the development of holography; thru 8/27.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thurs 11-9. *Jerry Dantzic and the Cirkut Camera:* Color landscapes, averaging six feet in length; thru 7/30. *Jim Dine's Etchings:* The history of his work; thru 9/5. *Designed For Film:* Demonstrating the importance of production design and art direction in motion pictures; thru 9/26. *Mexican Art:* Engravings, prints, paintings, and drawings by Posada, Orozco, Siqueiros, and Rivera; thru 6/29. *A Treasury of Modern Drawing:* Works by American and European artists; thru 7/4. The museum's Summergarden is now open Fri, Sat & Sun from 6 to 10 p.m., thru 9/3.

New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave. (741-8962). Weekdays 12-6, Wed 12-8, Sat 12-5. *New Work/New York:* Works by Susan Dallas, Lynne Elton, Steve Keister, David Middaugh, Fred Smith, Jeff Way; thru 7/8.

New-York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri 11-5, Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Street Kids:* Old and new photos depicting the many moods of the city's poor children between 1864 and 1977; thru 9/5. *New Life for Old Objects—The Art of the Conservator:* An exhibition of restored paintings, sculptures, and artifacts; thru 8/31.

Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Play Ball!—A Century of Sports in Art:* Includes works by George Bellows, Richard Diebenkorn, Sidney Goodman, Red Grooms, Bill King, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Ben Shahn, and others; 6/24 thru 9/10.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. (427-5959). Tues-Fri 10-6, Wed 10-9, Sat & Sun 1-6. Works by Beauford Delaney; thru 7/2.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave at 75th (794-0663). Tues-Fri 2-9, Sat 11-6, Sun 12-6. *Saul Steinberg Retrospective:* Drawings, watercolors, collages spanning more than 30 years; thru 7/9. *H.C. Westermann:* A retrospective of drawings and sculptures; thru 7/16. *Four-Part Drawing of Lines to Points on a Grid:* Sol LeWitt's drawing, installed on all four walls of the lobby gallery; thru 7/23. *American Art From 1950 to the Present;* thru 9/12. **Whitney Museum Downtown,** 55 Water St. (483-0011). *Mon-Fri 11-3. cARToons:* Demonstrating the cartoon's particular suitability for satirical comment; thru 7/5.

Sports

Yankees, Yankee Stadium (293-4300); vs. Boston Red Sox, 6/26-27 at 8.

Mets, Shea Stadium (672-2000); vs. Montreal Expos, 6/20-22 at 8; vs. Pittsburgh Pirates, 6/23 at 8, 6/24-25 at 2.

Cosmos, Giants Stadium, Meadowlands (265-8600); vs. Colorado Caribous, 6/21 at 8:45.

Boxing, Madison Square Garden (563-8000). Vito Antuofermo vs. Willie Warren; Bernardo Mercado vs. John Tate; Gerry Cooney vs. G. G. Maldonado; and four additional fights, 6/22 from 8 to 11 p.m.

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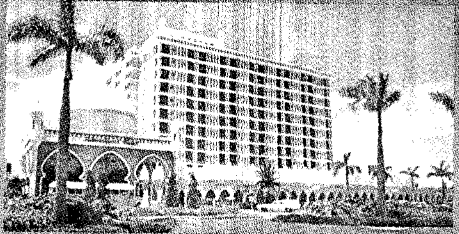

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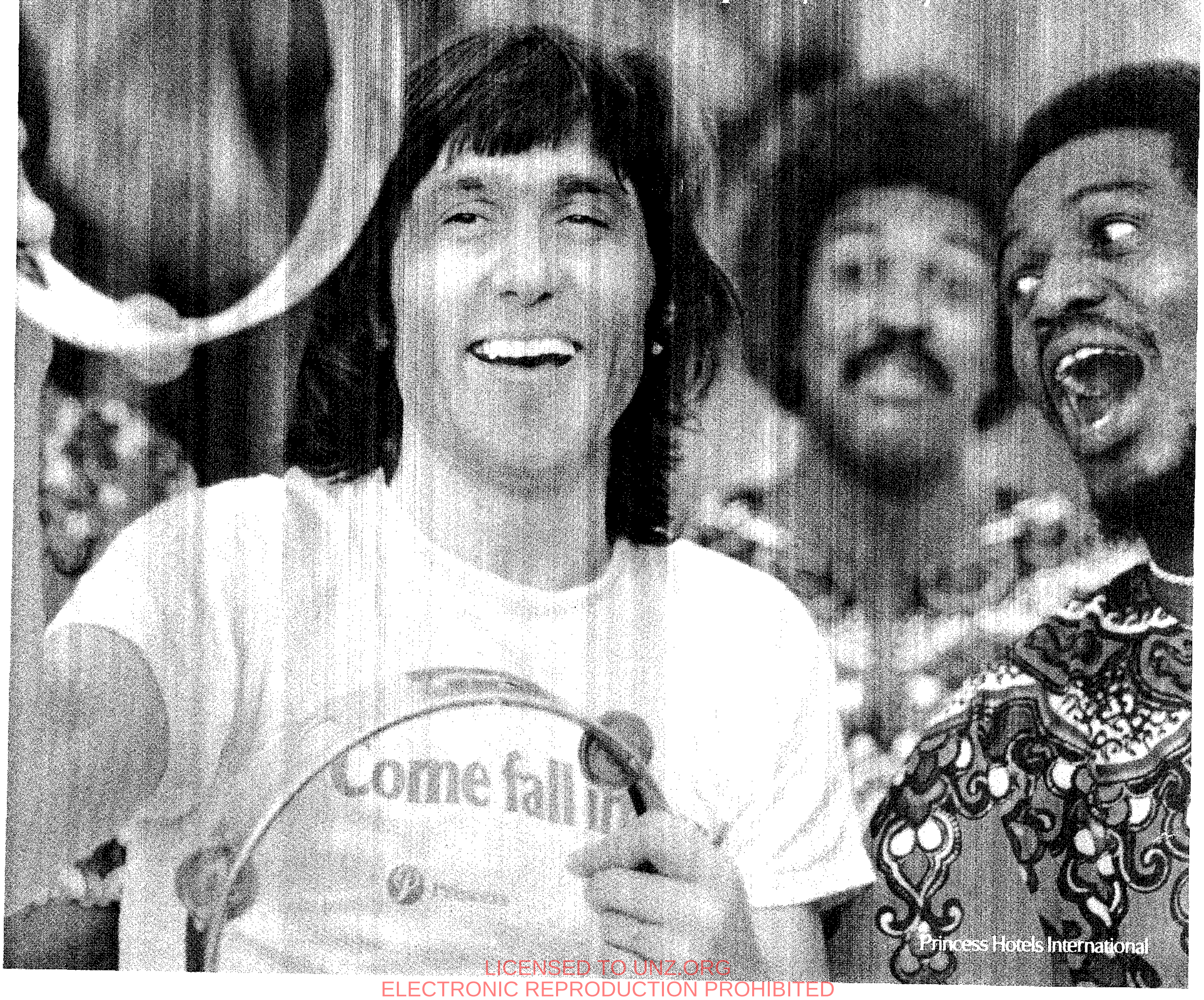

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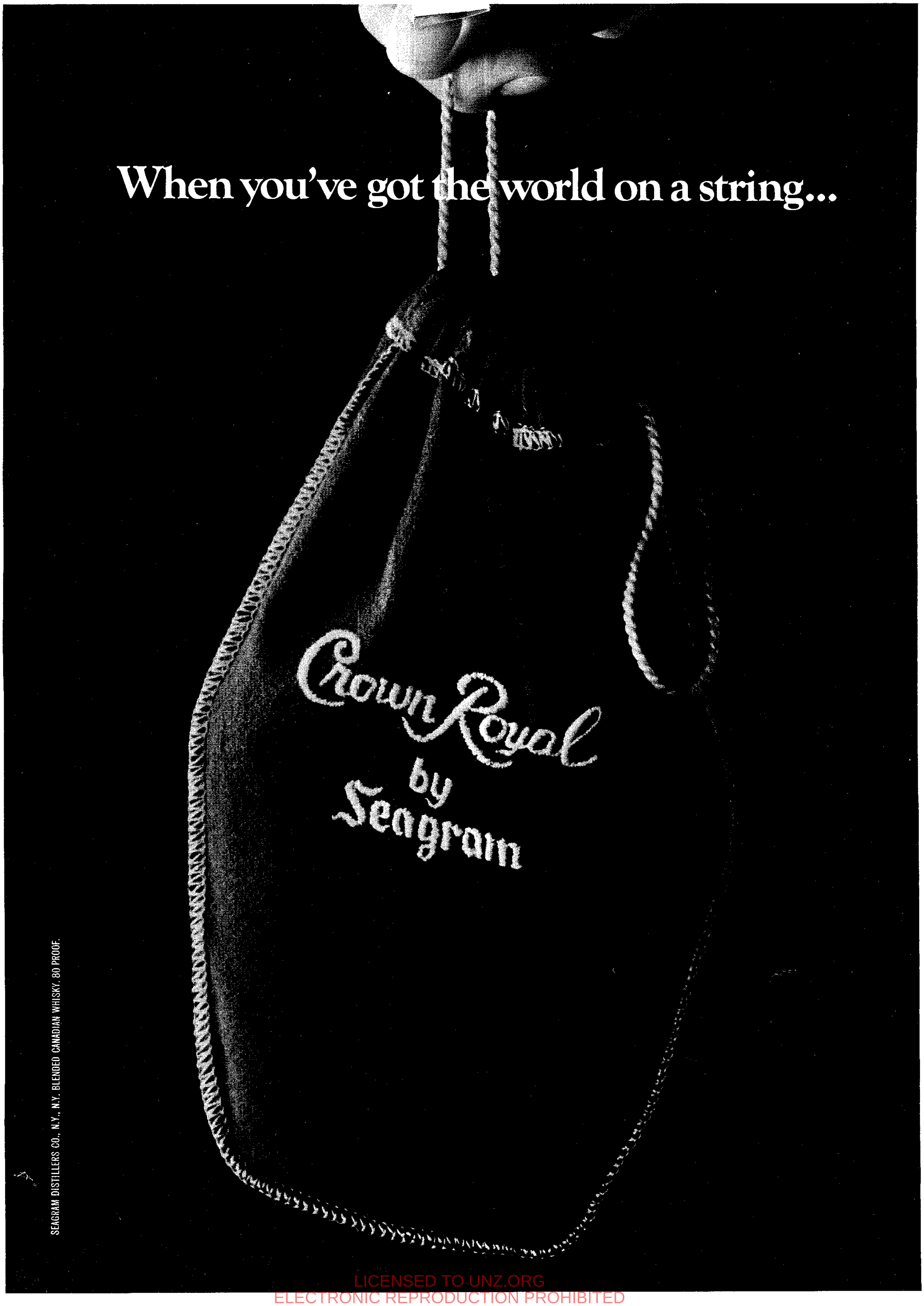
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New York

Mulatto Pride

By Orde Coombs

> "...No longer aspiring to be white, nor burdened to prove their blackness, today's mulattoes see themselves as a new people..."

We still called him LeRoi Jones, for we had not yet accustomed ourselves to Imamu Baraka. His lecture was at New York University's Loeb Student Center, and we knew what to expect, for in *that* reincarnation, Jones was a fervent black nationalist. His words of execration, then, fell easily on white heads, and they were manna to our sixties souls. Eva, green-eyed, brown-haired—a beauty who would seem more at home in Naples than in Bed-Stuy, where she lived—went with me to cheer the denunciations leveled at one branch of her family tree.

When it was over we made our way out of the hall and toward one of Jones's acolytes, whose leaflets announced a new rally. He handed me one but looked past Eva.

"Let me have one," she said, her eyes shooting beams of sisterly love.

"It's not for your kind," he said.

"But I'm not white!" Anger pinched her face. Her voice was weak with disbelief. He ignored her, convinced that she was lying.

She went home disconsolate, but the next night she called: "Come for dinner," she said, her voice a song, her laughter conspiratorial. When I arrived, the long hair was gone, and in its place an arching Afro crowned her head. She could not change the color of her eyes, but she had removed the possibility of racial mistakes. "I had a feeling," she said, "that you were pleased when that damn fool embarrassed me."

She was right. I had relished, however fleetingly, the comeuppance of a mulatto, even one whom I liked. For I grew up in the Caribbean fifties, when there was no talk of black power, and jet-black mothers prayed that their sons would marry light. It was a time when people spoke unabashedly of "putting some cream in their coffee" as they looked around for desirable spouses. It was the era of mulatto hegemony, in which classmates with no brains flunked out of school, then were sent off to England for special "courses," only to return in six months to run small factories or manage suspicious insurance companies. They remained as dumb as they were before they crossed the Atlantic, but they were mulattoes, and with no qualification other than a light skin they became the social arbiters of the community. And because they knew that they were in positions beyond their intelligence and capabilities, they set up stringent social Maginot Lines that were based on degrees of lightness. In that tropical world, the mulattoes worshiped whites. One woman who was darker

Ernest "Dutch" Morial: *Member of an old Creole, half-white family; became, last year, the first "black" mayor of New Orleans.*

Freda Payne: *Successful singer; lives in Los Angeles; has insisted throughout her career on her blackness.*

Walter White: *Once secretary of the NAACP; thought by many to be white. When he traveled in the South, he passed—in order to get information on racism. Author of* A Man Called White. *Died in 1955 (picture was taken in 1938).*

> ". . .'I can't stand mixed people who say: "I'm only going to be black." I am *me*, and I'm not going to be denied anything'. . ."

than her brothers (her mother having committed an indiscretion with the chauffeur) always carried her birth certificate. It listed her father's birthplace as Scotland. Never mind her frizzy, reddish hair and her flat nose and pecan skin.

The black islanders who were ambitious, hardworking, and intelligent looked with distaste upon this group. But there was in all of their disgust an envy that was akin to pain. They knew that as long as they walked the earth they would have to be better to be nearly equal. For they had no passport—that is, no white blood—to make their living easy.

When the late sixties came—dashikis, beads, and cornrows—I looked with amusement at the sudden attempts by many light-skinned blacks to trumpet their blackness even though many visible African strains had already disappeared. They were on the defensive everywhere and so they became superblacks. In that era of agitation, they were trying to erase a public perception of them that they had taken decades to cultivate. They had their work cut out, for even blacks with short memories could not forget the tyranny of the mulattoes' "blow hair," their pinched noses, and their narrow lips. Suddenly, no light-skinned girl could be named homecoming queen at any black college.

Now the late seventies are upon us, and something new has come into the lives of mulattoes. One finds it everywhere nowadays whenever two or three of them are gathered together. A yearning for their day. But this time not as favored black or house nigger. And certainly not as Faulkner's tormented Joe Christmas, whose "black blood drove him first to the Negro cabin. And then the white blood drove him out of there." Not in 1978. No longer aspiring to be white, nor burdened to prove their blackness, today's mulattoes see themselves as a new people, the synthesis of the war between the races, and one answer to the country's racial nightmare.

It is midnight in a loft on West 31st Street. I'm on a fat red cushion looking at a group of mulattoes who are smoking herb, drinking Chablis, and listening to Natalie Cole. The living room is a comfortable space, and there are dozens of flickering white candles to help make the mood seductive, easy. A teacher explains that he has been coming here for the last few Saturdays "to dig on people who look like me. We don't want to have a group, a club, or any of those old-timey things. And we don't want brothers and sisters to feel that we want to resurrect those old divisions that went out when black power came in. We just want to find out how this country's psychotic obsession with color has damaged us all." And a social worker whose nose is as prominent as Cher's says: "We don't want to ever have special nightclubs and restaurants. We don't want people thinking: 'Oh-oh, the high-yellow niggers are at it again. Trying to breed dissension among blacks by talking about their differences.' We are black because it is an experience none of us would want to trade. But that doesn't mean that we should deny the physicality of ourselves."

"Why now?" I ask. "Any movement that pulls you away from black consciousness only dilutes the political importance of black people."

"We will always be black," she says, stroking that nose and then running her right hand through her straight, black hair. "But we need to announce ourselves. We need to embrace ourselves as strong hybrids. People you had better not mess with."

Early evening in a rambling apartment on the Upper West Side. Kali Grosvenor, the seventeen-year-old daughter of a black mother and white father, tells me that "people like me are now like a different race. When I was younger, some of my companions would try to force me to pick. To choose my mother and deny my father. I refuse to do that. I'm just as comfortable among whites as among blacks. I want all the options. I want all the possibilities." Kali Grosvenor has been checking out a lot of possibilities during her short time on earth. In 1970, when she was nine, Doubleday published *Poems by Kali*, and she became the youngest author in that publishing firm's stable. On the cover of her book, her ballooning Afro almost covered her chalk-white face; her legs seemed to be held together by wire, and her face looked empty of youth and laughter. An infant Simone Weil absorbing the world's pain and prejudice. She was already into politics. In her poem "What's Happening to the Heroes," Grosvenor wrote:

Aunt Jemima's dead
Mother Goose is dying
The Law found the
True age of Robin
And said he would have
To go to school . . .
Tonto went back to his
People and Lone Ranger is
All alone
That's what's happening.*

She decided to find her hero in herself and in those "who pioneer new things. Essentially that is what all of us mulattoes are about. Some of my black friends won't go to white concerts and my white friends stay away from black ones. I go to all. I dig Earth, Wind and Fire, and you will catch me at any concert Peter Frampton gives. I can't stand mixed people who say: 'I'm only going to be black. I'm not going to deal with that other part.' I am *me*, and I'm not going to be denied anything."

A rainy night at the Horn of Plenty on Charles Street. The men I'll call John, Ed, and Dave have come out of the closet, but not far enough to be sanguine about seeing their real names in print. John is a mulatto and the object of the attentions of Ed and Dave. Ed is black and Howard University–trained. Dave is white, from New Hampshire, and a graduate of Northwestern. All three are in their twenties and very civilized about their love triangle. John never went to college, but he picked up his surface knowledge about sociology, psychology, and architecture in bohemian nests from Berkeley to New York. He works as a waiter. He studies acting. He is a cliché, but he is handsome, and he knows something about using people.

"I want them both," John says to me. His eyes are so liquid as he sips his Cutty Sark on the rocks that I am tempted to believe.

"He's very real," says Dave. "He knows a lot of things about life. He's a mixture of saint and savage. I guess that's why he turns me on."

"He can be whatever he wants to be," says Ed. "I've seen him come on like a professor and then like a street nigger who was so far gone he couldn't go any farther. Mulattoes have a special gift. The best of both worlds. He's the catalyst."

John smiles beatifically. And with reason. He is the new fusion man. The manipulator. His field is limitless. Think of all those blacks wanting some cream

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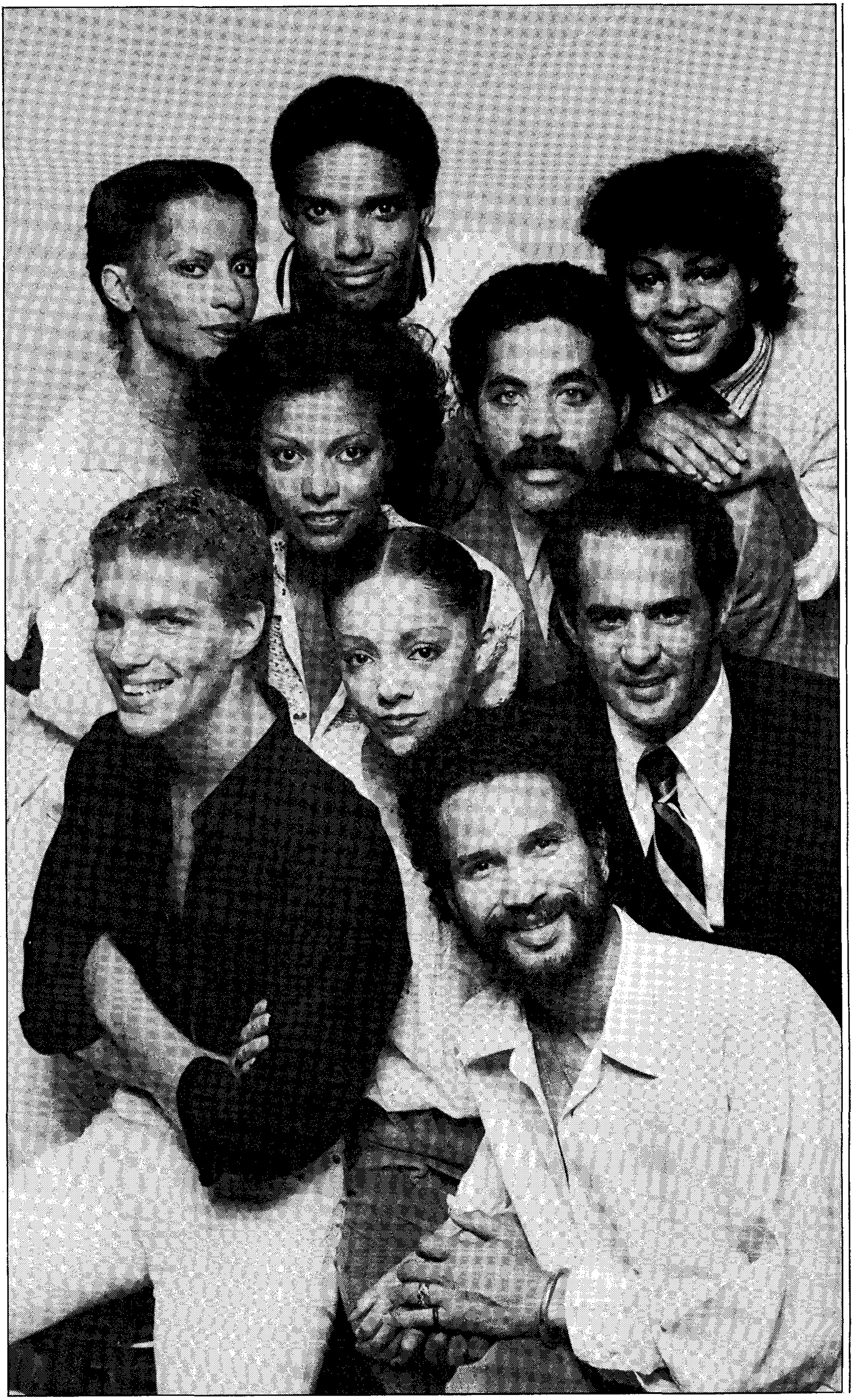

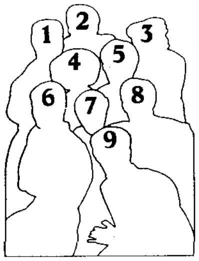

In black and white: *New Yorkers who are in the middlest of all classes—mulatto—include Joan Taylor Haynes (1), model; Tony Paige (2), actor; Chandra Grosvenor (3), student; Joy Robotham (4), model; Roderick Plummer (5), lawyer; Beán Sturdivant (6), makeup artist; Jamie Foster (7) and Jake Pena (8), models; and Keith Burns (9), writer and musician.*

Photograph by Dan Wynn

> **". . . I am not sanguine about this modern mulatto fever, yet I cannot doubt that there is something stirring among them . . ."**

in their coffee. And all those whites wanting chocolate in their cream.

While I am wondering what to make of this new mulatto chic, I stumble across Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah Band. The leaders, August Darnell and Stony Browder Jr., Bronx street urchins, came together specifically to promote mulatto music. "From the moment we called ourselves mulattoes," says Darnell, "the trouble began. We intimidated everyone. The record people didn't know what to do with us. The D.J.'s reacted negatively. They said, 'Let's not make a major issue out of this mulatto thing.' We said, 'Screw you. Don't you understand we are the color of the future? We are the third entity. We are the new race.' "

The new race's musical recognition had nothing to do with race. It was "Cherchez la Femme," a disco hit of bite and wit, that heralded their originality in 1976. It went gold. The press discovered a ragtag group of dreamers (in addition to Browder, who writes and arranges the music, and Darnell, who writes the lyrics, the group consists of Cory Daye, a singer; "Sugar-Coated" Andy Hernandez on vibes; and Mickey Sevilla on drums) who wore thirties suits, infinite varieties of hats, silk scarves, and antique junk. But mostly they dropped epigrams: "We are the fusion and the fused," says Sugar-Coated Andy. "Even if you're white, as long as you grow up in New York you become a mulatto. There are just too many minority influences, too many vibes on the consciousness," says Mickey Sevilla. RCA listened to them and began to smell money. It thought the kids were onto something, and so it put up $250,000 to produce Savannah's new album, *Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah Band Meets King Penett.* It was a critical success but a bomb all over the country.

Not that Darnell cares. His lyrical mission in music is to show that "miscegenation has been one of this country's pastimes. A good thing too. Look at all the beautiful people all that action produced." Beautiful? I wonder aloud about the damaged souls of my youth. The ones like white daughter Jeanne Crain in *Pinky,* who fled as quickly as she could from black grandmother Ethel Waters. She and her kind were the ultimate kick in the groin of black people. For black blood was so ghastly, so impure, that one drop would cause misery to the people having it. What, then, would happen to those who had only black drops? How could they help but be walking plagues? It was mulatto superciliousness as much as white hostility that caused black men to undervalue their worth.

"That's all in the past," says Darnell. "What we have now is a whole different consciousness. We have put together the melodic strains of white music and the voodoo rhythms, and we have a new political consciousness. We are new people." And what are the new people singing? Songs like "Soraya/March of the Nignies," an allegory of the troublesome presence of mulattoes:

Yankee Romancers:
The gift they gave us was the café
  au lait!
Oh, ol' trouble I fear
Oh, oh, oh, Mulatto, oh Yea! . . .
My home and my family
Overrun by half-breeds—
Something's gotta be done
I can't live like this no more. . . .*

And *Half and Half,* the new album by Vicki Sue Robinson, another mulatto in the RCA stable. She calls herself "a mutt, the kind of person who lasts longer than those with pedigrees." She is all energy. But there is reason for this voltage, this expectancy. In 1976, her single "Turn the Beat Around" took off, and she became, at 21, a disco queen. There was not a trace of black gospel in her voice, and the disco set assumed that she was a crossover queen, a white urbanite who understood the riffs, nuances, and shouts of black music but had bleached it all and come up a winner. "I told them that my mother's people had been Russian Jews and that my father's had been African and French Canadian. And I let them know that I am what's happening. For I am mixed and I am cool."

It is precisely this mulatto coolness that troubles me now. For, this time around, the mulattoes are not trying to negate the incontrovertible African strain. They are merely making of it an exoticism, like the oil-rich society ladies of Oklahoma City who are forever announcing their Indian blood but who would not be caught dead dispensing free soup at an Indian reservation. The new hyphenated mulatto can be both black and mulatto. Whenever it suits his/her purpose. If the pickings look good to blacks today, he's there. If blacks are collectively catching hell,

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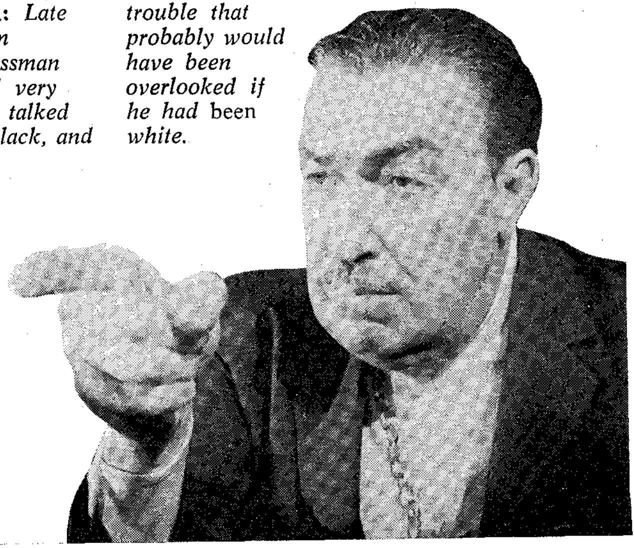
Dorothy Dandridge: *Actress-singer as she appeared in a movie role. Began career at age 5 with sisters in group known as Wonder Children; died in 1965 at age of 41.*



Adam Clayton Powell: *Late Harlem congressman looked very white, talked very black, and got in a lot of trouble that probably would have been overlooked if he had been white.*

Photo credits: page 33, left to right—UPI, UPI, Pictorial Parade; page 36, Pictorial Parade; page 37, left to right—Allen Arpadi, Pictorial Parade, Pictorial Parade

why, he's the new race, the new synthesis, undeserving of white abuse.

Ellen Holly tells me not to worry. This scenario will never come to pass. She is an actress who has led the fight for black people of all hues to portray blacks on television and on the stage. A decade ago, she wrote: "The American Negro has become so diluted and bastardized . . . that [one] of 100 percent African appearance is rare. It is conservatively estimated that more than three-fourths of the Negroes in the United States have one or more white ancestors." Now she thinks that the new mulatto consciousness is "all right if it is not a move toward a negation of the black spirit, the black soul. If it is a reaffirmation of the kind of person you are, then it is positive and long overdue." I am still on edge. Unconvinced that this new mulatto madness is not just another manifestation of that ancient longing to be rid of the American curse of race. Holly refers me to something she said a decade ago: "Blacks pass for white not because they value whiteness per se, but rather because they value the special rights and privileges that unfairly accrue to whiteness . . . and a light-skinned black will often cross the line, not in a flight toward whiteness, but in a flight away from the constant, sometimes brutal rejections by his own."

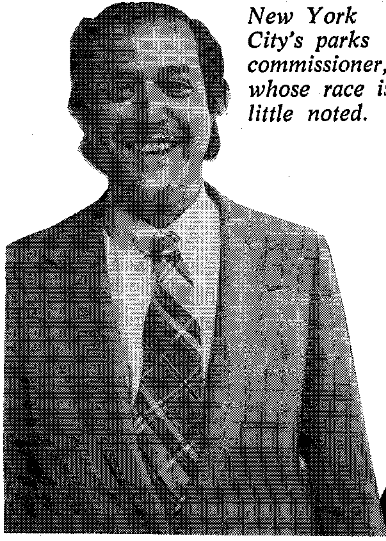
Would she, a green-eyed beauty, ever pass? "God, no. I think it's much too exciting to be what I am. My parents brought me up to believe that I am something special and that the rich mix that went into the making of me (African, French, English, and Shinnecock Indian) was culled from the best of all possible worlds. Same with my black friends. They come in all colors, but even the blue-eyed blonds feel the same way."

Really? I am not convinced. For as Confucius said, "Study the past if you would divine the future." And the past has been redolent with the mulatto's casual hatred of anything black. I have seen a cousin driven mad by the hatred in the eyes of the father of the light-skinned woman he loved. And a mother, destitute and ignored by the children she had had with a white plantation owner, her grandchildren forbidden to speak to "black Milly," as her own children called her. And me, at ten, recuperating from an accident that nearly blinded me, and forced to stay with a mulatto family my parents thought were their friends. For the three months that I lived with them, far from home, I was daily the butt of their derision because of the texture of my hair, the fullness of my lips. The memory of that time stayed with me for twenty years, until, like some vengeful Sicilian, I could return to mock the grotesqueries that time and poverty had brought to them. I am not proud of that, God knows, but debts must be paid.

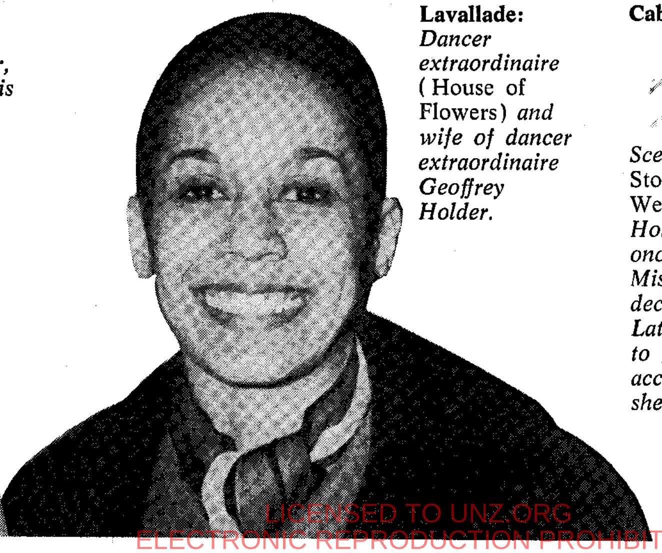
So if I am not sanguine about this modern mulatto fever, it is understandable. Yet I cannot doubt that there is something stirring among them and that in America today a curiosity wafts around them wherever they go. For they may be the ultimate bridge in a country growing tired of its unending, turbulent racial waters. As the teacher at the party on West 31st Street put it, "High-yellow women have always been prized as mistresses among white men. What is new is that the crown prince of Hollywood, Robert De Niro, can marry a mulatto and make it seem as normal as Monday morning. Maybe mulatto power will mean healing power."

Perhaps. For never was being mulatto as *charming* as right now in New York. If I needed more proof of this, I got it last week at a dinner party on Park Avenue. The woman I'll call Korina Manowa, a brown-haired Hawaiian, comes running into the room, late, with silver-blue gloss on her eyes and a red rose over her right ear. The man with her is black and terribly solemn, the end result of an Ivy League education that took place before pot arrived on the college campus. His blackness acts as a shadow that sets off in bold relief the whiteness of her face and shoulders, the décolletage of her long, white appliquéd dress. The ten other people at dinner regard the mixed couple with curiosity. He is more interesting than she. A black man with Harvard pronunciations. She seems still to be into sixties karma, what with her Village living, her liberal-arts education, and the black man on her arm. The table talk is of careers and vacations and Jimmy Carter. And, suddenly, ethnicity. The Wasps are outdone. Dismissed. Their lineage is so . . . so . . . expected. So linear. No funkiness in an age that reeks of it. The others add touches of Spain and Italy and remembrances of the Diaspora. Turkey brings a raised eyebrow, but when Manowa says, "I am Czech and black," the evening belongs to her. She becomes the envy of every woman in the room as men all at once want to refill her glass, share their grass, and impress her with their travels: "It's either Isfahan or Venice as *my* choice of the enchanted city. . . ." Is it the image of congress between frozen Czechoslovakia and sweltering Africa that triggers this concern? And where does it lead? "To further fragmentation of black political power," says a friend. "To the third entity, the new bridge," says a mulatto musician. "To uni-race."

So the debate will go on. But I can't help but think that this new mulatto cohesion may backfire. For their history of hauteur still shadows them, and if now they continue to insist on their "otherness," blacks, who have always felt the mulattoes' sting, will never cease looking at them as Greeks whose gifts should always bear watching. ■



Gordon Davis: *New York City's parks commissioner, whose race is little noted.*



Carmen de Lavallade: *Dancer extraordinaire* (House of Flowers) *and wife of dancer extraordinaire Geoffrey Holder.*

Lena Horne, Cab Calloway:

Scene from Stormy Weather, *1943. Hollywood once wanted Miss Horne to declare herself Latin in order to gain public acceptance; she declined.*

Harriet Rabb, Scourge of Corporate Male Chauvinism

By Lindsy Van Gelder

"...She may be *Reader's Digest*'s most unforgettable character—she helped its female employees win a $1.5-million settlement..."

The notorious radical-feminist whiz kid and toppler of corporate giants sips her tea and obligingly tries to dredge up one of those interviewer's delights, the quintessential anecdote that explains How It All Came to Be, the part in the movie where little Marie Curie wanders into her first chemistry class, and, *voilà!*, a star is born. What, for instance, did Harriet Rabb want out of life twenty years ago as a teenage Jewish overachiever growing up in Houston, Texas?

"Well," she frowns, "I *really* wanted to be a cheerleader."

Now, at 36, Harriet Rabb is instead the foremost Title VII lawyer in the business, the name that springs to the lips of women planning federal-tax-discrimination suits against their employers the same way that sixties blacks and SDS radicals used to shout "Get me Kunstler" at the drop of a conspiracy indictment. (It was, in fact, at William Kunstler's denim knee that Rabb got her early training as a "Movement" attorney.)

She is the most unforgettable character *Reader's Digest* has met lately (after a $1.5-million settlement last year between the company and its women employees); the negotiator for other female victories at *Newsweek*, New York Telephone, several hotshot Wall Street law firms, and elsewhere; and, most recently, the legal slingshot behind the suit filed by female reporters and other employees against the New York *Times*. It's not clear whether the good gray men of the Great Gray Lady are quaking in their 43rd Street boardrooms at the prospect of taking on Rabb's formidable record, but the trial is already being talked about in press, feminist, and legal circles as the Title VII World Series.

As Wonder Woman, however, Rabb hardly looks the part. She comes on more like a perfectly nice, comfortably Marimekko-ed Upper West Side mommy you might stumble across in Zabar's—which she is, in her out-of-court identity. "She's 100 percent lawyer," according to a colleague. "She's doing all this really radical work, but she herself is very straight." Despite a certain post-Watergate pride in the size of her FBI file ("I had a friend whose file was longer, but *he* didn't have a CIA file"), Rabb herself would probably agree.

She is also modest. During lunch recently at a Japanese restaurant in Morningside Heights, around the corner from her office at Columbia Law School (where she holds the title of assistant dean for urban affairs), Rabb took pains to point out that she doesn't work alone. The Employment Rights Project—the Columbia teaching clinic that selects and litigates Title VII cases—also includes George Cooper, 41, "a superstar tax lawyer" and welfare-law expert as well as a Title VII pioneer, and Howard Rubin, 30, a former student of Rabb's and Cooper's who functions as the group's strategist and statistics wizard. The three work collectively (a *Reader's Digest* attorney not long ago somewhat sneeringly referred to them during a judicial hearing as "a commune"), and they are also friends.

Still, there's something that makes Harriet Rabb stand out a little bit from the rest of the Employment Rights Project, just as Mick Jagger is a little bit different from the rest of the Rolling Stones. In part it's simply her gender. Rabb's former clients repeatedly note that her own undeniable competence becomes a subtle pro-feminist factor in any negotiation session or Title VII proceeding—walking proof, to bosses and judges who might think otherwise, that a woman can do a "man's job." At the same time, she is famed and respected for her unthreatening, tactful style in dealing with adversaries. Attorney Joseph Califano, who represented *Newsweek* in negotiations that ultimately led to an affirmative-action program for women, was so impressed by Rabb that he tried to recruit her when he took over as secretary of health, education, and welfare.

"I'm very conscious of trying to behave in a way that wouldn't do discredit to my clients," said Rabb. "Mostly, it's not swearing. I don't swear when I'm around my adversaries. I do when I'm not." On the other hand, she remembers the judge who was unable to cope with the fact that she was obviously pregnant with her second child and asked her to please sit down while she argued her summation. Rabb respectfully declined. "He said, 'Well, if you're going to stand, so will I!' He stood up behind the damned chair. I just kept talking until he got tired and sat down. It was incredible."

She also pointed out that some of her opponent lawyers have been sore losers. "I've been aware, in at least half my cases, of efforts by the other side to get me fired or disbarred. The way I deal with it every time is by saying, 'You want to say that? Don't call me and threaten me. You file a motion. Let's fight it out in public.' " In several cases, she said, firms she was litigating against happened to give juicy contributions to Columbia University. (Rabb herself works at an annual salary "in the low thirties"—she doesn't remember the exact amount—and all fees recovered from her cases accrue to the Columbia Law School. The sums aren't exactly peanuts either—some $400,000 may be shelled out by *Reader's Digest*, for example.)

Rabb says that the law school has backed her up every time. "I know I'm sounding paranoid. I've talked a lot to the dean about it. He says that these little things happen because we're young and because we're beating them and because they don't like what we stand for. They want us gone." Still, Rabb's professional credentials are universally respected. When the *Digest* recently tried without success to challenge Rabb's legal fees in court—on the basis that she lacked trial-lawyer skills and therefore wasted time preparing for a possible courtroom showdown—*Digest* attorney William Edlund finally admitted under questioning from Magistrate Sol Schreiber that Rabb is "one of the most experienced academicians in legal circles in the field." If it weren't for her politics, Rabb could probably be the token lady fat cat of the firm of her choice.

The only political act of Harriet Rachel Schaffer's early life was the time in Texas "I on purpose drank out of the black water fountain. Otherwise I was the most bubble-headed teenager . . . just like all the other girls who wanted mums on their sleeves." She was, however, the product of a rather unique family that came from Poland to Texas in her grandparents' generation and quickly latched on to the American work ethic. Both her mother and her father are doctors, and her younger brother is a psychologist working in Berkeley.

It was also a clan of independent women. Her maternal grandmother was a farmer's wife who ran a dry-goods store to put her children through graduate school and then settled down to become a compulsive *baleboosteh*. Harriet remembers her fussing over the strudel and pointing a finger at her granddaughter: "Never let them tell you that you've worked hard enough and now you can relax and retire." She also recalls being asked by a boyfriend if her father minded that her pediatrician mother wasn't "home at four o'clock to put on a fresh dress and make a lovely dinner like the other mothers. So I asked my father. My daddy wasn't given to using three words when one would do, and he didn't talk much about my mother, but he gave me a little speech about my mother that day that was extraordinary. He said he didn't only *love* her.

Position of strength: *"Little things happen because we're young and because we're beating them and because they don't like what we stand for. They want us gone."*

Photograph by Bonnie West

"...It's not clear whether the good gray men of the *Times* are quaking, but the trial may be the World Series of Title VII..."

He had something else extra. He was proud of her work."

Growing up, "the question in our house wasn't ever whether I'd work or not, but whether I'd be a doctor or a something else." Her main objective was to flee "southern-belle-ism. That meant going east. We didn't know anything about eastern schools, so my mother and I flew up to Boston and rented a car and schlepped around to all Seven Sisters."

Harriet went to Barnard, where the big political issue in the late fifties was "whether you could wear Bermuda shorts three inches above your knees." She majored in government and then, almost offhandedly, went on to Columbia Law School. (She was also married from her senior year in college until the end of law school to a man "who now lives in Paris, France, doing computer something-or-other.")

It was after her second year at Columbia that she happened to be placed in a summer job with a civil-rights law firm headed by William Kunstler and Arthur Kinoy. "I was there two weeks when suddenly Mickey Schwerner disappeared. Do you remember Schwerner, Goodman, and Chaney, the civil-rights workers who were murdered in the South? Arthur Kinoy was Schwerner's family lawyer. It was *the* most extraordinary summer."

Kinoy, according to Rabb, was her "mentor" in the "Gail Sheehy–*Passages* sense." She continued to work for him—briefly as his assistant at Rutgers but mainly for his Center for Constitutional Rights, which had just been formed—until a personal-professional crisis in 1969.

After her divorce, she had started dating an old friend from law school, Bruce Rabb, who came from a prominent Republican family (his father, Maxwell Rabb, was formerly secretary to the Eisenhower Cabinet) and was then with the Nixon White House ("He was on the Domestic Council, and he had some title—something-to-the-president"). One of her firm's clients was SDS, then the administration's official Red Menace. Harriet began finding herself at the center of a political ménage à strange bedfellows: The White House, say, would engineer the banning of an SDS demonstration, and Harriet would call Bruce and tell him it wasn't fair, and Bruce would fix it. Finally Kinoy and Kunstler told her that if SDS found out about her Republican romance, its members would never trust her again.

She agreed (and still agrees) that they were right, quit the firm, worked for a year as Bess Myerson's special counsel to the Department of Consumer Affairs, married Bruce, moved to Washington, couldn't find a job "because I was a Democrat and my husband was a Republican," and prospective employers on both sides found it hard to reconcile her already bulging FBI file with her Establishment marriage. She spent three months "sleeping all day," became a feminist, and finally landed a job with a public-interest law firm. The Rabbs moved to New York in 1971, and she's been with Columbia ever since.

She admits now that she may not have been "anyone's first choice for the prom" in Title VII litigation, but she got her choice of clients in the early seventies for the simple reason that "we were the ones who were doing it." It was during the *Newsweek* negotiations in 1972 that she really came into her own as a lawyer. "George Cooper took me to lunch at the faculty club to talk about a meeting that the *Newsweek* women were having with management the next day. Suddenly George announced that he wasn't coming with me to that meeting. All those years before I had really worked *for* someone else and when the times had come for someone to stand up and say, 'Your honor, I object,' it hadn't been me. George promised to wear a suit to the office the next day and to come along if I was truly terrified. But I was fine." Her clients thought so too.

Media people tend to talk, and the *Newsweek* case led directly to the fiercely contested *Digest* case (which featured such legal cliff-hangers as a motion by the *Digest* suggesting that the First Amendment gives publications the right to discriminate in hiring editorial personnel) and now to the *Times* case. Rabb says that she feels like an honorary reporter by now, and her conversation is sprinkled with knowing references to "Q-heads" and the like. (A Q-head is the *Times* designation for its "News Analysis" pieces.)

She is also a font of funny wisdom about the peccadilloes of individual publications—like the time a *Digest* attorney rose up in full indignation when Rabb suggested putting a newly negotiated point in writing as soon as possible. "Sixty million Americans trust us," intoned the *Digest* lawyer. "So can you."

Bruce Rabb is now a partner with Stroock & Stroock & Lavan, specializing in corporate securities. It seems to be one of those feminist-revised storybook marriages, although people still find them a political odd couple. "*I* have more visibility now," Harriet Rabb said. "In fact, some idiot on the faculty here came up to Bruce at a party and asked him how it felt being Mr. Harriet Rabb." There is an echo of her description of her parents' marriage when she adds: "He's proud of what I do. I don't say that to be Pollyanna-ish—it's true."

The Rabbs live on West End Avenue with Alexander, five, and Katherine, three, both ensconced at Walden, and "all of our off-hour time is spent with the kids. All, all, all. We spend Saturdays and Sundays sitting on the floor having coffee or wine with other people whose children are in the other room with our children while they sit on the floor. Or we're hanging out doing exciting things like going to the Bronx Zoo and buying Darth Vader costumes." Clients learn early not to bug her at home.

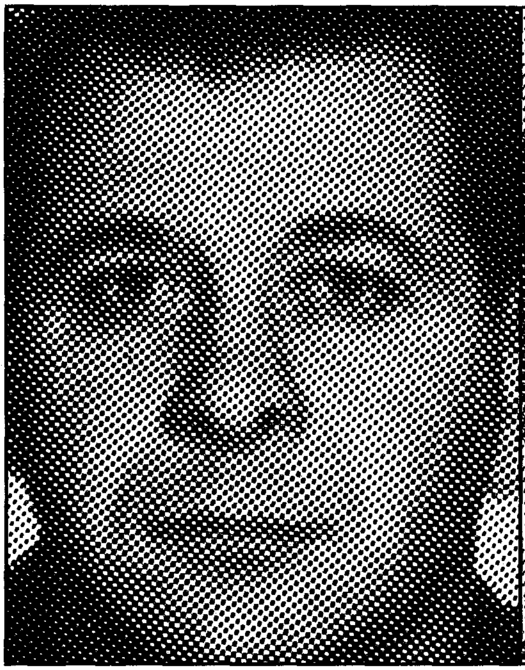
Nor does she have time to hang out in the feminist movement, despite her political sympathies—she isn't even a member of NOW or the National Women's Political Caucus.

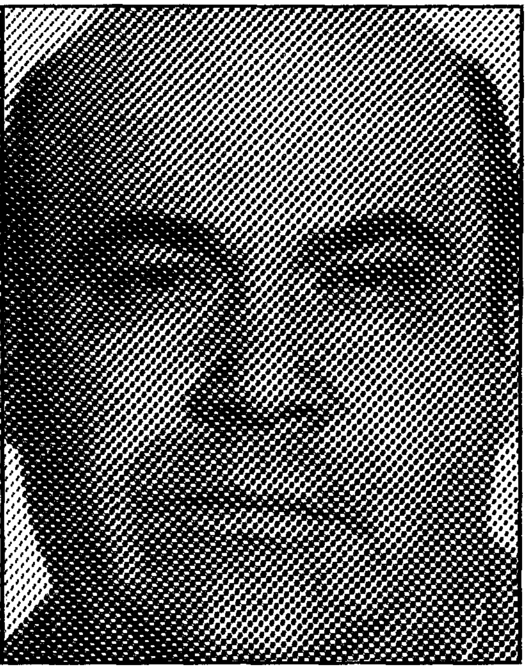
As co-director of the Employment Rights Project, Harriet Rabb has had both the professional freedom to develop her particular practice and the personal flexibility to—you should pardon the expression—combine career and family. The *Times* case is the project's last scheduled Title VII litigation (next year she and two colleagues are starting a new seminar, working with the Corporation Counsel and suing on behalf of the city to enforce contracts), and she confessed that she had been thinking of late about "her future," beyond the potential felling of mighty Ochs-Sulzbergers.

"I see what Carol Bellamy does. I so admire her. But she has no privacy, no freedom, no time. Liz Holtzman is another woman I admire utterly, but I remember one night running into her on the shuttle when she was tired, and she said: 'You know what it's all about? In neither my New York nor Washington apartment is the carton of milk ever fresh.' I couldn't stand it."

Looking back, she sometimes wonders if perhaps she should have followed in her parents' stethoscope steps: "Look, doctors really do God's work. Lawyers just shuffle papers."

Lorenzo "Larry" Lampasi: *Colombo-family soldier, aged 52. Arrests for gambling, drunken driving, and reckless driving. Subject of assassination attempt in 1973 by two in ski masks.*





Lawrence Paladino: *Aka "Fat Larry." Genovese-family soldier, aged 46. Arrests for gambling, possession of dangerous weapon, forgery tools. Convicted for extortion and income-tax evasion. Time served: none.*

See the Nice School Bus. See the Hood Driving It.

By Nicholas Pileggi

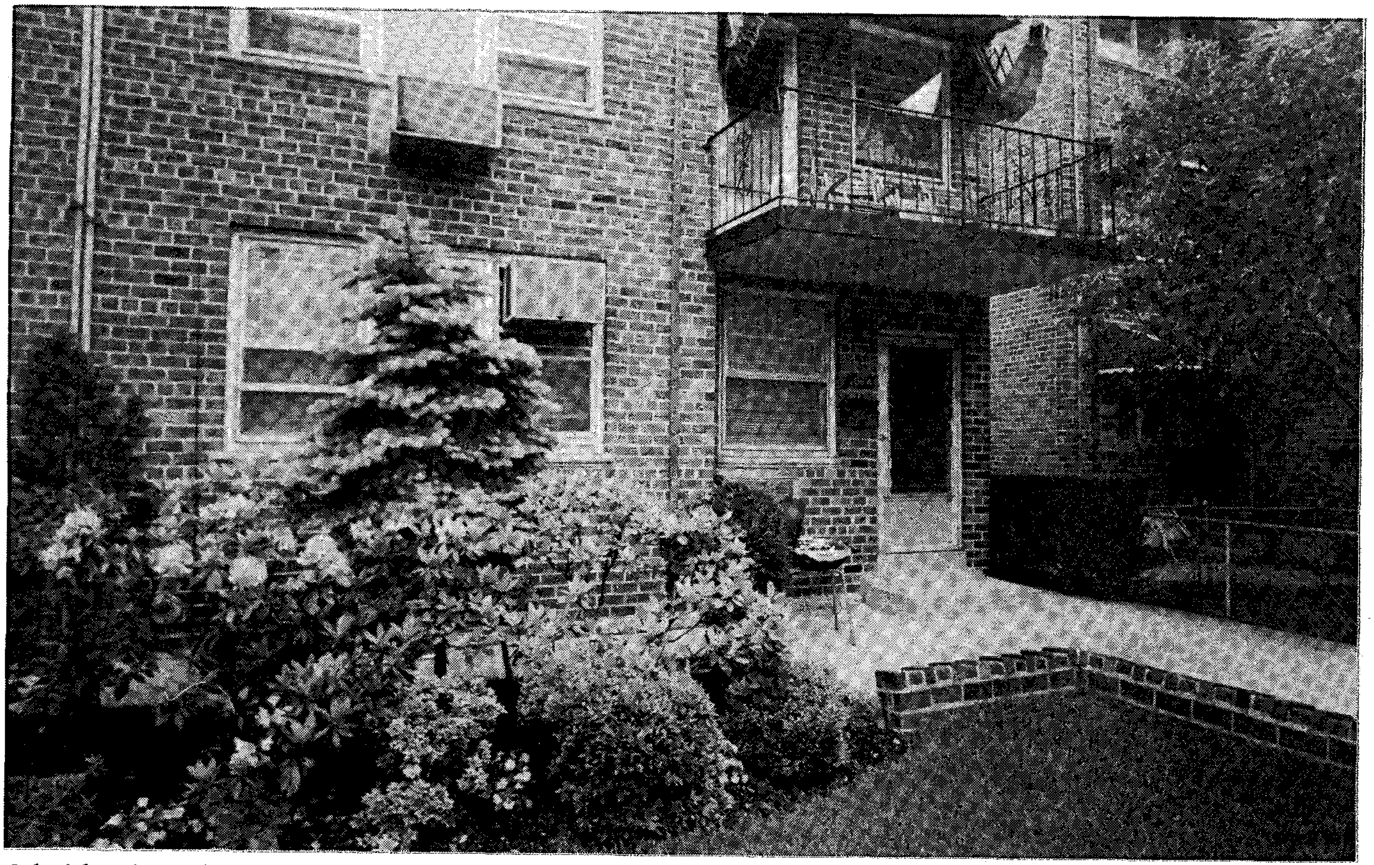
> "... Investigators have spotted hoods driving the school buses and have seen armed men hanging around school-bus garages..."

The fact that organized crime has quietly moved into the Board of Education's $73-million-a-year school-bus business may come as a shock to most city and state officials, but mob influence in the industry has been steadily increasing since 1971. Today, hoods are helping to escalate the cost of school busing through collusive bidding and have frightened away some legitimate bus-company operators from even submitting bids.

Queens District Attorney John Santucci says he began looking into the mob's influence in school-bus companies earlier this year after he received confidential information that crime-family disputes had erupted over control of school-bus companies and the unions representing the school-bus drivers. So far, Santucci's investigation has turned up the names of at least a half dozen organized-crime soldiers, many with long criminal records, as the owners of record or silent partners in school-bus companies holding lucrative Board of Education contracts.

Investigators have spotted hoods driving school buses and have seen armed men hanging around school-bus garages, taking bets and lending money. Other mobsters have been seen driving expensive, late-model cars registered to the school-bus companies and charged off to the Board of Education as part of the bus companies' normal operating expenses. One of the school-bus owners narrowly escaped with his life during a mob shootout in the recent Gallo-Colombo war. The same man has been arrested for drunken driving, as well as for various gambling offenses. Another has been arrested for forgery, extortion, income-tax evasion, and for carrying a loaded gun while serving as a bodyguard to a major crime-family boss during recent gangland battles. Still another of these men has a record of labor racketeering and income-tax evasion.

And yet, somehow, they have not only managed to hang on to their multimillion-dollar school-bus contracts with the Board of Education's Bureau of Pupil Transportation but are likely to expand their operations. In 1979, when the State Legislature is expected to relax the current bidding restrictions on school-bus contracts in order to encourage more competition, even more



Colonial style: *Colonial Bus Service, whose Brooklyn headquarters is shown above, is partly owned by mob enforcer Lawrence "Fat Larry" Paladino. Its owner of record is Robert Greenberg, who also supplies insurance to a "rival" firm, Abco.*

"...'What if the ski-masked hitmen had said hello to Larry when he was around his school buses?' a detective asked..."

of the city's hoods will probably enter the field. The 1979 school-bus budget is expected to exceed $85 million, and the Legislature as well as the various education groups urging the relaxation of bus-contract specifications so far have no idea that there are so many mob-run companies waiting in the wings.

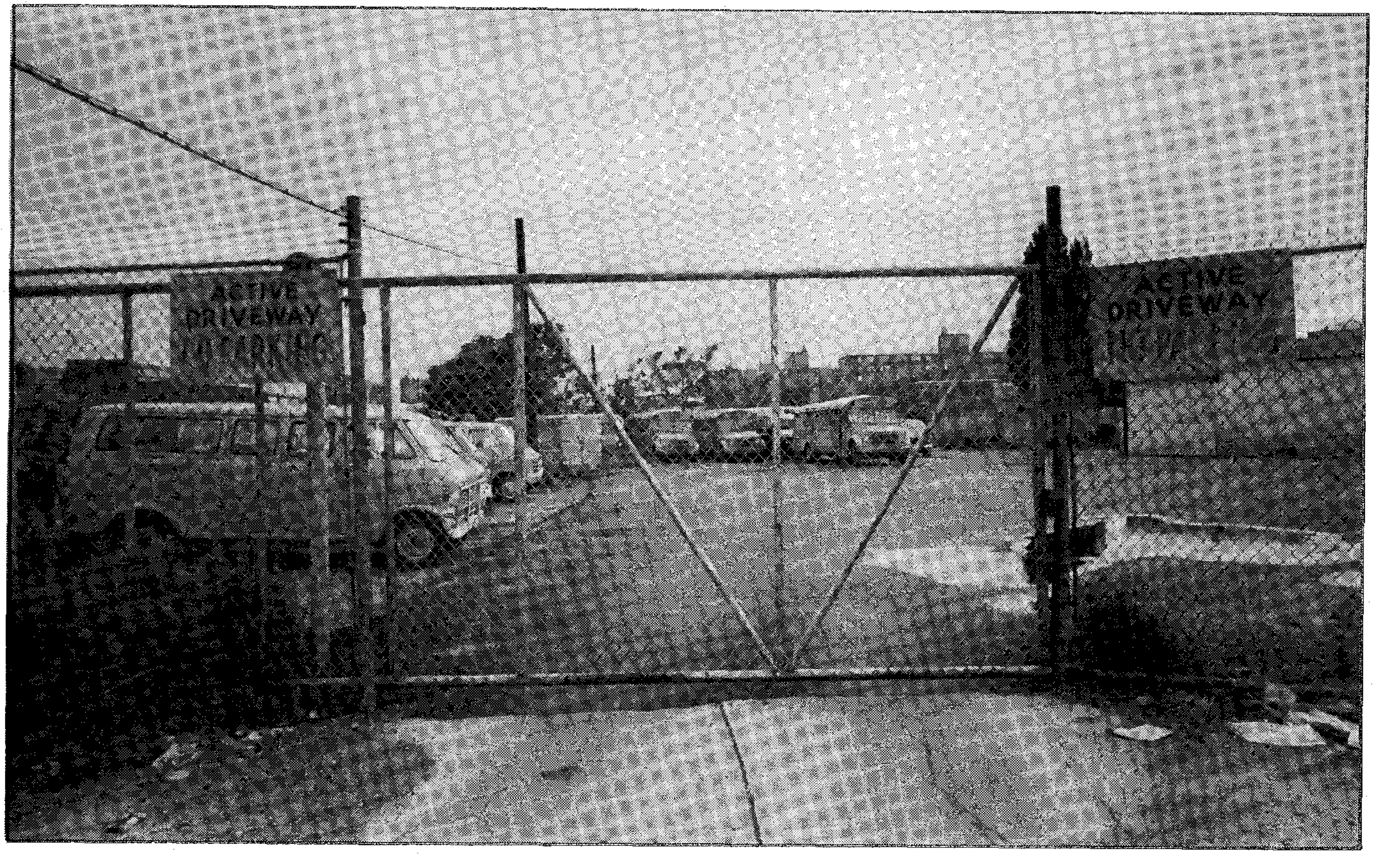
At present, 87 percent of the city's $73-million worth of school-bus contracts to transport 133,000 youngsters are awarded to three large and legitimate bus companies: Varsity Transit, Inc., a 1,600-vehicle firm run by the owners of three city-franchised bus companies (77 percent); the Staten Island–based Pioneer Transportation (6 percent); and the Bronx-based Parochial Bus Systems (4 percent). The remaining 13 percent, made up mostly of expensive contracts for the handicapped, is currently divided among two or three dozen smaller companies, some of which have been identified as mob-run.

The Abco Bus Company, of McDonald Avenue, Brooklyn, is one of the school-bus companies currently under scrutiny by investigators. Abco's owner, Lorenzo Lampasi, 52, is listed by police as a Colombo-crime-family soldier allegedly involved in loansharking and gambling. Lampasi started Abco in 1971 and since then has received more than $1 million in city school-transportation funds. According to police, Lampasi was involved in the Profaci-Colombo and Colombo-Gallo wars as early as 1963, when he was questioned by several grand juries in connection with the attempt to strangle Larry Gallo in the Sahara Lounge in Brooklyn. At that time he told police that he was a real-estate broker and sold linens. He could not explain, however, how he could maintain a ranch-style house in Parkview Estates on Long Island, a Mercedes ("I got a good buy"), a Rambler, a Hillman sedan, three children, and a wife all on a $3,700 income.

In 1973, Lampasi became embroiled in the bloody gangland feud that erupted after Joseph Colombo was shot. On December 13, 1973, during the period of jockeying for mob position, Lampasi was wounded when a couple of ski-masked hitmen entered a Bath Beach, Brooklyn, hairstyling salon and opened fire. In sifting through the records, detectives found that Lampasi was in the school-bus business at the time of the gangland war and, in fact, had received $363,031 in Board of Education funds on a 1971–74 contract.

"What if the ski-masked hitmen had decided to say hello to Larry when he was around his school buses?" a detective asked. "That's one of the problems with having wise guys in the school-bus business. When these guys start shooting one another, anything goes. Just a month before Lampasi's attempted hit, the same two ski-masked shooters had taken off a couple of Lampasi's men. One of the guys, Anthony Careccia, was blasted right off his bar stool at the Channel 14 Lounge at 45th Street and 11th Avenue, Brooklyn, while the other, Miguel Cosmo, a bookmaker, was shot while he sat with five other men in the Shorefront Democratic Club in Brighton Beach.... Don't ask. Nobody saw anything."

Colonial Bus Service of Brooklyn is another of the school-bus companies currently under investigation. According to law-enforcement sources, Colonial Bus Service, which was paid over $1 million last year by the Board of Education for its services, is partly owned by organized-crime enforcer Lawrence "Fat Larry" Paladino. Colonial's owner of record is now Robert



Boro-wide service: *The Boro Bus Company is owned by Michael Romanelli. His brother owns a bus company too. The Boro facility also houses two other school-bus firms, one owned by another relative. Officials are investigating the possibility of collusion.*

"... Colonial was paid $3.9 million by the Board of Education, although its original three-year contract was for $319,062 ..."

Greenberg, of East 59th Street, Brooklyn (who has no criminal record whatever), but records in the comptroller's office and wiretap information available to investigators show that Paladino, Greenberg, and Larry Lampasi, of the Abco Bus Company, began as partners in the school-bus business, originally bidding on the 1971 contract.

Paladino, Greenberg, and Lampasi are so intricately involved, in fact, that Colonial's school buses are dispatched by Lampasi employees at Abco; Abco's health insurance is provided by Greenberg's Colonial; and Greenberg's answering service at Colonial takes messages for Lampasi's Abco.

In an attempt to disentangle this curiously intertwined relationship between supposedly competitive firms, Comptroller Harrison J. Goldin subpoenaed Colonial's books last January 24. Five months later, Colonial has still refused to comply, but Goldin has pressed the matter through the courts.

One of the items about Colonial that attracted the attention of both the Queens D.A. and the comptroller's office was the fact that, since 1971, the company has been paid $3.9 million by the Board of Ed, despite the fact that its original three-year contract was for only $319,062. So far, the comptroller has been unable to find any of the required data concerning contract adjustments that would justify Colonial's tenfold increase.

"We are mandated by law to send out checks as long as the authorizing agency, in this case the Board of Education, has enough money in its account," an auditor in Goldin's office said. "The board does not have to prove anything to us, but in this case we decided to take a look. When we went over to the board's Bureau of Pupil Transportation and their finance department, you wouldn't believe what we found. It was chaos. You couldn't find anything. The vouchers per bus per day are in such a jumble that we just didn't have the resources to deal with the problem. That's why we decided to subpoena Colonial ourselves, and that's exactly where we are today."

Paladino, the partner in Colonial Bus Company, is identified as a 46-year-old, 250-pound soldier in the Genovese organized-crime family. He has been arrested for gambling, possession of a weapon, and possession of stolen credit cards. He has also been convicted of income-tax evasion and has pleaded guilty to extortion. Paladino, who has a short temper, especially about his toupee, is the godson of Genovese-crime-family boss Frank "Funzie" Tieri and thus is a hood with some clout. At his 1976 income-tax conviction, for instance, Paladino was sentenced to a year in jail, but after fainting in the courtroom he was freed and has yet to serve that sentence. In his 1975 extortion trial, at which he pleaded guilty, Paladino somehow managed to have his original three-year sentence quietly reduced to probation. He walked away with a $5,000 fine.

The Boro Bus Company, of Boynton Place, Brooklyn, is a school-bus operation that has come under scrutiny by Goldin. The owner of Boro Bus, Michael Romanelli, seems to exercise control over several other school-bus firms whose owners of record are either his relatives or close associates.

"It is difficult under such circumstances to consider these separate companies capable of bidding against each other," a spokesman for Goldin said after surveying Romanelli's domain.

"The parking lot and dispatching facility at Mike Romanelli's Boynton

"…'Unless we get indictments and arrests and convictions,' one of Santucci's men said, 'these guys will stay in business'…"

Place, Brooklyn, address is listed as the address for both his Boro Bus and his brother Joseph's Alpha Bus Company.

"In fact," the spokesman went on, "Mike's Boro facility houses E&A Transportation too, as well as Omega Transportation, whose buses also operate out of the Boynton Avenue address, even though the address listed for Omega is in Long Island City. Omega's owner, in fact, is Robert Leahy, son-in-law of Romanelli's brother Joseph; with his wife, Linda, Leahy also runs the Top Grade Transportation Company, which uses the same address listed as Omega's.

"It's like an Abbott and Costello routine, except it's costing the city a fortune. The operators of these companies have apparently made their arrangements for greater efficiency around the dining-room table, but in addition to the question of whether or not this coziness is good for their profits there is a basic question as to whether companies such as these could be expected to compete against each other properly. After all, exchanging information on any matters relating to school-bus prices is considered to be collusive."

According to the comptroller's records, Romanelli and his relatives and friends made $1,309,061 last year from city school-bus contracts. In 1976, Romanelli and his pals made $1.18 million in school-bus contracts. Romanelli first became involved in the bus business in 1961 when he formed the Boro Bus Company to transport racing fans from Brooklyn, Queens, and the Bronx to Yonkers and Roosevelt raceways.

Queens D.A. Santucci has also been looking into reports that Joseph Curcio, 60, a soldier in the Lucchese crime family, may be up to his old labor-racketeering tricks, this time involving school-bus companies. Santucci's hand-picked squad, which is headed by Lieutenant Remo Franceschini, a Police Department intelligence expert specializing in organized crime, has a number of mob-related inquiries under way.

Curcio attracted Santucci's attention because of his record in labor. According to published reports, Curcio has a record that goes back to 1941 and has been convicted of illegal transportation of alcohol, gambling violations, felonious assault, possession of a gun, and contempt of court. He has been involved in the trucking industry, the teamsters, and labor racketeering since the early 1950s, when he was associated with the Lucchese crime family's John "Johnny Dio" Dioguardi in setting up phony teamster locals at Kennedy Airport. On April 19, 1956, Curcio was sentenced to six months in jail for contempt of court when, as secretary-treasurer of a disputed teamster local, he refused to answer questions about the local's books and records.

After the United States Supreme Court unanimously reversed the contempt conviction in 1957, Curcio was indicted for conspiring to conceal teamster-local records from the Treasury Department. At that time, he was indicted for falsely swearing that the records of Allied Industrial Workers Local 649 were destroyed and for obstructing justice by concealing the records of Teamster Local 269. Later, the Senate permanent investigations subcommittee, which had Robert F. Kennedy as its attorney, showed that Curcio and his pal, Johnny Dio, had control of the dues collected by the Allied Industrial Workers. Sweetheart contracts signed with employers were common, especially among companies that employed minority groups. According to Senate testimony, the Dio gang coerced employees of Century Products who were mostly Puerto Rican, into joining the Allied Industrial Workers, charging them $15 to $20 initiation fees, and $4 a month in dues. After a month, Dio and his gang would have the employer fire some of the workers and then rehire them, thus forcing them to pay a new initiation fee. Workers never saw the contracts arranged between Dio and the employers, and anyone who got too curious was fired or beaten.

In 1956, when Dio went to jail on an income-tax rap for failing to report an $11,500 payoff from a Pennsylvania dress manufacturer, it was Curcio who succeeded him as the New York regional director of Dio's mob-dominated union. It is, in fact, Curcio's history of labor racketeering that has concerned Santucci's investigators.

"Most of the mob-controlled school-bus companies are not unionized," one agent close to the investigation said, "but lately we have information that another union has begun trying to organize garages already signed up by local 1181 of the Amalgamated Transit Union. That could mean trouble."

There are several compelling reasons the brotherhood finds the school-bus business attractive: The profits are high; the companies serve as efficient Laundromats for laundering illegal earnings; and the companies serve as excellent employment centers for jailed hoods looking for work-release programs and early parole. The city Investigation Commissioner, Stanley Lupkin, has already found two school-bus operators who fraudulently billed the city on school-bus contracts.

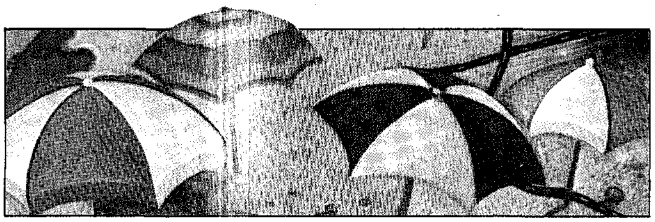
"There isn't anything that's going to make a bunch of wise guys happier," one of the law-enforcement agents investigating the bus companies said, "than moving around in a garage filled with workers to take bets from, and lend six-for-five money to. They've got lots of cars and even more license plates, and trying to figure out who belongs where can drive you crazy.

"Even the legitimate school-bus guys are driving us crazy," the agent went on. "A couple of weeks ago one Brooklyn-bus-company owner pleaded guilty to using three stolen school-bus vans to transport handicapped children. The Auto Squad caught the guy, George Spielvogel, who had repainted the stolen buses yellow and used them to replace some of his own broken-down vans." Last year, Spielvogel's company received $401,752 from the Board of Education.

Aside from the Queens D.A.'s and the comptroller's current investigations, there does not appear to be any serious supervision by the Board of Education's Bureau of Pupil Transportation concerning the companies to whom it entrusts 133,000 of the city's children. The ownership of the companies is not checked to determine whether unsavory types have infiltrated the business, and the drivers are subjected to only cursory supervision by the city's eleven Board of Ed inspectors, who are expected to supervise 2,286 vehicles and more than 3,000 drivers, matrons, and mechanics.

"Unless we come up with indictments and arrests and convictions," one of D.A. Santucci's men said, "these guys will stay in the business. There's just no impetus to kick them out. The board doesn't really care who they are, as long as the kids get delivered. The Legislature is primarily worried about keeping the cost down, and if the mob can keep the bidding low, so much the better. The good-government types can't really tell the difference between a wise guy and a gym teacher, so they're not much help.

"It may sound nuts," the detective continued, "but I bet a year from now the same guys are in the same business, except there's going to be a whole lot more of them." ■



On the Beaches: New York's Top Day Trips

By Nancy McKeon

"...These beaches are close enough for an afternoon dunk, and offer a measure of welcome to urbanites seeking sun and surf..."

The perfect New York beach has sugar-fine sand and grass-dotted dunes and is located on 23rd Street. Unfortunately, it is also a figment of a sweat-soaked imagination. New York doesn't have such perfection—but it does have Long Island.

To be among the top dozen or so beaches, the ones we scouted had to be close enough for an afternoon dunk, and had to offer some measure of welcome to the urban-exodus crowd, a stipulation that immediately eliminated Nassau and Suffolk County parks and beaches open only to county residents. Also, they had to provide more than just dirt and water—a combination most of us can duplicate at home by showering with our areca palms. No, these strips of strand are special, and as we sweep the South Shore and return by the North Shore, we'll see why.

Beginning with that part of Long Island we provincials call Brooklyn, we find the nicest of the subway beaches, **Manhattan Beach.** You get there by taking the IND D train to the Sheepshead Bay stop and then either taking the B1 bus or threading your way through pleasant residential streets. Only three tenths of a mile long, Manhattan Beach extends from Ocean Avenue to Mackenzie Street; it attracts a family crowd and has toilets and changing rooms at Oriental Boulevard. There are even tennis courts in the adjoining Manhattan Beach Park. Like all city beaches, it is officially open from sunrise to midnight, with swimming allowed only from 10 A.M. to 6:30 P.M., when lifeguards are on duty (these hours apply generally at all Long Island beaches). Further information can be had by calling 965-6589.

Note: *To remove our map of Long Island's day-trip beaches, turn the page and pull poster down through the staples.*

A word about lifeguards: Although the shoreline is obviously one continuing stretch of beach, guards appear only at official beaches (where some facilities are provided), including all those mentioned here.

Separated from Manhattan Beach by Rockaway Inlet is the most spectacular stretch of sand within the city limits, although, unfortunately, it is not easily accessible by public transportation. At the western tip of Rockaway, where a crook of land gets bigger every year because of sweeping winds and shifting sand, is **Breezy Point,** home to two private beach clubs—the Breezy Point Surf Club (NE 4-7200) and the Silver Gull Club (NE 4-2900).

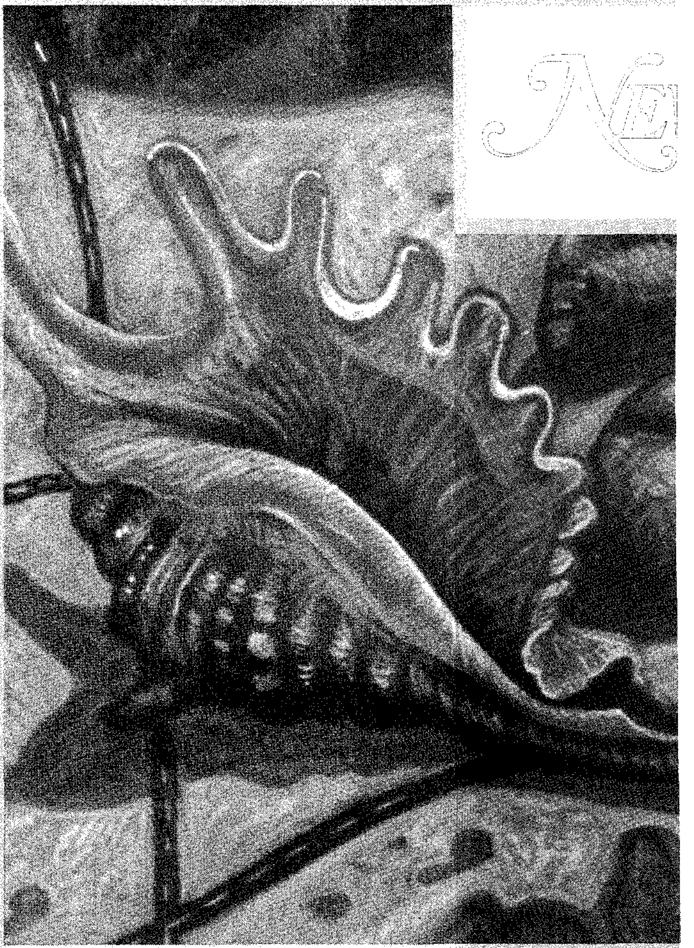
This section of the Long Island littoral is now part of the Gateway National Recreation Area, and the clubs are required to advertise for members. There are clubhouses, cheerful cabanas, activities for young people, and dinner-dances for adults. Although the closest transportation is the Q22 bus, which takes bathers to neighboring Jacob Riis Park (a good fifteen-minute hike away), there is regular ferry service to Breezy Point operated by Rockaway Boat Lines (SH 3-1573) out of Sheepshead Bay. When you get off the ferry, you may be asked to prove that you are a club member or guest. (To get the Q22 bus, take the Mott Avenue/Far Rockaway IND A train to the Broad Channel stop; change to the Rockaway Park A train and get off at the last stop, Beach 116th Street.)

If you get off the Q22 and want to hit the surf without complication, stay at **Jacob Riis Park,** operated by the National Park Service. An extension of dilapidated Rockaway Beach, Riis shows the beneficial effect of federal versus city parks dollars. As at Jones Beach, here lifeguards and young people patrol the sands and boardwalks, keeping them relatively trash-free as the modest June crowds swell into July's hordes.

The mile-long strand self-segregates. On weekends, some 5,000 to 10,000 homosexuals make the pilgrimage to the easternmost "bays," where there is some nude sunbathing, although not officially sanctioned. Bay 3 next door gets families with lots of kids, and Bay 14, at the western end, lures older teen-agers who do a lot of drinking and cutting up. Parking costs $1, and there is a 25-cent admission fee to the well-kept changing house (plus a 25-cent deposit on a locker key).

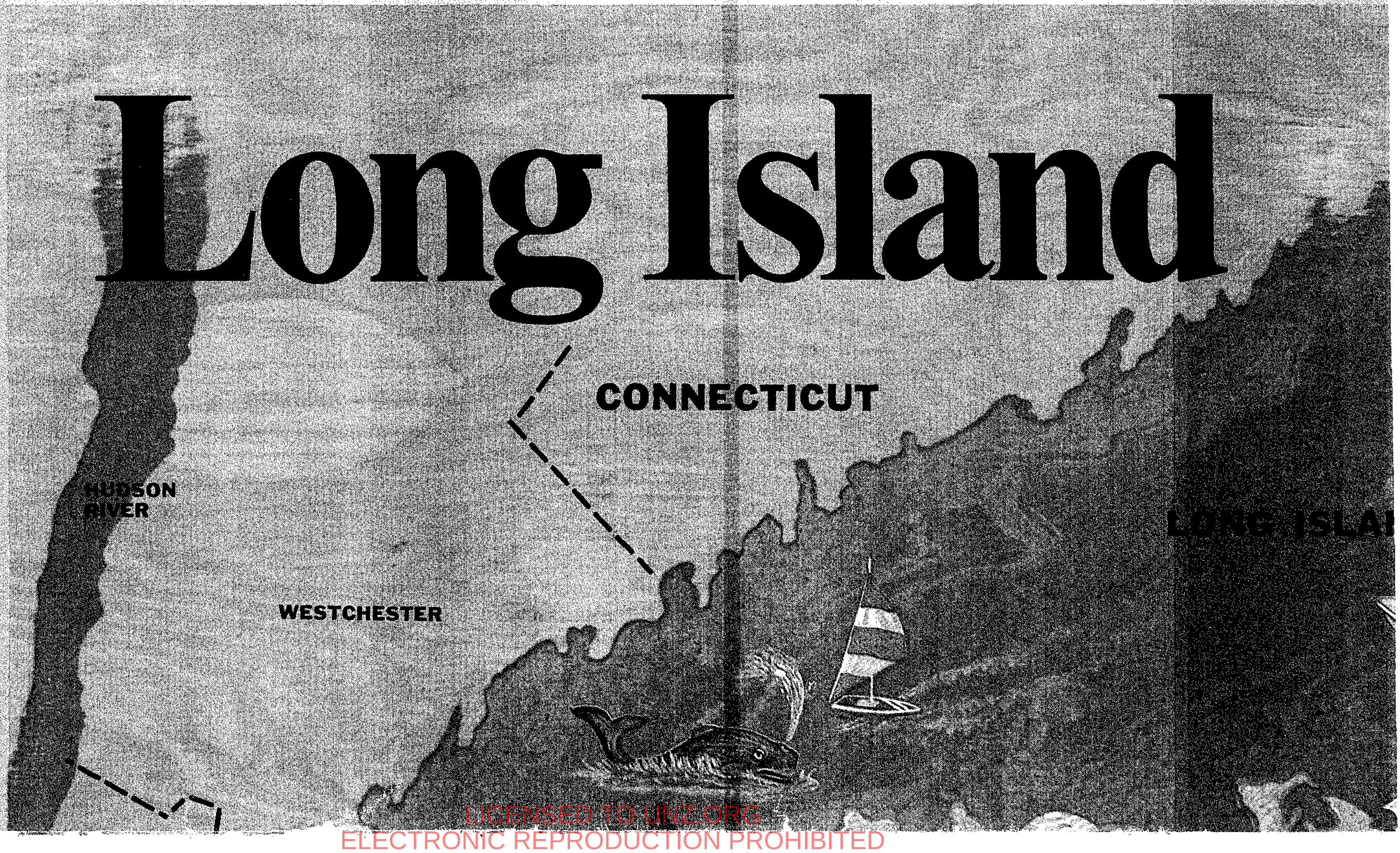
New York's lifeline to even more pristine sun and sand lies along its east-west highways. If your destination is the farthest points of Suffolk County, the Long Island Expressway can serve you from the Queens-Midtown Tunnel almost all the way to Riverhead, where you have to decide on the North or South Fork of the island. If a beach closer to home is your goal for the day, it makes more sense to leave the LIE and head south on the Cross Island or Meadowbrook State Parkway, continuing eastward along the Southern State Parkway, which is better marked for beach purposes.

It is not far from the city to what may be the finest public beach in the country, **Jones Beach State Park,** in Wantagh (516 785-1600). In addition to five and a half miles of oceanfront, the state complex offers pool and still-water bathing. There are rowboats to rent for $2 an *(Continued on page 52)*

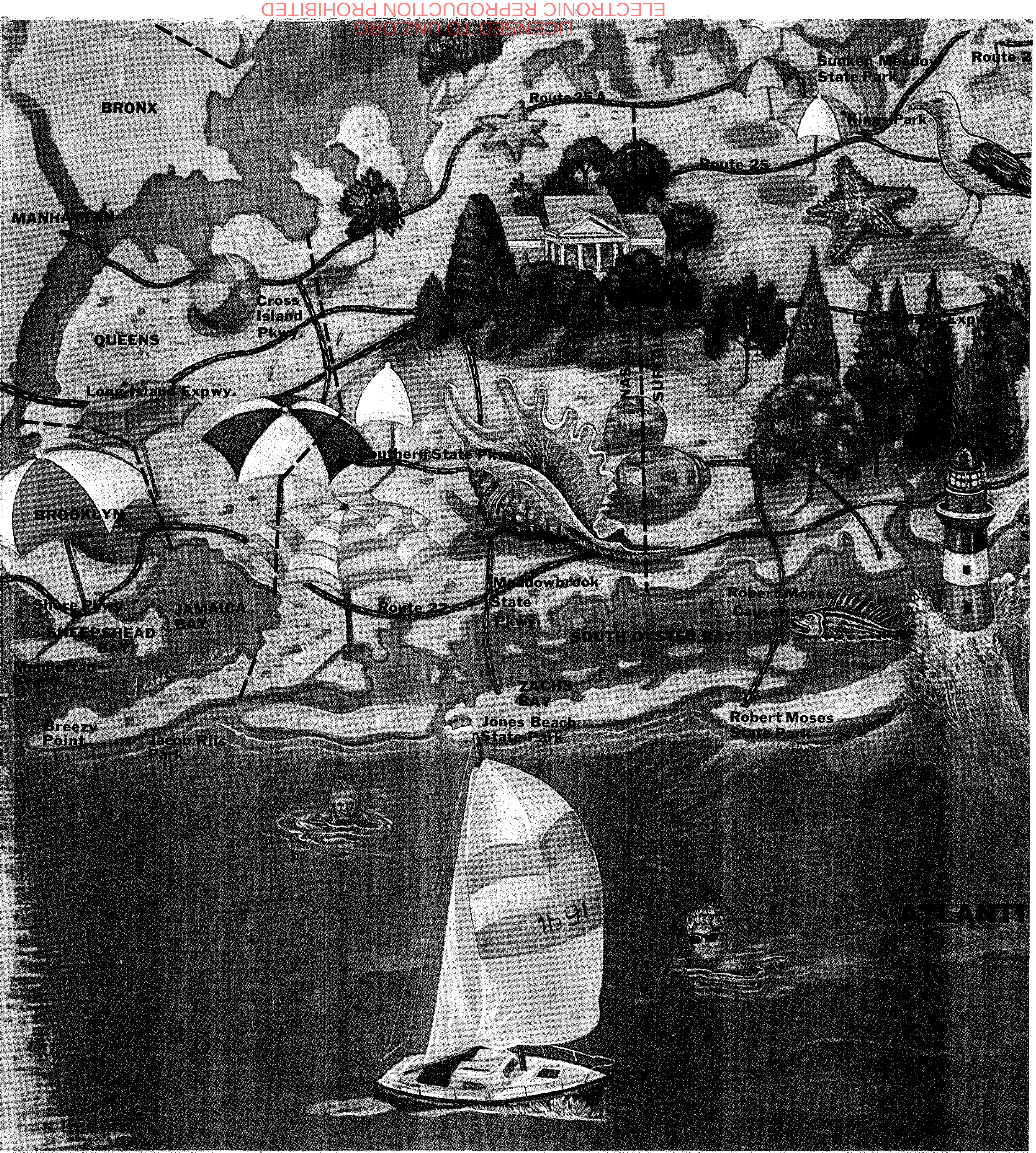


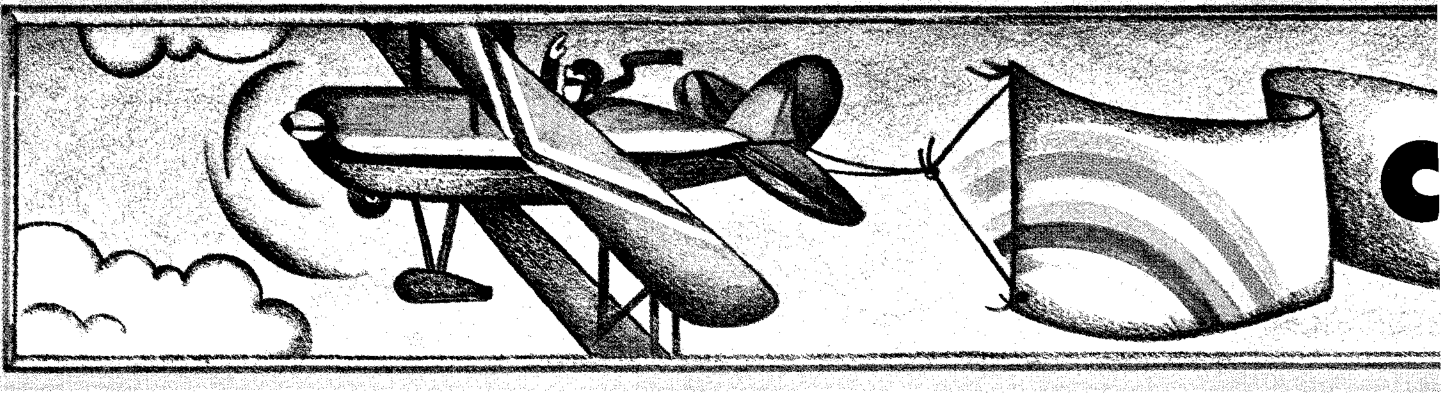
From Southampton eastward, the shorelin

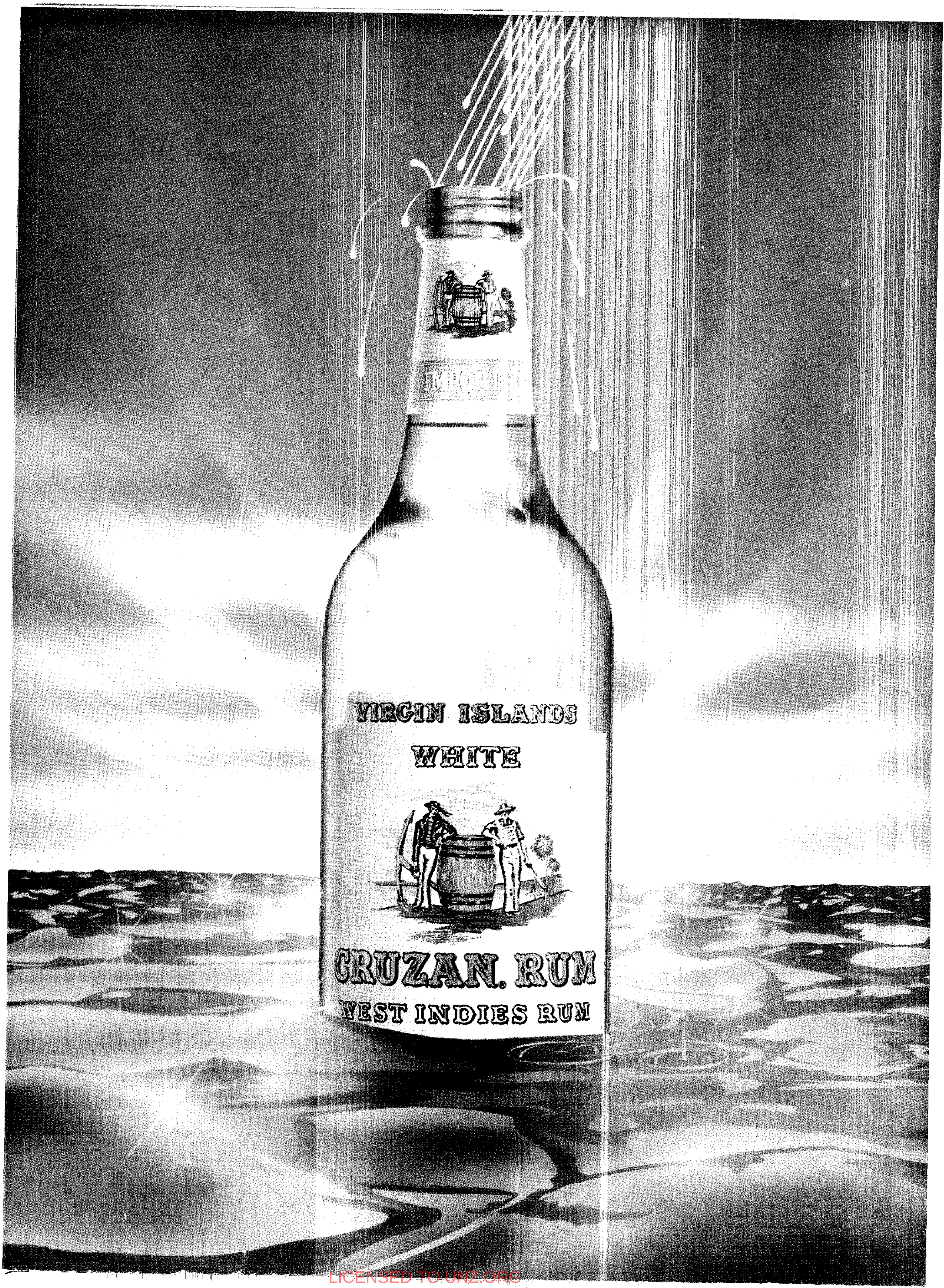
Long Island



CONNECTICUT
HUDSON RIVER
WESTCHESTER
LONG ISLA


Sunken Meadow State Park
Route 2
Route 25A
Kings Park
BRONX
Route 25
MANHATTAN
Cross Island Pkwy.
QUEENS
NASSAU
SUFFOLK
Long Island Expwy.
Long Island Expwy.
Southern State Pkwy.
BROOKLYN
Meadowbrook State Pkwy.
Robert Moses Causeway
Shore Pkwy.
JAMAICA BAY
Route 27
SOUTH OYSTER BAY
SHEEPSHEAD BAY
Manhattan Beach
ZACHS BAY
Breezy Point
Jacob Riis Park
Jones Beach State Park
Robert Moses State Park
ATLANTI
1691

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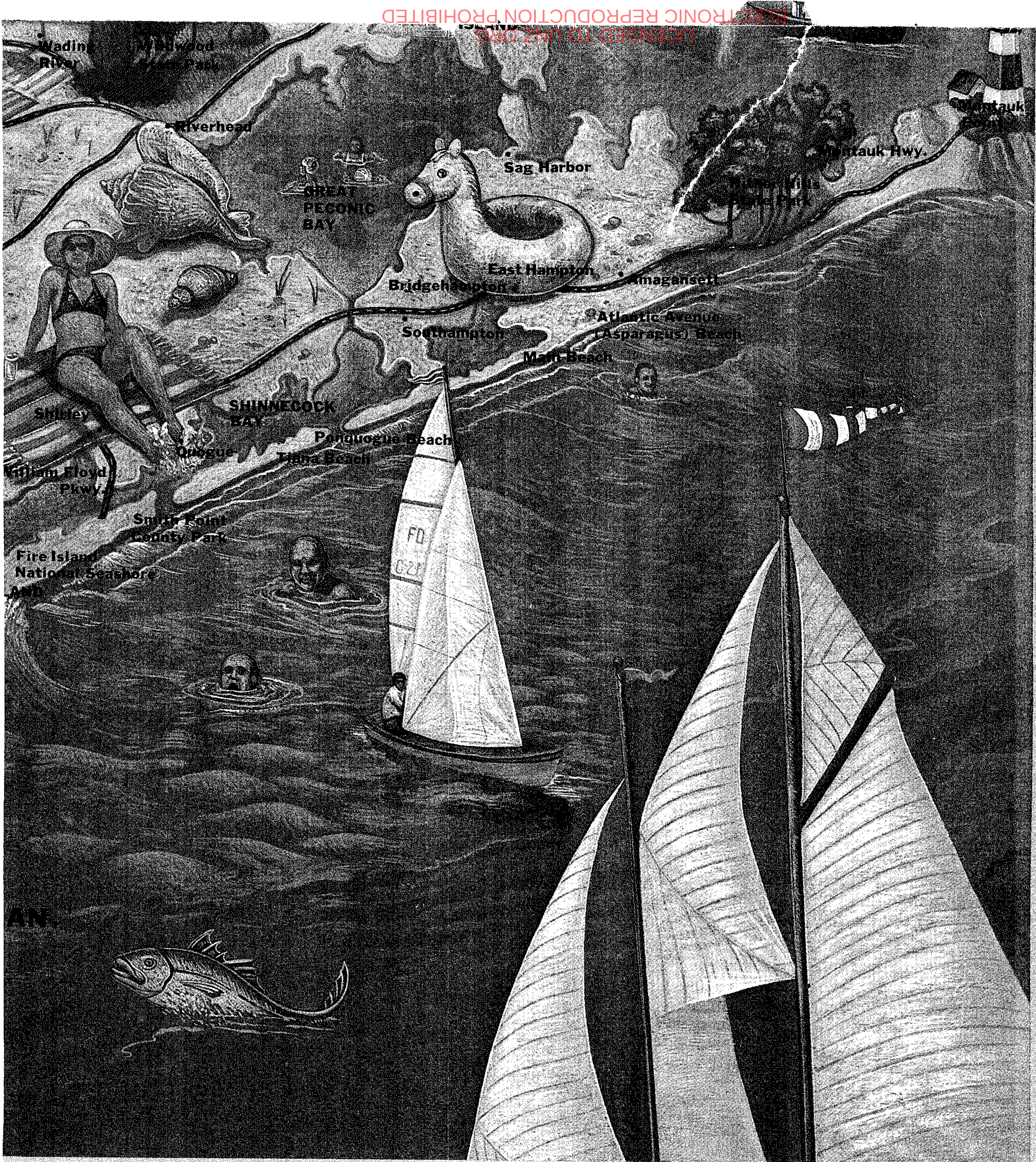
ISLAND
Wading River
Wildwood State Park
Riverhead
GREAT PECONIC BAY
Sag Harbor
Hither Hills State Park
Montauk Hwy.
Montauk Point
East Hampton
Amagansett
Bridgehampton
Southampton
Atlantic Avenue (Asparagus) Beach
Main Beach
SHINNECOCK BAY
Ponquogue Beach
Tiana Beach
Quogue
Shirley
illiam Floyd Pkwy.
Smith Point County Park
Fire Island National Seashore
AND
AN.
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C21

Illustrated by Teresa Fasolino

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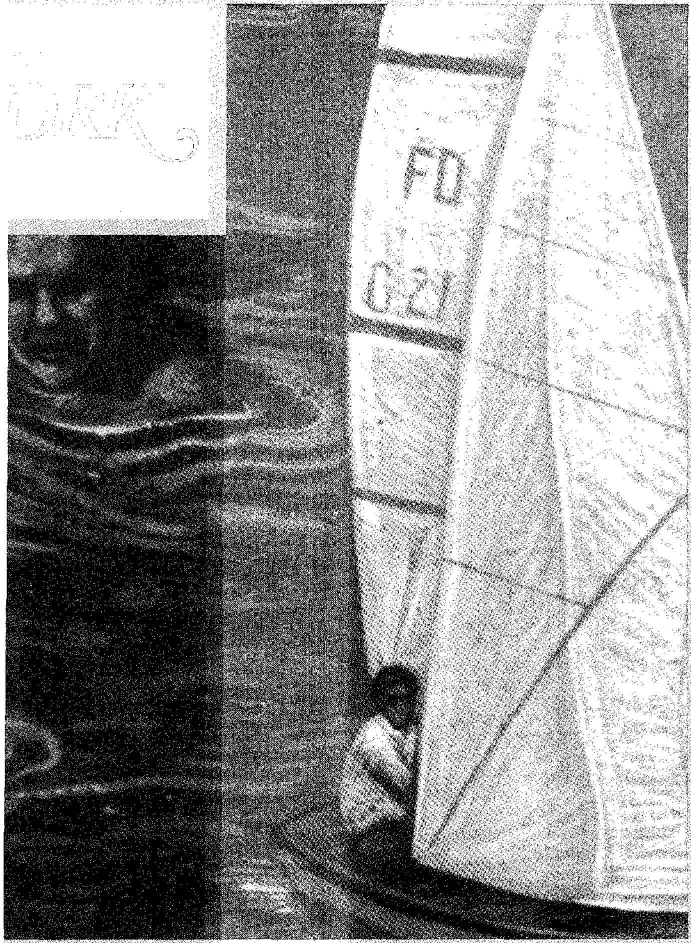
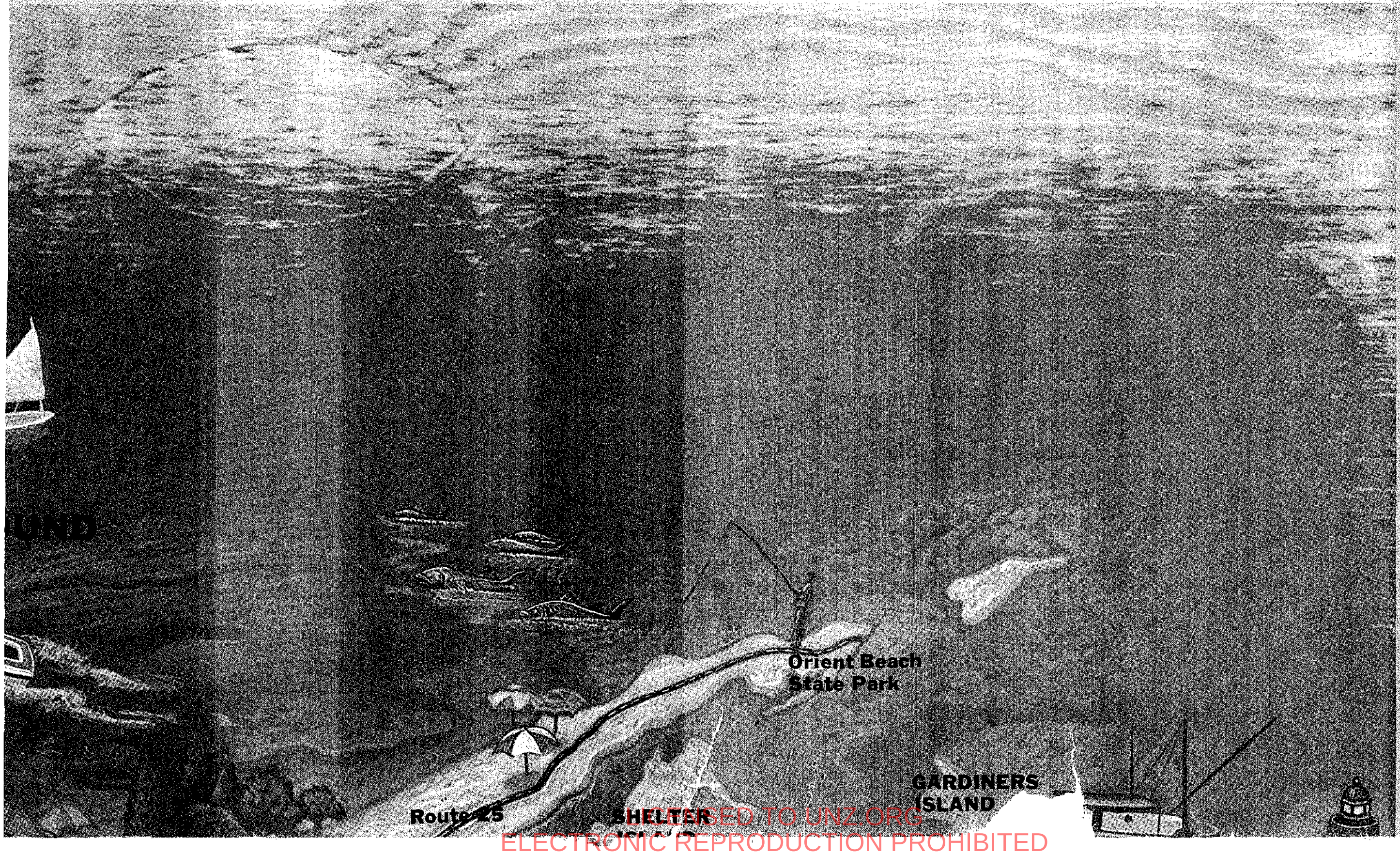
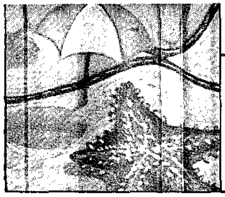


rms one breathtaking beach after another.


UND
Orient Beach State Park
GARDINERS ISLAND
Route 25
SHELTER



> "...At Jones Beach's western end, winds continually enlarge the secluded beach, creating graceful dunes..."

(Continued from page 45) hour, deck games to play (50 cents a half hour), and fishing. For all these arrangements, plus a map showing the layout of the beaches—including the kiddie area at Zachs Bay—go to the administration building, smack in the middle of the boardwalk. And for those who want something a little different, there's nude sunbathing (mostly gay and *not* marked on the map) at the eastern extreme. At the western end, winds are continually enlarging the already deep and secluded beach and creating graceful dunes. The disadvantage of all this seclusion is the hike to the nearest parking field (West End 2), snack bar, and toilet facilities.

The sprawling complex is well served by inexpensive public transportation. The Long Island Rail Road's "A Day in the Sun" program offers round-trip train-bus service to Jones Beach, plus admission to the pool and a locker or dressing room, for $4.25 for adults, $2.90 for children age five to eleven. The last shuttle bus leaves Jones Beach at 12:30 A.M. For further information, call 739-4200. Also, starting July 1, buses to Jones Beach will leave from uptown and the Bronx. At 9:30 each morning they will leave from 178th Street and Broadway in Manhattan; in the Bronx, from Fordham Road and Webster Avenue at 9:30 A.M., Parkchester at 9:45. The buses will depart Jones at 5 P.M.; one-way fare is $2. For more information, call 994-5500.

Both Jones and its sister state facility, **Robert Moses State Park,** can be reached from the Southern State Parkway. The Meadowbrook, which crosses at right angles, leads right into Jones; to get to Robert Moses, either get off at Jones and continue on Ocean Drive, the one road that runs the length of Jones Beach's island, or continue on the Southern State, getting off at the Sagtikos State Parkway. The combined bridge toll–parking fee at Jones and Robert Moses is $2.

Robert Moses (516 669-0449) and **Smith Point County Park** (516 281-6555) are the only Fire Island beaches accessible by car, and form the western and eastern moorings that tether Fire Island to Long Island. Robert Moses, with changing and snack facilities, is not the primeval strand of the interior portions of Fire Island. The beach is fairly shallow and flat, with deep beach and modest dunes at the far-western Democrat Point and the eastern extreme of the park, which is dune-strewn, hard by a parking field, and closest to the Fire Island National Seashore, a 26-mile stretch of sand and natural shore life.

Smith Point County Park (at Shirley, turn right off of Route 27 or 27A onto the William Floyd Parkway) is the only Suffolk County Park not restricted to county residents, and is part of the Fire Island National Seashore. Access to the park is shared by the county hospitality center, with toilets and snack bars and parking lots, and the National Park Service, with its trailer containing nature maps and walking-trail maps of the island. There are other federal nature areas on Fire Island, but they are dependent on ferry connections and are not as conducive to day-tripping.

It's not far from the William Floyd Parkway along Route 27A to the town of Southampton. Now the shoreline forms one breathtaking beach after another—with a few commercial exceptions—and now the question is not one of availability but of access.

Glistening sands and refreshing surf in the easternmost towns of Southampton and East Hampton are gifts of nature; access to them is determined by policies within each community. The situation is made more confusing by the fact that each "town," which on Long Island describes a vast political entity, contains a village of the same name, which boasts a tourist policy exactly the opposite of that of its larger namesake.

Although Southampton village offers nothing but sunshine to day-trippers, Southampton town runs two large and pleasant beaches, **Tiana** and **Ponquogue.** Tiana is reached by turning off Route 27A onto Main Street in Quogue and then heading waterward along Post Lane. Ponquogue is just adjacent down Dune Road (a name that is almost generic out here, meaning the road that runs along the shoreline). Each beach has a large parking field, snack bar, and changing facilities, and offers day-trippers the opportunity to park and swim for $3 a day (or $25 for the entire season). Here, as all over the island, public beaches adjoin private ones, but below the high-water mark, beaches and ocean are public property, and crowds mix freely despite nominal borders.

The town-village offerings in neighboring East Hampton are more generous than those of Southampton. The only town-run beach open to nonresident parking ($2 weekdays, $3 Friday through Sunday and holidays) is the **Atlantic Avenue Beach** in Amagansett (at the foot of Atlantic Avenue off Route 27, the Montauk Highway). More widely known as Asparagus Beach because of its crowded singles scene, the beach offers parking and snack facilities.

Although East Hampton village runs a handful of beaches open to nonresidents, the most popular—because of its full range of facilities—is **Main Beach,** at the foot of Ocean Avenue. With bathhouses and daily parking ($3 weekdays, $4 weekends), it makes an excellent day trip and a friendly if crowded introduction to East Hampton. Farther east—say, at Hither Hills or Orient Beach State Park—day-tripping becomes less and less feasible, and getting there is *not* half the fun.

The towns of far Long Island are well served by the LIRR, but taxi service at the train stations is erratic. Private bus service from Manhattan is available from Hampton Jitney (895-1941), which makes round trips for $17 (same day) and $20 ($19 and $23 in July and August). These buses serve Southampton, Bridgehampton, East Hampton, and Amagansett and can get city dwellers to the beach by around 2 P.M. (so they make more sense for a weekend trip). Beyond that, a car is the best solution.

Coming back toward the city along Route 25, which runs along the North Shore, a day-tripper is pretty much dependent on state parks, since local beaches are hidden and restricted to residents. **Wildwood State Park,** at Wading River (516 929-4314), offers a cliff drop to the sandy beach. Although it is nowhere near as unspoiled as nearby private beaches, at least you know you are welcome—for the $2 parking fee. Here you'll find toilets, snack bars, changing rooms.

In Kings Park, **Sunken Meadow State Park** (516 269-4333) brings you back to flat beach, although the layout is very pleasant. Large parking fields ($2) anticipate top summer crowds, but the beach is a long crescent able to absorb large numbers. There are bathhouses, picnic areas, and golf.

The closer you get to Queens, the less happy local beachkeepers are going to be to see you. Still, armed with a beach towel and the caveats mentioned here, there's no reason that asphalt-bound New Yorkers cannot enjoy their season in the sun—even if they take it only one day at a time. ▬

Rock Keeps You Young

By Christina Paolozzi Bellin

"...Rock was a big part of my youth. My mother, the United Fruit heiress, converted our villa's basement into a disco..."

I am one of the 2 billion people in the world who grew up listening to American rock music in a foreign country. Now I am being told by Janet Maslin of the New York *Times,* in her article of April 30, 1978, that the rock era is coming to an end. She argues that Hollywood has been using rock as a pretext to make movies because Hollywood sees rock as history. According to Ms. Maslin, films like *The Last Waltz, I Wanna Hold Your Hand, Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band, American Hot Wax, FM,* and *Grease* are only documenting the era as it dies around us.

I feel rock will never die. It may evolve another hundred times. And Hollywood is not regarding rock as a topic for historical scrutiny; it is simply trying to copy the success of *Saturday Night Fever.* In my opinion, this movie is a perfect example of the universal appeal of rock. The record industry used to sell rock mainly to the 12- to 22-year-olds. Now rock is such a vibrant trend that it is in demand by a public ranging in age from 11 to 40. Ms. Maslin suggests everyone must grow old sometime, but I say rock is at its peak for everyone!

Rock was certainly a big part of my youth. My mother, Alicia Spaulding, the United Fruit heiress, built a magnificent villa in Roma (later the place of exile of King Constantine of Greece) and converted the basement into a dancing disco place. We also had jazz concerts there. My father, Conte Lorenzo Paolozzi, the most attractive swinger in Roma, frequented the city's most popular nightclubs. At that time, the Capriccio and Peppino di Capri were the rage. My father made heads, like that of Anna Magnani, turn wherever he went. My sister, Francesca, today a fantastic jeweler and owner of the Francesca jewelry gallery on Madison Avenue, while attending the Madeira School (today the finest girls' boarding school in the USA), would take shopping trips into Washington, D.C., on weekends and send me all the latest 45s that were on the U.S. top ten in the hit parade. And back in Roma I was becoming a celebrity, not to mention at my Swiss boarding school in Montreux, for winning all the dance contests. I even started the first Elvis Presley fan club in Europe. I can remember my mother's chauffeur driving me all over Switzerland and France to compete in jitterbug contests, for which I would practice four hours a day in the basement of Saint Paul's Episcopalian Church on the Via Nomentana in Roma, which was also the first place I held hands with boys. So, twenty years later, when I see a movie about a boy from Brooklyn with the same compulsion, don't tell me rock is dying. It's alive, it's universal, and it's the story of a lot of us.

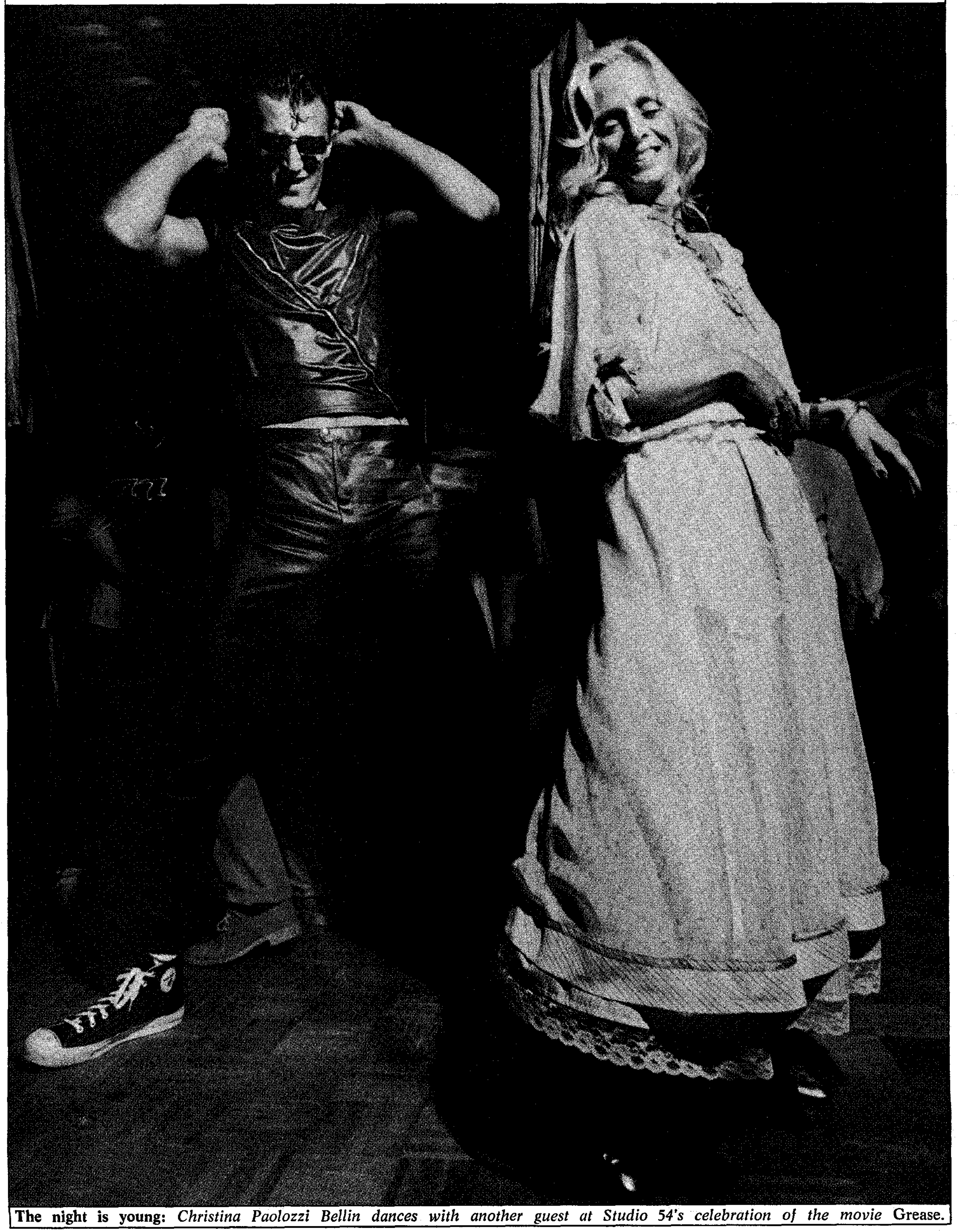
After a varied and much publicized career as model, actress, and social leader, Mrs. Bellin (above) has recently turned to journalism. She and her husband, a plastic surgeon, live in New York City.

My "Saturday Night Fever" didn't end there. At nineteen, I arrived in New York City, and my face could be seen monthly in all the fashion magazines. Diana Vreeland said, "Christina [has] contributed originality to our sometimes repetitious social panorama." In 1961 a *Daily News* headline read, SOCIETY HIT BY BOMBSHELL: "Christina and her sister, Francesca, threw a beatnik party in their Park Avenue apartment. That caused a lot of talk. . . . The blond Christina topped it all when she sent invitations to hundreds of the chic-est members of High Society and the Jet Set for a birthday party at the Palladium, a public dance hall frequented by mambo and cha-cha champions from both sides of the tracks." It is hard to conceive of a New York City so uptight that society was shocked by the fact that ex–Queen Soraya of Iran and ex-movie-queen Kim Novak and the exiled son of a king of Italy, HRH Prince Vittorio Emmanuel, would mix with common folks. In Europe, we knew that you could only have fun with your inferiors. It was a famous quote from an 1800 lord.

In August of 1963, Gay Talese wrote in *The Saturday Evening Post* that I was a trailblazer among the rich clique of the international thrills-seeker set. "She was among the first of the jet-setters in recent years to go slumming in Harlem. She was among the first to twist at New York's Peppermint Lounge." In 1965 a telegram read, STEVE PAUL AND CHRISTINA PAOLOZZI BELLIN INVITES YOU TO THE FOLK-ROCK BALL IN HONOR OF THE ROLLING STONES THURSDAY NOVEMBER 11TH, 11 PM AT THE SCENE, 301 WEST 46 ST. . . . FOLK-ROCK DRESS OPTIONAL—GRANNYS, PAJAMAS, RABBIT VESTS OR EVEN BLACK TIE. Then in February 1968 in Miami Beach, Contessa Christina Paolozzi

Photograph by Terry Hourigan

"...When Eyal first arrived, I could only dance an hour, then collapse. Now, though, I can dance for eight hours straight..."



The night is young: *Christina Paolozzi Bellin dances with another guest at Studio 54's celebration of the movie* Grease.

Photograph by Terry Hourigan

Bellin, New York's number-one party giver, gave a party at the Barn, Miami's hottest rock spot, starring Wayne Cochran, in honor of Caterine Milinaire, the youngest and most talented *Vogue* editor. Caterine is also the daughter of the duchess of Bedford.

As time went on, however, even though I loved raising my sons, I was sad. I was going through a typical nervous disorder, a deep depression about life which came from coming of age. Between the ages of 31 and 35, you discover you are part of society, you have responsibilities and become sensitive to the arrows of indignant people. My depression was heightened by my disclosure to Barbara Walters, on *Not for Women Only*, of my "open marriage." I had told *Newsweek* "Update," "All I ever wanted, I got. A successful husband, two wonderful children and a fantastic lover." But this admission had a heavy cost on my private life . . . as it has on that of Princess Margaret of England when it was discovered that she had a paramour eighteen years younger than herself, Roddy Llewellyn, a rock star.

Even though I had lost my spark for living, I continued to love rock and parties. (An article in the Friday, May 19, 1978, New York *Post* bore the headline TIME FOR THE COURT TO COME TO THE AID OF HER PARTIES. My unfortunate downstairs neighbors had unsuccessfully sued me for $500,000 and complained about my loud parties and the rock music blasting through my digital delay time computer and eight speakers all day long.)

I knew I was starting to readjust to the world around me when I started hearing about discos opening all over town and young people dancing again. On March 16, 1976, at Regine's new discotheque, I went out on the dance floor with my husband, and the New York *Times* photographer aimed his camera on me. He had just photographed Leba Sedaka, the young and beautiful wife of Neil, and *she* could dance! I felt paralyzed! I couldn't move my 36-year-old body.

A shock of terror flashed through my memory. I remembered how I had tried to teach my father the newest hula-hoop dance on the marble terrace at our villa in Roma in 1956. I noticed my father could not get his body to move with the rock movements, as he was entranced in the mambo and cha-cha movements. Tears swelled in my eyes. My father could never get old. Not him. Here I was, not even 36 and acting just like my father when he was 36 in 1956.

My husband noticed my discomfort and said, "Elizabeth Taylor just took Hustle lessons. Why don't you?" She had just split with Richard Burton and was making an all-out effort to catch her next man, and her picture was taken at every premiere, ball, ballet.

Studio 54 opened April 26, 1977, and it was an extraordinary experience, but I was still going through growing pains. I walked around the place looking at the young, beautiful girls floating lightly on the dance floor. Feeling like an observer, I once asked Lynn Barclay, then the maître d' at the door of the Studio (now at the door of Xenon, the new ultimate multi-million-dollar disco co-owned by Howard Stein, America's leading rock promoter), "What makes the Studio such a special place?" He said, "You make it happen. I let the right people in . . . participators, not spectators. Even though celebrities are spectators, they make the audience want to show off, so there is an interchange . . . homosexuals want to be noticed, young people look so fresh and easy. I look for people who can be recognized in the crowd, attractive and enthusiastic. People—that's what makes a disco special."

Social grace: *Mrs. Bellin today.*

I was sunbathing nude in front of my summer East Hampton house in July of 1977, reading, in *Cosmopolitan* magazine, an article by Peter Evans: "Higher flying than the sixties jet set . . . this covey of rare, iridescent birds can make a fad a status symbol, turn a club into gawker's paradise, transform a resort into The Only Place To Be." I was reading names like Princess Grace, Diane Von Furstenberg, Yasmin Khan, Mick Jagger, Anne Uzielli, and I came to my name, Christina Paolozzi Bellin. That's when I made up my mind I was not part of the sixties generation. I was part of today. I went to my husband, Howard—by now he was the leading plastic surgeon in New York—and told him I wanted a face-lift.

My Cinderella story—as related to rock and dancing, discos and my determination to stay young—is the story of an eighteen-year-old boy named Eyal in Israel. Like me, he was one of the 2-billion growing up in a foreign country listening to American rock music. He, too, was an expert on rock and cars. He is exquisitely handsome, sexy, with a beautiful voice. I told him after he finished the army in Israel he should be a rock star. I met him August 16, the day he turned eighteen. On September 30, 1977, he sold his Fiat 124 and bought a round-trip ticket to New York. He stayed six months, then returned to serve in the army of Israel on February 6, 1978.

When Eyal announced his arrival, I took the "Arts and Leisure" section of the New York *Times*, called Howard Stein (America's leading rock promoter, now opening Xenon, the ultimate discotheque), and got tickets to all the rock shows: Santana, Linda Ronstadt, Queen, Rod Stewart, David Bowie, Chicago, and Kiss. I realized Eyal was coming to see me and discover New York City, but I was the one who was going to get an education in rock. How could an eighteen-year-old boy be so important to me? What if I could not keep up? Certainly, something had to be done about my 38-year-old body. Miss Craig's exercises at Elizabeth Arden claimed they could shape you up in 21 days. . . . I went.

Eyal's visit turned out to be the most exciting six months of my life. I was old enough to understand what was happening and to enjoy it.

"My spark gets hot," sing the Trammps in "Disco Inferno." I came alive, discovered the 1977 rock world, got uninhibited. When I got confused, I simply got together with Carmen D'Alessio, the dynamic special-projects director from Studio 54. Her love for her husband, 23-year-old actor Ricky Gitlin (17 years her junior), was a great inspiration.

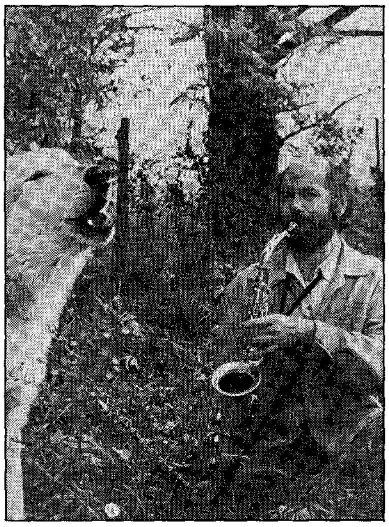
At first I could only dance an hour, then collapse. Now I can dance for eight hours straight. I can have fun doing nothing, or be overwhelmed with work. I can relate better to the world around me, and people too. I must admit, I stopped caring what people think. Again, I am only being true to myself. I have all this, thanks to an eighteen-year-old boy named Eyal.

Rock and dancing will not age as long as we who grew up on its magic are still alive and well, and dancing at Studio 54 or Xenon. *Saturday Night Fever* summarized all our lives and confirms we are typical of the 1978 generation . . . and John Travolta should be our hero. Symbolically, he reaches inside all our hearts, minds, and fills all our dreams of eternal youth. ■

BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern



Calls of the Wild

On a winter's day, Paul Winter found out that some of his favorite creatures sing their songs in the key of D flat. (How he knows it is D flat and not C sharp is a question for the well-tempered reader.) So, after playing his sax with the howl of a wolf (above), his cello with the whistle of a whale, and his oboe with the call of an eagle, he taped their voices together. Winter will play the duets, the trio, and the Lord knows what else when he appears at the Bottom Line.

PAUL WINTER/*June 28 and 29/The Bottom Line/15 West 4th Street*

Best Bite

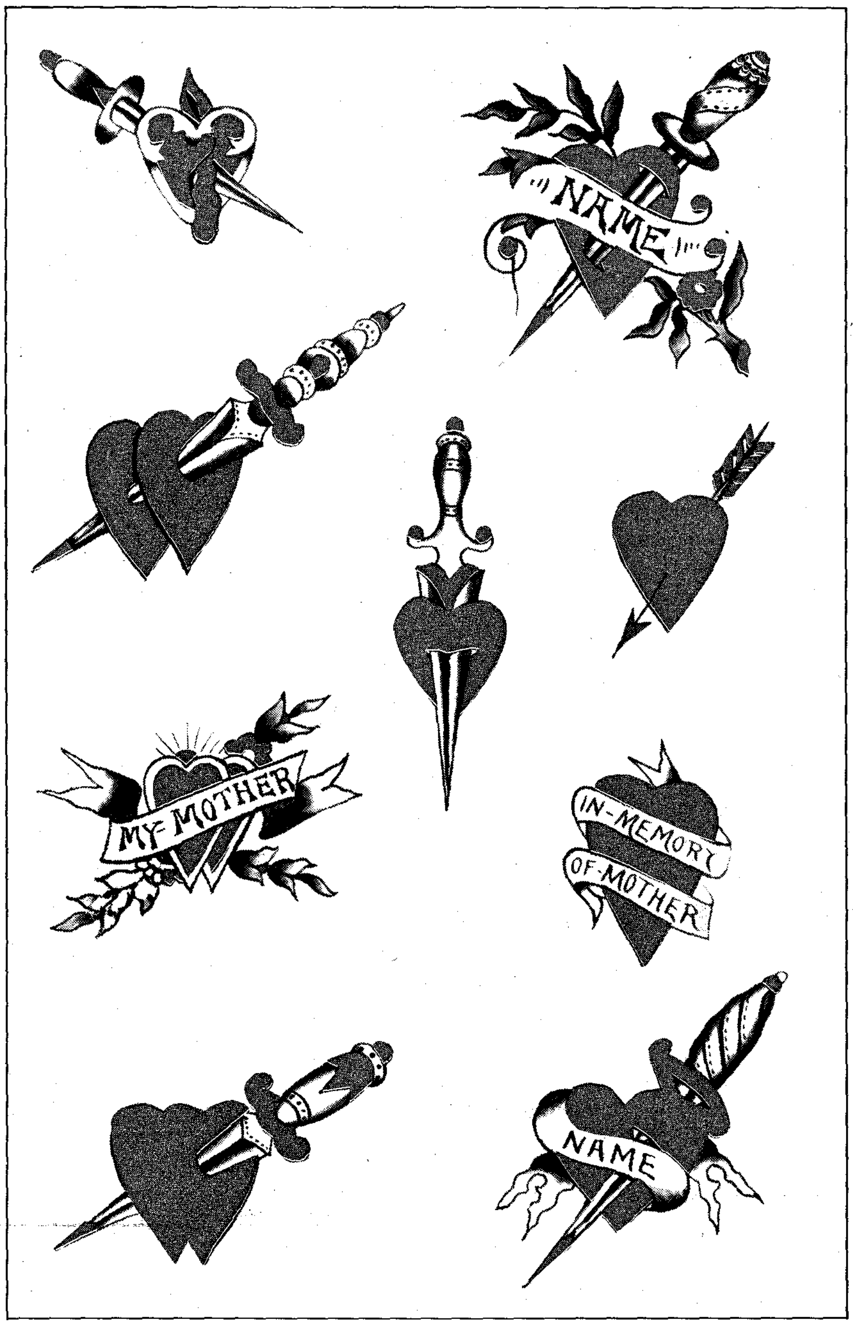
We celebrate so often, and yet there still is cause. Today, it is the sublime coquille Saint-Jacques at Café du Soir—and the robust Véronique who serves it.

CAFE DU SOIR/*322 East 86th Street*

Plop Plop, Fizz Fizz

Fort Clinton, the Blockhouse, the Cascade, the Loch, the Pool, Fort Fish. Fort Fish? All will be seen, more will be learned on an evening walking tour of Central Park's north end.

FORTS AND WATERFALLS/*June 28 at 6 p.m. (rain date: June 29)/Meet at Conservatory Garden, Fifth Avenue and 104th Street*



Dear Hearts

Broken hearts are sad. Cut, chipped, scratched, painted, punched, molded, and bent hearts are happy. So it is a joyful celebration, this new show of American folk art. Among the heart-embellished objects are a goat yoke, a slaw cutter, an Odd Fellows sign, a cigar-store woman with a big heart painted on her wooden chest, and quilts and valentines and tattoos.

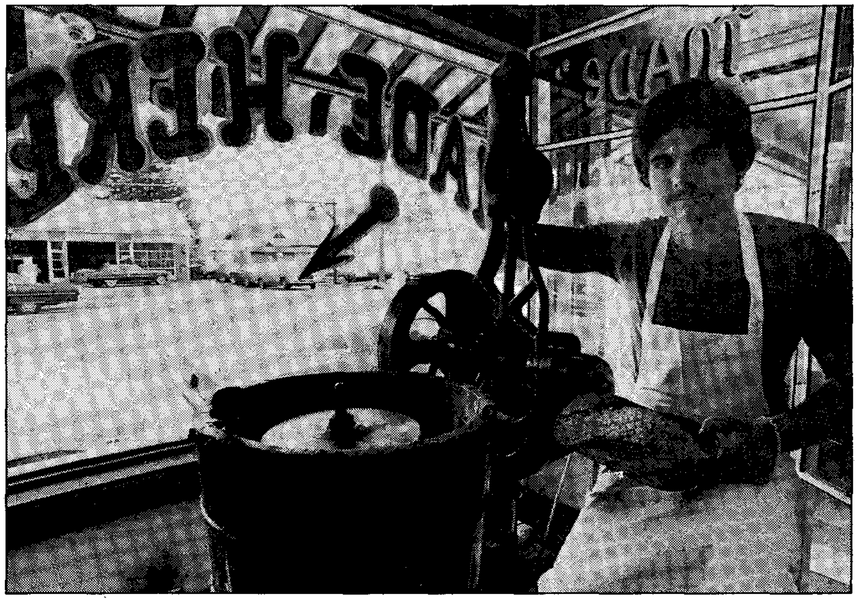
FOLK ART: THE HEART OF AMERICA/*June 27–October 15/Museum of American Folk Art/49 West 53rd Street*

A Knight to Remember

Orlando, who was one of Charlemagne's knights, did such a good job slaying dragons and Saracen pirates in and around Dubrovnik (of all places) that he is immortalized by a statue that stands in the main square there. Another way he is being remembered is in a puppet farce called *Orlando Maleroso.* This lively production—with tot-size puppets, promises of erotica, and more Yugoslav political parody than anyone could hope for—comes to us straight from Zagreb. It also comes in several dialects (with English narration).
ORLANDO MALEROSO/*June 22–24/La Mama/74A East 4th Street/475-7710*

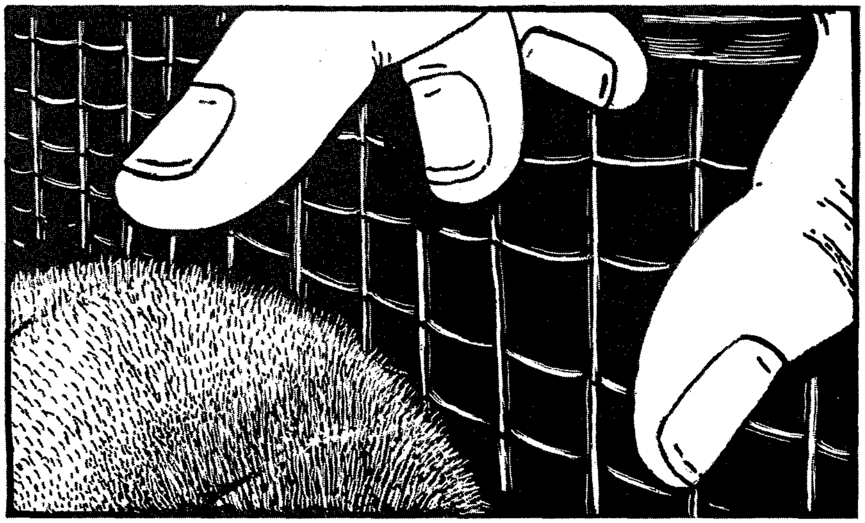
Cream of the Crop

Ira Lee is the proprietor (and therefore, on his business card, the president) of the Ice Cream Barrel. He is also the ice cream maker. Lee is nineteen; his ice cream machine is 75; his ice cream is made four days a week . . . in the front window. Ira Lee knows his stuff. Before he bought the store in March, he researched his subject with weeks of reading and pints of tasting. The results are glorious—and rich (he uses a 15-percent-butterfat mix). Flavors include banana, peach, cherry vanilla, and strawberry (all made with fresh fruit), butterscotch, maple walnut, rum raisin, coffee, chocolate chip, etc. He's working on peanut butter. "It's a dream come true," says president Lee. "I have all the ice cream I'd ever want to eat in the world."
ICE CREAM BARREL/*121 Merrick Road/Merrick, Long Island/(516) 623-9606*



Network

If you are fourteen to eighteen years old . . . a New York City resident . . . familiar enough with the game of tennis to keep score, understand a switch and a relay, catch a ball, toss it, and know when to freeze, you can have your day on court. Next Monday, at open tryouts, four ball children (as the nonsexist spokesperson calls them) will be selected for July's $300,000 Invitational at Forest Hills. The four will not be paid. The play's the thing.
OPEN TRYOUTS/*June 26 at 11 a.m./The West Side Tennis Club/Clyde Street at 69th Avenue, Forest Hills/Meet at main stadium gate*



Oh Dad, Poor Dad

The Last Tenant, about a feisty old man and his children who consider him merely a problem, is magnificent. More magnificent still is Lee Strasberg (above) as the old man.
THE LAST TENANT/*June 25 at 9 p.m. ABC-TV*

Credits: top right—Mark Haven; bottom left—Walter Gurbo

Movies / Molly Haskell

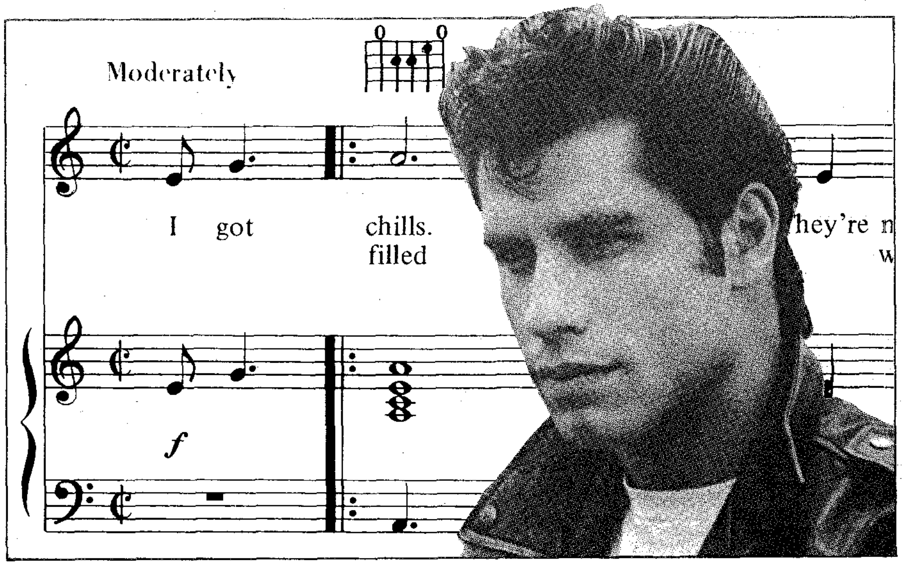
THE LAST PROM

"...The musical numbers in *Grease* are more truly old-fashioned than their tongue-in-cheek treatment would lead us to believe..."

I've no idea what **Grease** was like as an experimental musical in Chicago, but the people who discovered it and brought it to New York in 1972 were onto something that had nothing to do with hummable tunes or snappy choreography. Instant nostalgia was born when the greaseballs and the virgins of Rydell High got together—as they never would have in real life—and turned the gyrations of the late fifties into social myth, something we could look at lovingly through the wrong end of a telescope. What did it matter if it were a lie and a fabrication, a cover-up of a caste system in which the merest sniff of Wildroot cream oil was enough to consign its wearer to social purgatory. At last the people who'd been feeling left out during the hip sixties, who'd had no Beatles, no Selma, no Vietnam, no Nixon, had a decade they could be proud of and take the kids to. The falsification was essential: By pretending we of the square fifties had dug Elvis and the punk ethic, we could segue into the rock audience of the sixties.

You didn't have to see *Grease*—I didn't—to be amused by the idea. But ducktails and happy days, rock 'n' roll and drive-ins and backseat petting have been with us for so long now it is hard to recall that *frisson*, generated by *Grease*, of seeing the fifties as period for the first time.

Moreover, as the nerve center of the revival craze, *Grease* has been hyped so continuously that the movie version seems like one more promotional party for *Grease*. (How do you tell the promo from the prom?) An uneasy pastiche of parody, fantasy, romance, song, and dance, as a musical it seems more ersatz than ever compared to the richer and more authentic renderings of the period that are coming along—*American Hot Wax* and the (marvelous) upcoming *Buddy Holly Story*.



The placid harmonies of Patti Page or Les Paul and Mary Ford that in those movies represent what rock 'n' roll was rebelling against are superior to anything in *Grease*, and the movie's Rydell High—a composite of various Southern California high schools and back-lot sets—looks less like a school than a summer camp (in both senses of the word) operating on a quota system for diverse ages and ethnic groups.

Stockard Channing is more than a shade too old as the chief lemon squeeze of a gaggle of teenagers. Singer Olivia Newton-John, as the Sandy-of-Dee-style heroine, is too Australian. And John Travolta and his greaseball buddies would be too urban ethnic for any realistic white-bread middle-American high school. But as long as such considerations have gone by the board, it is just as well to have star personalities like Channing and Travolta who can impose their personal rhythm on the chaotic and potentially embarrassing proceedings.

The musical numbers are more truly old-fashioned than their tongue-in-cheek treatment would lead us to believe. When the grease monkeys who are tuning up a hot rod turn into a Ziegfeld Follies corps of high-steppers, an audience no longer accustomed to such musical-comedy conventions, even as parody, convulses in giggles. But Travolta has only to hesitate, break into a sheepish grin, and we are his.

As a goody-goody in ponytail, Olivia Newton-John is blander than the movie stars she parodies and is little improved as a greasified heller in black tights. But Channing is a wonderful foil—though one can't help wondering what a naughty girl like her is doing in so relentlessly nice a place. Acting in the shade of Eve Arden's headmistress, she seems to have caught some of that woman's tart, guttural style, the rueful wit with which she punctured many a heroine's romantic balloon and unwittingly upstaged them.

In making its way from stage to screen, *Grease* has acquired a long list of credits: The original musical, by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey, was produced on the Broadway stage by Kenneth Waissman and Maxine Fox; the movie was directed by Randal Kleiser from a screenplay by Bronte Woodard, with choreography by Patricia Birch. But it is producer and "adapter" Allan Carr whose auteurial imprint I detect on the movie version, particularly in the presence of veterans like Arden, Frankie Avalon, Sid Caesar, Joan Blondell, and Dody Goodman in cameo roles. Carr, genial impresario, the man behind this year's Oscars, and self-appointed intermediary between the Old and New Hollywood, must have thought that each addition to the roster of stars would increase the glitter of *Grease* as a nostalgia trip, but it doesn't work that way. Edd Byrnes is hilarious as a TV host who delights in his fox-in-the-chicken-coop position, but the others evoke too many memories of

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their own to be conscripted as celebrity guests at somebody else's party.

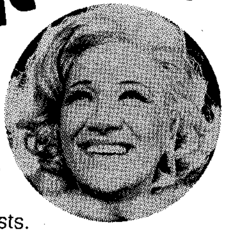
I'm convinced that inside **Servant and Mistress** there's a funny film dying to get out, but there's little room for humor in this drama of depravity about a servant (Andréa Ferréol) left everything by her rich employer, who then lords it over the disinherited nephew (Victor Lanoux), forcing him to pay for his past liberties with ever greater lessons in servitude. Or maybe there's too *much* room for humor. When Lanoux, attired in chauffeur's uniform, passes the evening meal to milady and lifts the silver casserole lid, we half expect to see a large cockroach. Or—in a subtler dig at the portly woman who orders him about—sole and vegetables prepared in the *cuisine minceur* style.

But director Bruno Gantillon gives us the meal, and the master-servant switch, straight, in a *mise-en-scène* more appropriate to Corneille than to forced cunnilingus and other forms of S-and-M claptrap of this sexual pseudodrama.

As a dramatic formula, the master-servant reversal is too artificial and arithmetically pat to be very interesting, though some first-rate artists have used it effectively. But without the clever stylizations of a Buñuel, a Losey, or a Genet, we are given to asking questions that no conceit of this sort can sustain, like why doesn't Victor Lanoux walk out the front door and never come back?

My favorite scene is one in which Lanoux, claiming *it* is his *night* off, storms out of the house in his tuxedo, headed for a fancy upper-class party. A taxi just happens to be depositing clients nearby in this remote suburb and Lanoux watches it depart longingly, Cinderella without cab fare to get to the ball.

The plot is absurd on the face of it and grows no more persuasive as Lanoux eats *merde* and discovers, too late, the fluttering of true love in his breast. But the actors themselves are mesmerizing. Lanoux seems out of place but no less engaging than he was as the naïve lover in *Cousin, Cousine,* while Ferréol shows the brooding side of the cheerily voluptuous schoolteacher she played in Marco Ferreri's *La Grande Bouffe.* Ferreri's film seems to have been the inspiration for this one, in the look of its dark, richly-appointed mansion near Paris, and the theme of people voluntarily incarcerating themselves for a rendezvous with death. But Gantillon's prison has too many open windows. His couple, creepy as they are, are no match for Ferreri's doomed gourmands and the horrifyingly seductive idea of eating oneself to death. ■



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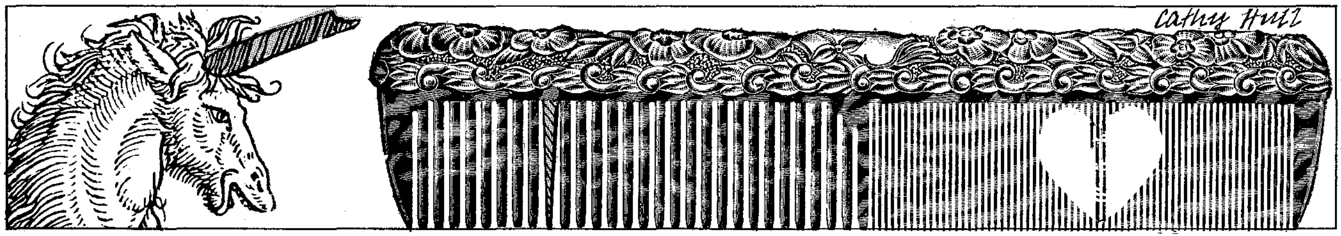
THE SPORTS OF SPOLETO

"... In *Creve Coeur* Tennessee Williams parodies his two finest plays, and backs away even farther from honest self-revelation..."



The second Spoleto, U.S.A. Festival drew me to South Carolina, to view Tennessee Williams's latest, possibly Broadway-bound play, **Creve Coeur.** Charleston proved delectable, full of fine architecture and gracious people; the festival had some very worthy offerings; but the Williams work was an unmitigated disaster, and anyone silly enough to bring it to Broadway deserves to lose even his torn undershirt.

Gore Vidal observed recently that Williams "is the sort of writer who does not develop; he simply continues." He added that he was unaware of any new thought or feeling having got through to Williams in the last 28 years. I doubt whether a playwright with a smaller number of themes has ever existed, and must insist that the writer who does not develop can continue only with ever-decreasing returns. I remember Williams declaring, during a typical nonlecture he gave at Harvard at the height of postwar Existentialist philosophy, that he never read the Existentialists, but that he had known everything they knew by the time he was fifteen. Well, he has obviously continued not to read and learn from anyone, not even from life; equally obviously, what he knew by the time he was fifteen was everything (or nearly) *he* was ever to know.

Creve Coeur concerns Dorothea (Dottie), a genteel, not-so-very-young schoolteacher in the St. Louis of 1935. She has allowed her school principal, a galivanting socialite, to have his way with her, and expects him to propose forthwith. On this particular June Sunday, she hopes to be asked out by him, but the phone refuses to ring. Bodey, her 40-plus apartment mate, a down-to-earth, even somewhat coarse German-American spinster, hopes that Dottie will go on a picnic at Creve Coeur Lake with her and her twin brother, Buddy, a beer-guzzling, cigar-smoking vulgarian, whom she expects Dottie to marry. So that nothing may mar the day, she hides the part of the Sunday paper announcing the unprincipled principal's engagement to another girl. But Dottie refuses to budge, still expecting the ring of her gentleman telephone-caller.

Comes instead Helena, the snobbish, social-climbing art-teacher colleague of Dottie's, who proposes to woo Dottie into sharing a posh, far too expensive apartment with her, there to lead a grandiose, and just possibly lesbian, life. While Dottie does her reducing exercises and toilette unconscionably slowly in the bedroom, Bodey and Helena fight over her in the living room and kitchen. An upstairs neighbor, Miss Gluck, semidemented since the death of her mother, comes down to have diarrhea and make a general nuisance of herself. Dottie, somewhat of a dotty hysteric herself, finds out the truth about her lover, sends Helena packing, and goes off toward Creve Coeur (French for heartbreak) and the future that implies. As she says, "We must pull ourselves together and go on, go on. That is all that life has to offer—and demands."

However little life may settle for, the demands of art are considerably greater. Williams cannot just go on indefinitely rehashing his old plays, *Creve Coeur* consisting almost entirely of rechewed bits of *Menagerie* and *Streetcar*. This is one of the things that make it worse than his last several horrible plays, which either cannibalized lesser works of his, or seemed to be on the verge of unveiling truths of Williams's homosexual life, about which he pretends to be fairly outspoken in some of his nontheatrical writings. Here he parodies his two finest plays, and backs away even farther from honest self-revelation.

And there is no real drama here. We know from the beginning that Dottie is deluding herself; but we don't know enough about her, other than commonplaces, to care about her destiny. Not showing us the men in her life further weakens the play's impact. What we are given, though, is flimsy contrivance. Dottie remains sequestered far too long and most unconvincingly, so that Bodey and Helena can have at each other, in a manner, incidentally, quite unbelievable for two women who have only just met. There is no sense of inevitability in the main action, either; we are not made to feel that Buddy is Dorothea's only remaining option. Lazy arbitrariness posturing as dramatic necessity is worse, however, than a wolf in sheep's clothing; it is a sheep in wolf's clothing, and fools no one.

Yet the play's comic side is no more compelling than the tragic; it consists of such hoary devices as Bodey's deafness, which she tries vainly (in both senses of the word) to disguise, and of such coarse jokes as can be derived from Miss Gluck's broken English and bathroom activities. Even at its highest, the wit never rises above "Buddy has cut down to just eight beers." Or, cheaper yet: "This fellow is afflicted with chronic premature ejaculation. Must have a large laundry bill."

Even more depressing than the failure of wit is the sheer bankruptcy of language, something Williams used to possess in poetic abundance. Now he is reduced to banalities like "An affair of the heart makes the stars spin in the sky"; supererogation such as "That woman wants to absorb my life like a blotter, and I'm not an ink splash"—a tired simile elaborated to the point

Illustrated by Cathy Hull

of tautology; and desperate straining for symbolism, as in this bathetic utterance of Helena's that actually constitutes the curtain line of Act I: "There's a living creature, a pigeon: capable of flight, but perched for a moment in this absolute desolation!" A writer so paroxystically clutching at symbols has clearly lost his grip on reality; note the incorrect observation: City pigeons are not "perched for a moment" in squalid urban settings, but inhabit them permanently. This unreal pigeon is the Sour Bird of Senility.

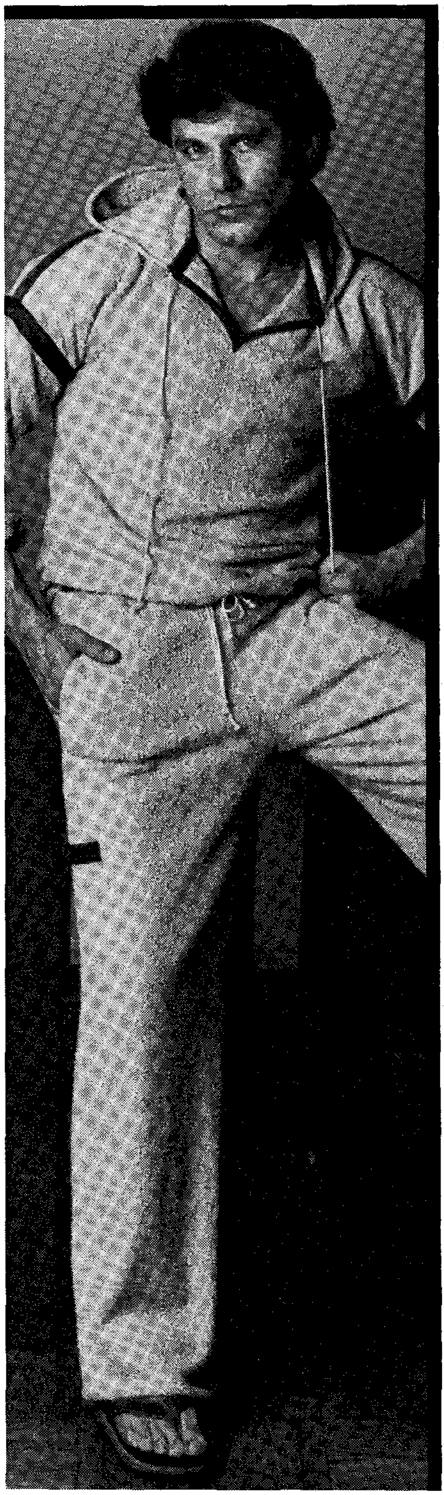
The kindest thing to assume is that Williams died shortly after completing *Sweet Bird of Youth*, and that his subsequent, ever more dismal plays are the work of a lover of his who has learned to impersonate him perfectly in daily life, but only very crudely in playwriting. Keith Hack has directed *Creve Coeur* (this symbolic title is another false front, for the play is unable to convey anything like heartbreak) unjudiciously, driving the four actresses hard to simulate drama and comedy where the author was unable to supply them. Yet a greater restraint could have done little beyond turning a resounding fiasco into a dull thud. As it is, Shirley Knight, Charlotte Moore, and Barbara Tarbuck make pathetic fools of themselves; Jan Miner comes off a mite better, but even she is goaded into playing a Bodey much older, crasser, and more Teutonic than the part calls for. What is meant to be funny and sad emerges ludicrous and incredible. Even Steve Rubin's set overacts, reducing a supposedly unappetizing apartment to abject dinginess.

Happily, there were better things, too, at Spoleto, U.S.A. I caught a performance of Donizetti's little-known chamber opera, **Il furioso all'isola di San Domingo:** a very minor work with a libretto ghastly even by Donizettian standards. The production was vocally and theatrically unexciting, but Clayton Westermann's control of the singers and orchestra beautifully realized the intermittent high points (including, yes, one sextet!) of this always amiable work. The singing was generally bearable, even if George Livings's tenor voice was often squeaky, and James Clarence Jones's camping in the role of a black slave consistently offensive. The best instrument was the baritone of Charles Long, although it turned metallic in the fortes and fortissimos, of which there were fortunately not very many. Long was also the best actor in this humdrum staging by Richard Pearlman, with ridiculous costumes by Claudie Gastine and flabby, veristic décor by Lorenzo Mongiardino. His palm trees, however, impressed me with their musicianship; in a storm, instead of swaying in unison, they did so in counterpoint.

Of particular interest to me was the **Janáček Celebration,** since I always considered this Czech master one of the eight giants of our century's music. Rudolf Firkušný played the solo piano works to perfection, even if the tone of the American-made Steinway was less than opulent. In a chamber music concert, Firkušný played the piano part in the Capriccio, written for the left hand alone, in a way to make the right hand seem superfluous. The brass ensemble was less accomplished, but acceptable. On the same program, *The Diary of One Who Vanished* came off less well; here Firkušný's playing seemed rather too self-effacing, while Jacque Trussel, though he sang nicely and with a fine sense of drama, had difficulties with his higher register. It was unwise, too, to sing in English music so wedded to its language, particularly since the words here are quite banal. The sexy Carla Wilkins did well by the gypsy, which she could not do for the mezzo part in the Glagolitic Mass.

The Mass was performed in the open air, and visited by most of the plagues such events incur. Young Daniel Oren worked wonders in pacing and blending the diverse elements (some fairly inexperienced) into a euphonious whole, even if his podium antics were simian and unsightly. The chorus sang more than creditably, the strings (even on a humid night) sounded respectable, and the occasional raggedness of the brasses and timidity of the woodwinds were not unforgivable. Among the four soloists, only Esther Hinds, with a crystalline soprano, was equal to her task. An unneeded laser display accompanying some of the music duly miscarried.

In dance, there was a **Janáček Gala,** or, as the local paper aptly misprinted it, Janáček Gaga, there being something senescent about the Antony Tudor revival (*Sunflowers*, looking like outtakes from *Pillar of Fire* and *Lilac Garden*), and all but one of the newly commissioned works to Janáček scores. These included lamentable contributions from Gilbert Reed (with a nice solo by Lawrence Rhodes), Kathryn Posin (a trashy and inapposite setting of the delightful *Mládí* suite), the justly named Norbert Schmucki (with two of his Paris Opéra stars looking, perhaps inevitably, unimpressive), and Edward Villella (with a limp and unimaginative setting of *The Overgrown Path*). In this last, Villella also danced in his by now sadly earthbound manner, and seemed uneasy even partnering the two able ballerinas. *(To be continued.)* ■



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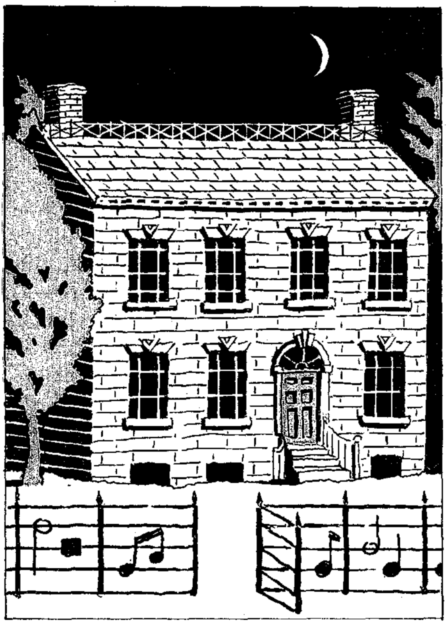
PLEASURE FROM PAINE

"...America's first major composer, Paine managed to translate the most blameless European styles into blameless Bostonian..."

John Knowles Paine (1839–1906) was the first American composer to achieve an international reputation, and the earliest whose music we can accept on more than mere curiosity value. A New Englander by birth and inclination, Paine came in time to serve Boston's Brahmins as untitled laureate. Trained for the most part in Europe, he managed to translate the spirit of the most blameless Continental music into equally blameless Bostonian. His ghost was still very much in evidence when I went to Harvard (and attended music classes in Paine Hall); the ardent conservatism which Paine had preached there in around 1880 had, six decades later, been updated by only a couple of years.

German-inspired though it was, Paine's best music has a rugged quality to its sound, an earnestness that makes its academicism tolerable, and at times even amusing. Now and then, a symphony of his gets performed; organists, a breed apart at best, thrill to his stately measures; his best-known work, the overture to a suite of incidental music for a Harvard production of *Oedipus Tyrannus*, deserves its popularity. And now, for the first time, we have a recording of one of Paine's most grandiose scores, a **Mass in D.** It was composed in 1859, during his student days in Berlin; later on, it made the rounds both in Europe and America. The indefatigable Gunther Schuller revived it in 1972 at the New England Conservatory, and then took it to Saint Louis, where the present recording was made (New World Records, NW 262/3).

Heard without knowing the name or nationality of the composer, Paine's Mass would pass for an excellent piece of Central European church music from a time somewhat earlier than its actual date—1830, say, and possibly from the pen of Otto Nicolai or the young Mendelssohn. I don't mean this as denigration; the score is enormously attractive. It is full of "learned" counterpoint, not much different from the textures in some of Haydn's late masses. But there is a melodic strength in the work, a sureness in the handling of romantic harmony, that, at very least, proves that Paine's European studies were devoted to careful observation and listening. There are also moments of great power here, although probably not enough of these to sustain the length of the overall score (some 101 minutes). But the moments of great mystery in the Mass text, to which all composers reacted with special power—the "Et Incarnatus" and "Crucifixus" from the "Credo"—are handled also by Paine with marvelous skill and a fine sense of musical atmosphere. Paine was, needless to say, a stolid New England Protestant; his mass, therefore, was obviously written to make money at concerts, not as an act of faith. But there is some genuine value here, and the music is honored with a performance of exceptional skill. Schuller draws some fine playing and singing from the Saint Louis Symphony and Symphony Chorus; the excellent vocal soloists are Carmen Balthrop, Joy Blackett, Vinson Cole, and John Cheek.



The brand of conservatism espoused by Paine spread through generations of American composers after his time. Just as America's cultural leaders patterned musical life in their own cities on European models and threw up every conceivable obstacle to the nurturing of native talent, so a thread of Europe worship wound through a great deal of our music. American independence, in the arts at least, came late.

Even so, there is no point in heaping ridicule on the more adept of our conservative composers simply because they wrote everybody's music; it was the only way to get a piece played until recent times. The chances are that the music of Howard Hanson, for example, won't cast much of a shadow on coming generations; truth to tell, this energetic advocate and teacher has turned out more than his share of trash. Yet, there are attractive Hanson compositions; his *Romantic* Symphony (No. 2) is as good Sibelius as ever came out of Finland, and some of his chamber pieces are genuinely attractive. By far Hanson's masterpiece, however, is the opera called **Merry Mount,** which was commissioned by the Metropolitan Opera and performed there in 1934. Its success was middling, and it disappeared after a season; the opera has been revived now and then, however, and usually greeted with respect mingled with surprise at its high quality.

Merry Mount is set in New England during the time of Puritan oppression. At its worst, the score affects an archaism that the lush vocal and orchestral scoring immediately renders ludicrous. At its best, there is a fine, dark lyricism in many vocal passages. Some years ago, Mercury Records released a single disc of excerpts from the opera, conducted by the composer; that record has now been released again on the Eastman-Rochester Archives label (ERA 1013), and it is again time to discover the merit of much of this music. There is no way of telling who sings what on the record, but my guess is that the excellent baritone in the stunning opening scene—a trial mingled with a great deal of hell-raising—is Jerry Crawford, and he is very good.

Time and taste have conspired to relegate William Schuman to the ranks of American conservatives, although

Illustrated by Steven Guarnaccia

his Third Symphony once counted among the more enterprising large-scale native works. The sheer motor energy of that piece, more than anything, probably made it sound more adventuresome than it actually is. Anyhow, Schuman continues to compose, with perhaps every other of his recent scores worth the hearing—and one or two, like the 1962 *Song of Orpheus*, probably worth keeping around for the future. His recent **Concerto on Old English Rounds** is, I think, one of the better scores, and it has now been recorded under Leonard Bernstein's direction, with Donald McInnes the viola soloist and a chorus under Abraham Kaplan's direction. The scoring—solo viola, small chorus, and orchestra—is unusual but not unique; more than one leaf is taken from Vaughan Williams's wonderful *Flos Campi* for somewhat the same combination.

Schuman has always had a fondness for incorporating archaic elements into his scores, as witness the *New England Triptych* and the overture based on William Billings's *Chester*. He manages these elements with considerable charm; the mingling of old (several English folk songs from around 1700) and reasonably new is artfully accomplished here. The piece is hardly terse; it runs some 44 minutes and does meander somewhat at times. But it is also a most agreeable score, and it is splendidly performed on this new Columbia recording (M 35101).

I mentioned Schuman's *Song of Orpheus* back there; that work was composed in 1962 for the opening-week ceremonies at Philharmonic (now Fisher) Hall. Another event in that week was the American premiere of Manuel de Falla's **Atlántida,** a concert performance by the Metropolitan Opera under Ernest Ansermet. Now this score has had its first recording (Angel SBLX-3852) by the Spanish National Chorus and Orchestra under Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos.

Atlántida is a "scenic cantata and inner prologue," based on the poem by the Catalan writer Jacint Verdaguer, a mystical speculation on the lost continent of Atlantis. Actually, the poem is about far horizons and the dreams of those who would conquer them; the text involves a fanciful study of Queen Isabella, and ends in a seraphic vision of the coming of Christopher Columbus to realize her dream. Falla was apparently enormously thrilled by the poem and began his musical setting in 1926. He was in poor health, and was to remain so until his death, twenty years later. He worked on the score fitfully but left it uncompleted. The final realization is the work of the excellent Spanish conductor and composer Ernesto Halffter.

Those who take Falla's music as seriously as it deserves—those, in other words, who value the harpsichord concerto *El Retablo de Maese Pedro* and *La Vida Breve* over more accessible works like *El Sombrero de Tres Picos*—will recognize the dark, mystical side of this composer whose music is still undervalued. From Halffter we have the assurance that the music is mostly Falla's own, that only final touches were necessary to bring the work to completion. In any case, it is a solemn, powerful work, gorgeously scored, rich beyond imagining in musical devisings. Doubtless the language of the text, that crabbed, unwordly Catalan which Falla worked with only this once, influenced much of the tone of the piece. It is Falla's longest score and a treasure trove of sublime, original artistic thinking by one of this century's most tortured geniuses.

Worth Their Wait

In the elastic world of rock 'n' roll, **Bob Seger** is a classic example of an overnight sensation. His latest album, *Stranger in Town* (Capitol SW-11698), is his eleventh, and for most of the past fifteen years he was hardly known outside of Detroit, where he was a legendary figure. But not until his 1976 double platinum *Night Moves* did Seger move from local hero to national star, and not until then did he feel the attendant pressures of stardom. Between touring and rewriting material, this new album was ten months late. Songs were recorded and re-recorded and re-re-recorded at five different studios. But it ended up a triumph, the best of what rock 'n' roll can be: simple lyric images, drawn from personal experience, energized by raw, high-powered musicianship. Now, of course, everyone admits that he's been crazy about his albums all along.

Bruce Springsteen is no stranger to pressure; he's felt it since Jon Landau wrote "I have seen the future of rock 'n' roll and it's called Bruce Springsteen." After riding the hype wave all the way to the cover of *Time* magazine, he spent the next two years battling his manager in court, enjoined from recording. But now *Darkness on the Edge of Town* (Columbia JC35318) has been released, and the most pleasant surprise is the fact that there are no surprises. It's more of *Born to Run*, more cars, more street corners, more wild innocence. And more dark, swaggering, reckless rock. What a relief. —**Tom Bentkowski**

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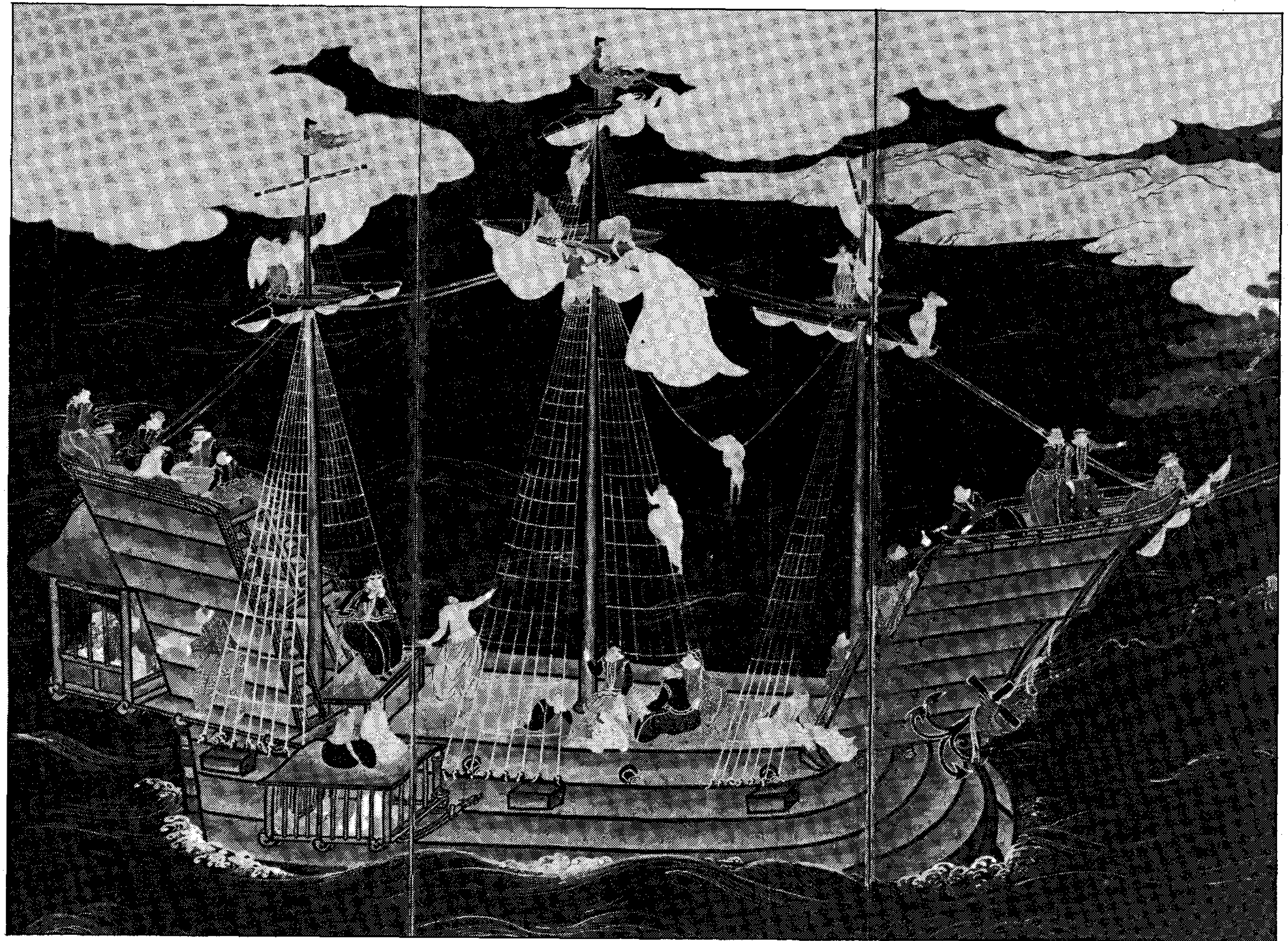
PLEASURES AND PALACES

"...The seventeen screens transform the Japan House Gallery into one of the most gorgeous environments in the city..."



Under Eastern eyes: *Portuguese merchants and their ship as seen by an anonymous seventeenth-century Japanese artist, at Japan House.*

Suntory Limited, those folks who brought you Japanese whiskey, have now sent New Yorkers something even more exotic and intoxicating—a container-car load of **Japanese genre-painting screens** from the renowned Suntory Collection, which specializes in scenes of everyday life in the Edo period (from the seventeenth to early nineteenth century).

The seventeen screens have never before been shown outside of Tokyo. Some of them are very large, all are beautiful, and they have temporarily transformed the Japan House Gallery (333 East 47th Street, through July 9) into one of the most gorgeous environments in the city.

For reasons of conservation, they are being shown in two overlapping sections: By June 19 some will have been withdrawn to be replaced by others. All, however, are well illustrated and authoritatively discussed in the catalog by the art historian Okada Jō.

Several categories of Japanese genre painting are included: Famous Places, Pleasures, Festivals, Common People, and *Namban.* The last group portrays the activities of the Nambanjin, or "southern barbarians," meaning the Portuguese merchants and priests who visited Japan in the early seventeenth century, and who were so called because they disembarked at ports in southern Japan.

New Year's Amusements is an almost Breughel-esque overview of a crowd of distinctly differentiated citizens pursuing various pastimes: archery, music, dance, a game of *go,* and the traditional New Year game of *kai-awase,* or "matching shells." As in many of the screens, the scene is being invaded and in some places blotted out by gold-leaf clouds, whose function was to divide the panorama up into more manageable narrative units, and also to reflect light in the dim interiors where the screens were set up and provide a rich, sensuous ambience.

Another screen in the "Pleasures" category is a still life called *Tagasode* ("Whose Sleeves . . ."). Boldly laid

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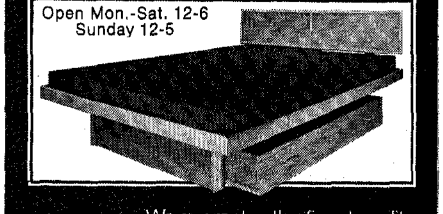

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"... Utamaro rendered birds, insects, and landscapes with precision and restraint..."

out on a flat gold background are several clothes racks draped with kimonos in elegant, complicated patterns. On the left is a trompe l'oeil screen whose shape conflicts intriguingly with the panels of the real screen it is painted on. Toward the center is an interrupted game of backgammon.

The absence of any human figures (whose recent presence is strongly evoked by the cast-off robes) results in an enigmatic, provocative atmosphere. This is a work of suspended eroticism. The half question "Whose sleeves . . ." is left unanswered.

The erotic element is atypically spelled out (for a screen) in the seventeenth-century *Entertainments at a House of Pleasure,* a highly refined version of the scenes of low life being produced at the same time in Holland by genre painters such as Brouwer and Steen. The pleasures here range from exquisite to base. Ceremonial tea, dancing, a concert, a card game which includes a tippling priest, a courtesan reclining after a session with a client, and, in the final panel, a man's behind disappearing into a steam bath with an assist from the topless attendants—all are drawn explicitly yet with a delicate verve. This was a house of pleasure that, for once, lived up to its name.

In the "Festivals" category is *Archery Contest at Sanjūsangen-dō,* the name of the temple of 33 bays in Kyoto. (This temple, with its 380-foot veranda, on which the archery contest was held, also appears in miniature in a magnificent panoramic view of Kyoto on another screen, which will unfortunately not be on view during the second part of the exhibition.)

Archery Contest is a favorite of Japan House director Rand Castile because of its infectious obsession with narrative at the expense of niceties of composition. The anonymous artist was so eager to get it all down that the resulting montage of milling crowds, refreshment booths, and the archer himself is something of a jumble, yet one which projects the excitement of the occasion. (Each archer took up his post at one end of the veranda at 6 P.M. and shot arrows continuously at a target at the other end for a period of 24 hours. The championship was won by one Wasa Daihachi, who scored 8,133 hits in the year 1687.)

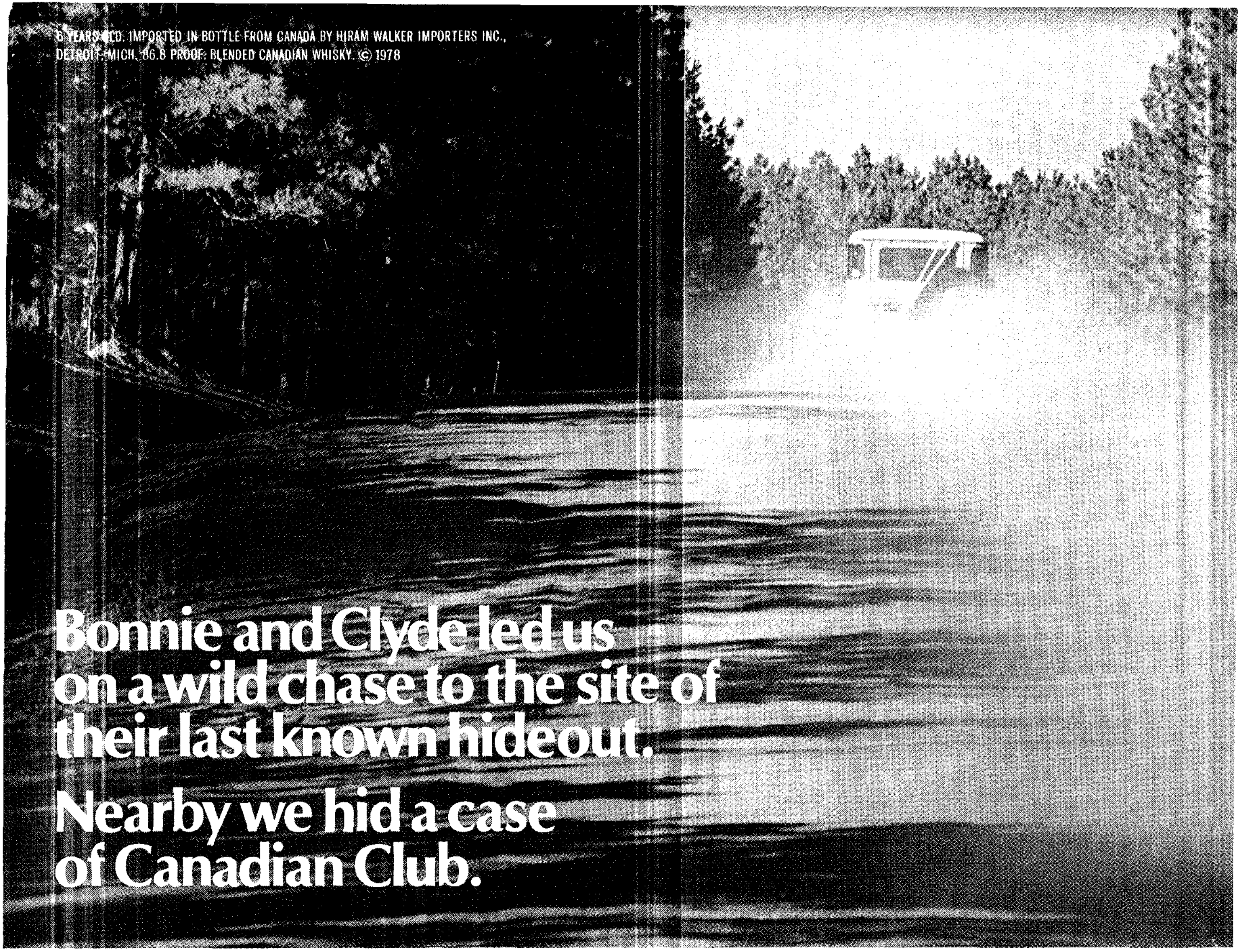
Perhaps the most fascinating for its subject matter as well as the most visually sumptuous of the screens now on view is a pair which chronicles the doings of the "southern barbarians." In the right-hand screen, a Portuguese galleon rides at anchor on a slate-blue sea; deckhands are furling the sails and a boarding party of merchants and ecclesiastics has gone ashore. In the left-hand screen, the Portuguese are shown back home, but since the artist had no idea of what Portugal looked like, he made the setting Chinese, China being a foreign country, after all. The travelers are sitting about discussing their trip, perhaps, on folding chairs of a kind which Occidentals commissioned from Chinese artisans for use on board ship.

The most recent screen (dated 1821) is Kuwagata Keisai's view of Edo, now Tokyo, in the delicate earth tones of early spring, with a mass of white blossoming cherry trees at the center. The brushwork here is deft and airy, less concerned with documentation than with conveying an impressionistic landscape feeling.

Keisai began his career as a ukiyo-e illustrator and was roughly contemporary with one of the masters of this genre, **Kitagawa Utamaro** (1753–1806), whose work is currently the subject of a show at the Ronin Gallery (605 Madison Avenue, at 57th Street). Ukiyo-e translates as "pictures of the floating world," and its artists documented the transitory pleasures of life, such as the Kabuki theater, circuses, sports events, bordello life, and the spectacle of the streets.

Considered by the upper classes a plebeian art form, ukiyo-e went on to conquer European taste in the nineteenth century. Degas, Gauguin, van Gogh, Vuillard, and Toulouse-Lautrec were attracted to the clear colors, bold line, and saucy, off-center compositions favored by the ukiyo-e artists.

Utamaro seems to have been a sort of Japanese Lautrec, frequenting the licensed Yoshiwara quarter of Edo, producing stylized portraits of its beauties, such as the legendary Hanazuma, and also depicting mundane activities like hanging out the laundry, gathering greens, and picking one's teeth. But his curiosity also extended to birds, insects, flowers, and landscapes, all of which he rendered with marvelous precision and restraint. This lovely show, in muted tones of pink, peach, and grayish green, has about 100 of his works in different genres, including the erotic "spring pictures"; it has been extended through July 14. ■


6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1978

Bonnie and Clyde led us on a wild chase to the site of their last known hideout.

Nearby we hid a case of Canadian Club.

It had been 44 years since Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow sped through this northern Louisiana wilderness on their last run from the law. Tracking their legend even now is a wild and wooly chase over lonesome red clay roads which run deep in tangled pine forests.

We met folks who'd seen them.

Finally our search led to where an old squatter's cabin had once stood. Bonnie and Clyde were known to have holed up here in their last days, and local folks told us they'd seen the two lurking hereabout back in '34. So having found the long-lost hideout, we trekked into the brush and buried a case of Canadian Club.

Bonnie and Clyde.

Start at "the end of the trail."

To find that C.C., start your trail exactly where Bonnie and Clyde's ended. Find the road they took to their fateful rendezvous with the law – and head in the opposite direction, all the way to the next parish. Go past the "three R's" place, and where David's lad abides, turn onto a red dirt road. At the black gold storage place, head north.

Look for a warning.

Two hard left turns and a short drive will bring you to an old sawmill. Continue till you are warned about digging and stop (if you're warned more than once, you've gone too far). On your right is an overgrown trail. Follow it to two former money-makers. From one of them, take a bearing of 160 degrees, and take a pace for each of the 120 years people have been enjoying Canadian Club. Now take 44 more in any direction but the one you've come from to where three stumps form a triangle.

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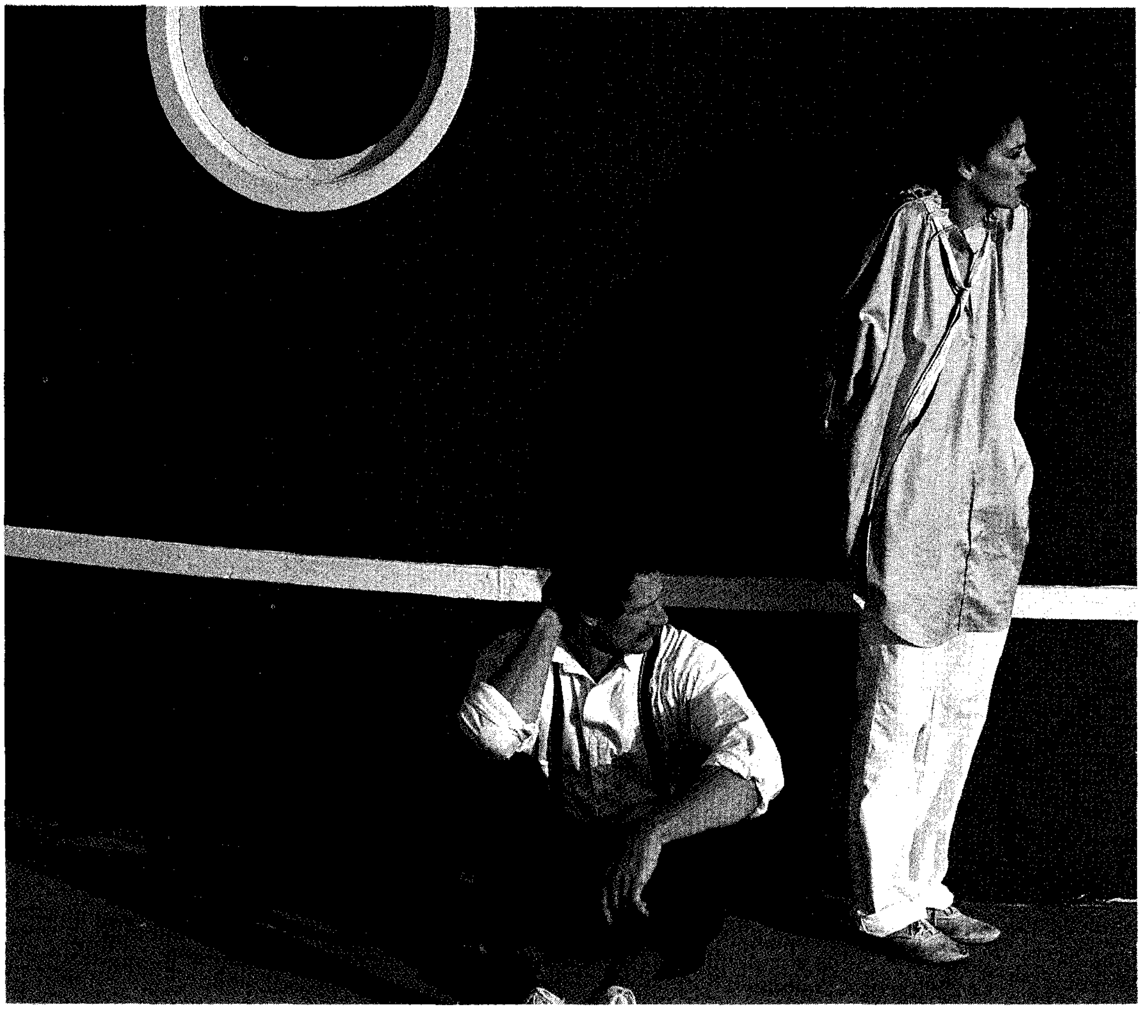
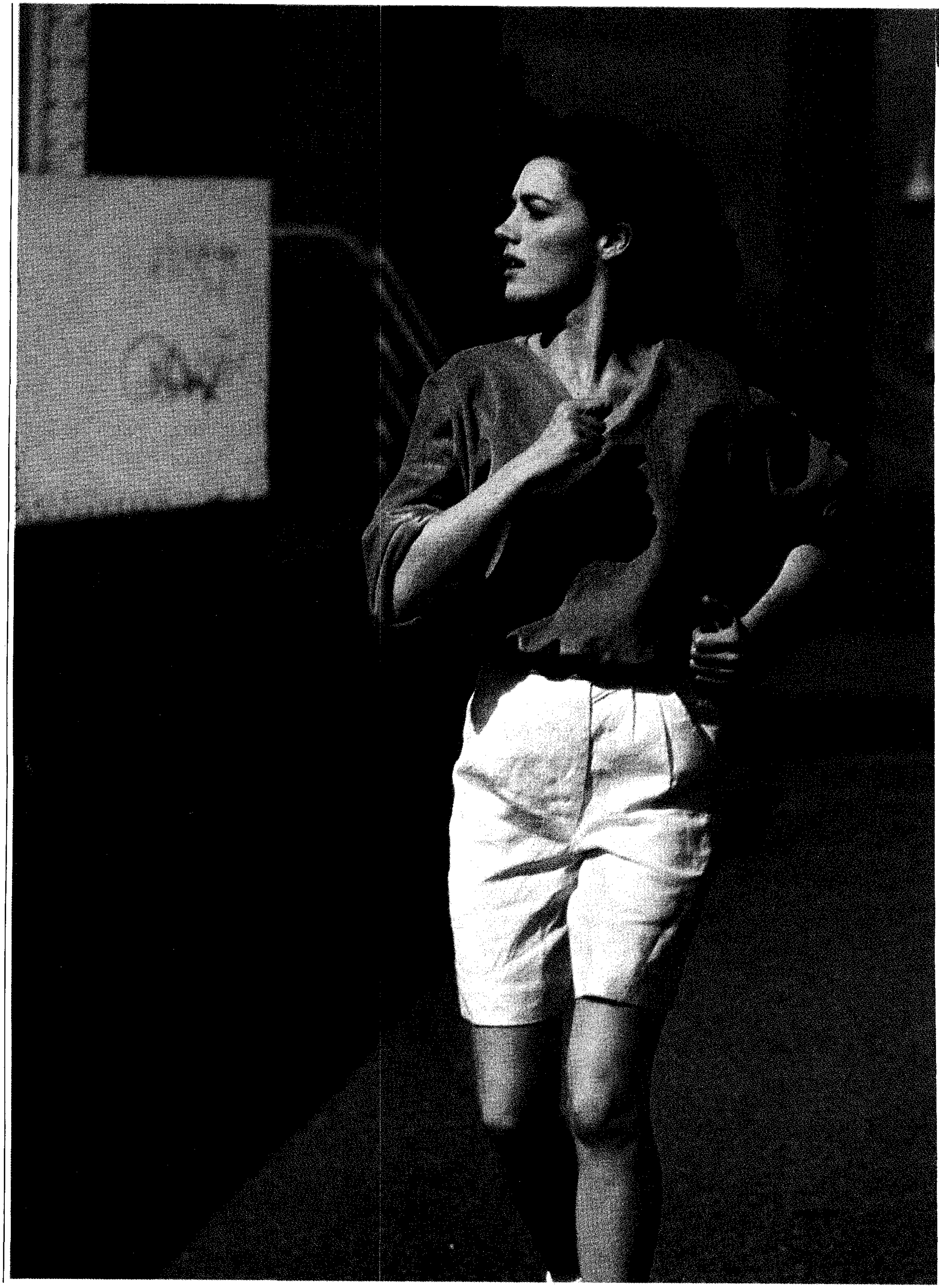
Fashion/Photographed by Ken Probst

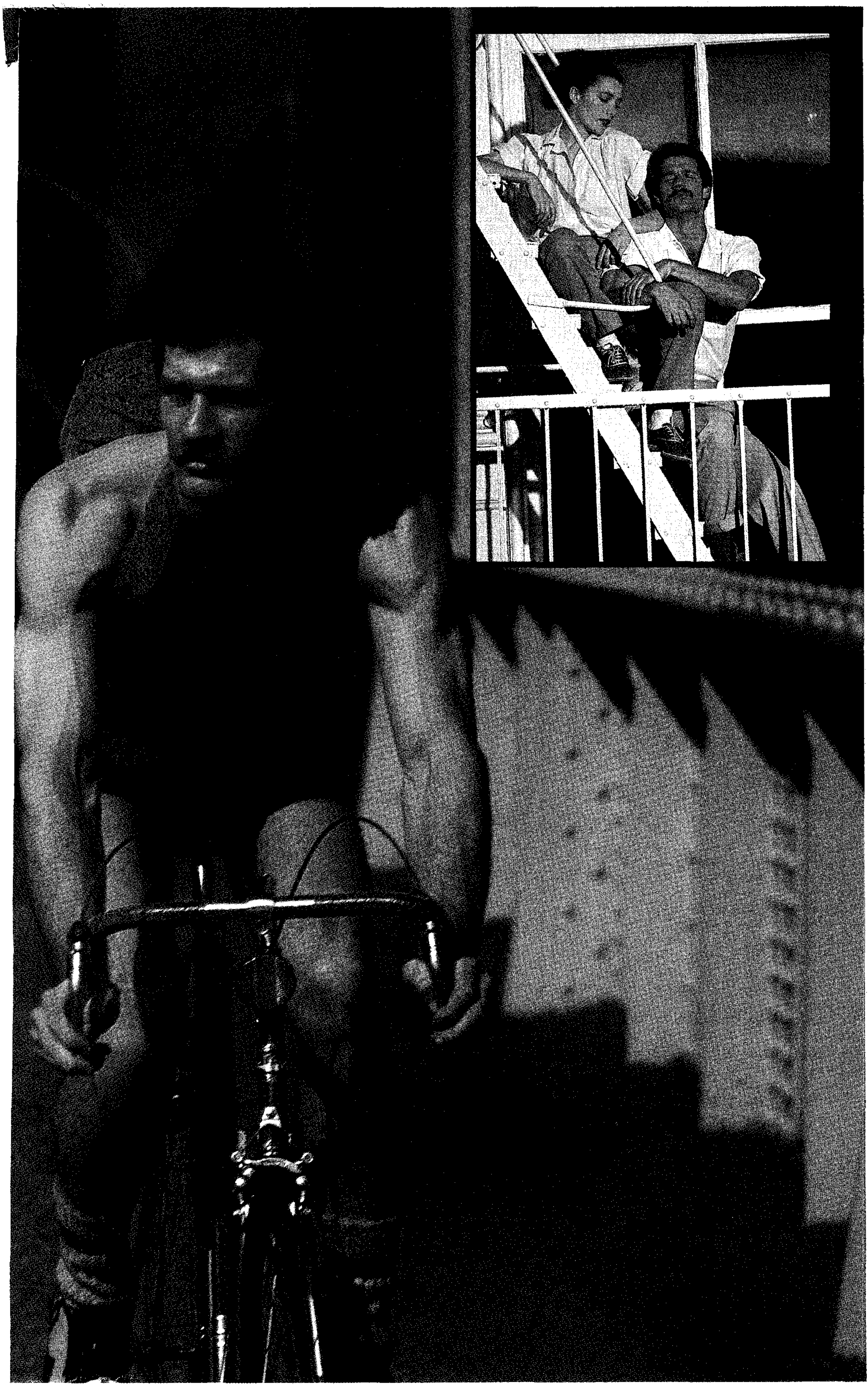
The Heat Is On

You don't have to forsake roomy, covered-up fashions when the mercury rises. In fact, the long and droopy look is the most practical for beating the heat—on the hottest days, it makes sense to put something between you and the sun. The clothes on these pages keep you cool and keep their distance—they won't get sticky in damp weather. But though the languid look is fine for spectator sports, you'll still want to strip down for athletic activity: Overleaf, some styles for working out while looking good.



Something new under the sun: *The lady deflects the ultraviolet rays in a watermelon cotton shirt by Disma ($64, at Riding High, 1143 First Avenue, near 62nd Street) and painter's pants by Dee Cee ($11, at Steve, 172 Spring Street). Her friend faces down the sun in a shirt from Kolodzie ($75, at Steve) and 501 jeans by Levi Strauss ($14.95, at 59th Street Cut-Rate Men's Shop, 215 East 59th Street).*

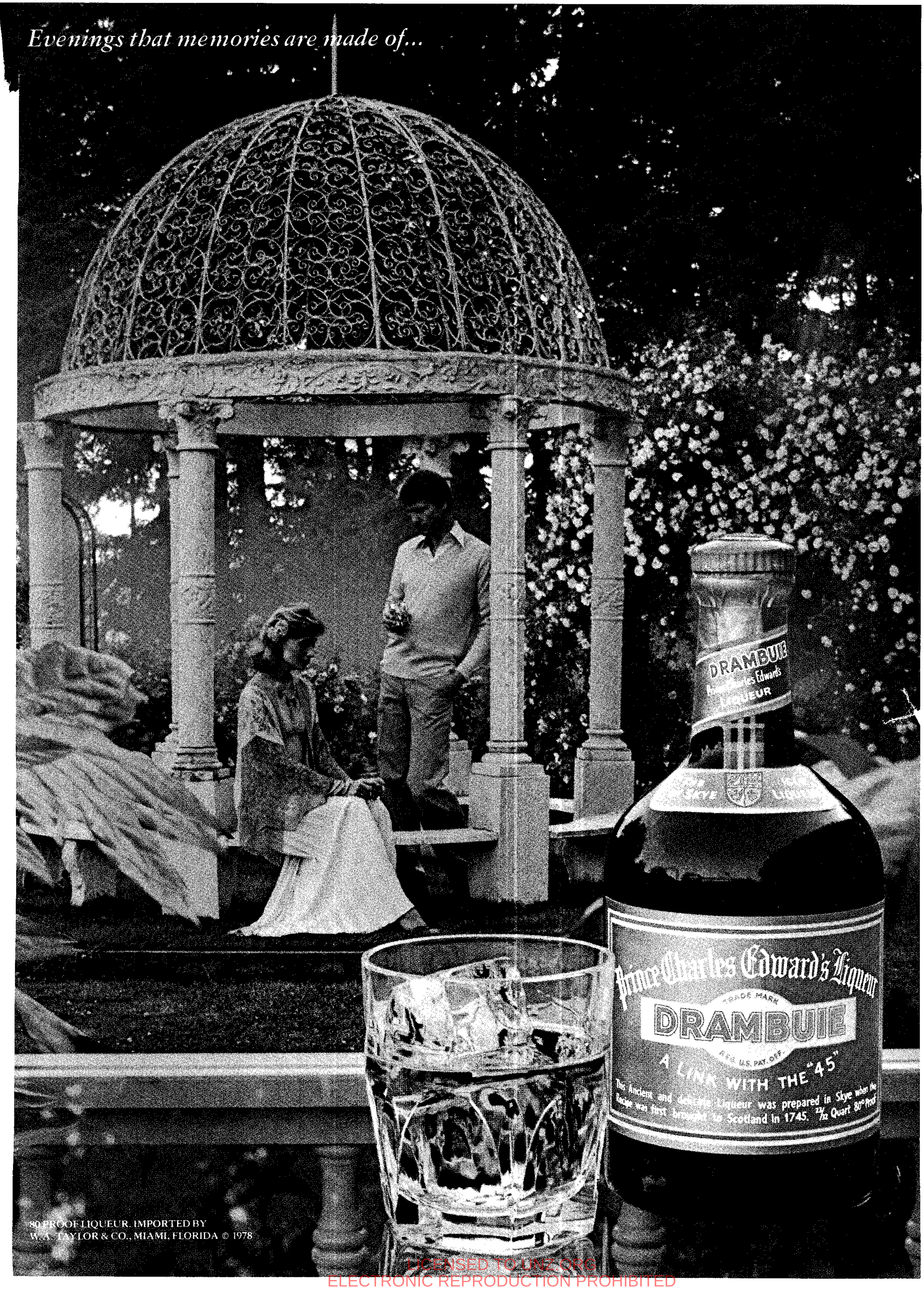




New York balcony scene *(inset): The lady beats the heat in a cotton shirt ($26) and pleated pants ($34) by Willi Smith for Willi Wear (at Macy's, Bloomingdale's, and Abraham and Straus). Her red leather oxfords are $35 (at Goody Two-Shoes, 33 Greenwich Avenue). The gentleman relaxes in a cotton mesh British-army shirt ($12, at Reminiscence, 175 MacDougal Street) and peg pants by Joe Collins ($60, at Camouflage, 141 Eighth Avenue, at 17th Street).*

How I'd like to be with you in Bermudas: *Jogging along, the lady wears an old-rose velour pullover by Carola Polakov ($45, at Valeska, 820 Lexington Avenue, near 63rd Street) with front-pleated linen shorts by Pinky and Dianne for Private Label ($85, at San Francisco, 975 Lexington Avenue, near 71st Street). The gentleman, about to overtake her, wears tricolor wool socks ($3) by Jim Beck's Closet and Calabre running shoes by Patrick ($41, all at Steve).*

Slow boat to nowhere: *The oarsman wears a linen shirt by Pinky and Dianne for Private Label ($130, at San Francisco) and painter's pants by Dee Cee ($11, at Steve). His canvas jazz shoes with leather soles are by Nancy Knox ($44, at the Stitching Horse, 841 Lexington Avenue, at 64th Street). The passenger lazes in a straw doughboy hat ($45, at San Francisco) and double-breasted linen jacket ($132, at Le Grand Hotel, 471 West Broadway) and linen skirt ($120, at San Francisco) by Pinky and Dianne for Private Label.* ■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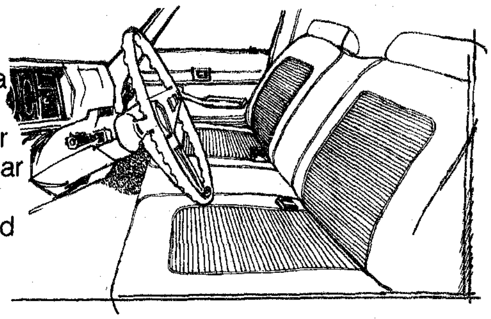

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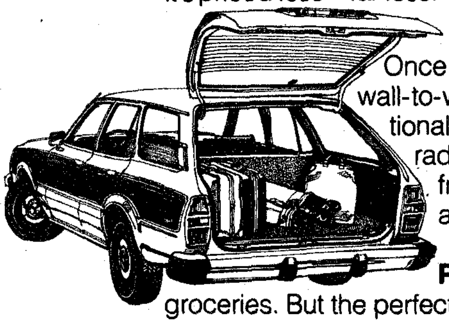

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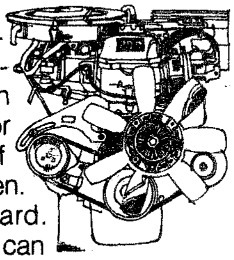

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Dance/Marcia B. Siegel

MULTIPLE EXPOSURE

"...Trisha Brown and her dancers have an acute ability to perceive a pattern forming and adapt whatever they're doing to it..."

Handel with care: *Paul Taylor's newest work,* Airs, *was introduced at City Center.*

Trisha Brown and Paul Taylor have accommodated to the necessity of making dance that's accessible to a growing audience, but they're both artists who might prefer to be less exposed.

Paul Taylor has always had a performing company and made choreography for stages. But he danced with a certain reticence, controlling his sense of the quality between the beautiful and the horrible. His works are closed and ritualistic. It's as if you're not seeing a whole society but only the most presentable part of what that society does.

This is disconcerting to witness. It seems so benign that we ride along on its cheerfulness or its intrigue. But suddenly the flowing line develops kinks, the momentum pulls up short. We see that what's going on is not merely virtuosic movement for dingbat comedy but exceedingly bizarre behavior.

I sometimes think all his dances are variants of his first major successes, *Aureole* (1962) and *Scudorama* (1963), the one sunny and classical, the other dark, grotesque, even depraved. His new work, *Airs*, introduced at City Center, is definitely of the clearer kind, but we glimpse the underside too.

Set to Handel—*Aureole* was too—*Airs* is a suite of dances for four women and three men, wearing tattered dresses and trousers in acid shades of turquoise that look like 1920s ballet costumes by Dali. (They were designed by Gene Moore.) The dance is formally organized and super-crafted. In the sense of pure movement and the design of bodies in space, Taylor is a master choreographer. His works often have the sensible proportions and clarity of line that we associate with good ballets.

His movement is big and stretched out, with gentle curves and imperceptible transitions. The dancers skim across the floor, rebounding to the music's rhythm and sometimes suspending the step to create syncopations. A basic design motif calls for maintaining a circular progress through space, even while reversing direction or changing level, an idea spectacularly realized in an arms-length duet for Carolyn Adams and Christopher Gillis.

There are interruptions to this long, careful unfurling of energy—twisty jumps, sections where the movement is suddenly overloaded with too many steps or large gestures—and toward the end the meticulous group lineups and crossings seem to disintegrate into seven different pathways. But the dance ends quietly, with Victoria Uris spinning a long evolution of body positions while the other dancers stroll past her.

The fact that they are in couples, self-absorbed and taking no notice of Uris, injects a dramatic quality into the classical objectivity of the dance. And a perverse one at that—why should they ignore the person who's dancing in the spotlight? Well, a point has already been made of there being an uneven number of dancers, and more than once before the group has turned away from the soloist. Only at the end, however, does the situation become colloquial, so that we see this is something people do as well as dancers.

Even when they are being people, Taylor dancers have a veneer of impersonality. They look like images of themselves seen in mirrors or projected on a screen, not different but somehow farther away than they really are. Taylor's roots are in modern dance, where, theoretically, you let your movement do the dance, not your acting or your personal magnetism. In this he resembles Trisha Brown's post-modern generation, which took personal detachment as a way of countering what it thought had become histrionic excess in modern dance.

Trisha Brown, who gave four performances at the Public Theater, makes process dances. The dancers are engaged in working out a structure that allows for—sometimes requires—accidents to happen, adjustments to be made, individual decisions to influence the operation. In practice the dance reveals the dancers as much as the dancers reveal the dance.

Brown's new group work, *Splang*, is an exaggerated look at a phenomenon that affects all dancers and critics: the amount of leeway there is in describing movement. Brown gave instructions to Elizabeth Garren, Wendy Perron, and Mona Sulzman as to how to execute

Photographed by Nathaniel Tileston

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"...Balanchine's absence has thrown the NYCB into an improvisational euphoria..."

the dance. The instructions went like this: "Step forward R, trip, run 3, jab-cross-nod as you back up . . ." and so forth. The dance is the three dancers' interpretation of this "score." If you think it produces unison movement, try it on the next three people you get in the same room.

Splang looks like three solos which sometimes almost converge, but it's fascinating what a relatively small range of choices the dancers make. They look as if they're doing a style, even though Trisha Brown doesn't demonstrate or codify her movement at all in conventional stylistic ways. Her dancers don't seem to move toward or from any fixed goals or body alignings; they're loose and changeable, but even when a shape seems unfinished you can see what it is. Brown and her dancers have an acute ability to perceive a pattern forming and adapt to it, and they seem equally facile with this intelligence in both spacing and timing. They can switch easily from an inner to an outer focus, and in *Splang* this draws the audience's attention to different dancers, helps us find a center of interest even when the action seems randomly organized.

Brown performed her solo *Water Motor,* which seems to be about throwing movement far away, close in, a little at a time, or all at once, but never letting it stop or get completely out of control. And when you see her do the solo *Accumulation With Talking,* a dance that involves adding on and subtracting movements in a continuous, rhythmically repeating sequence while telling stories to the audience, you see that flexibility of moving and thinking together are what she's all about.

One of the advantages of a big, settled ballet company is that it can incubate new material slowly and not have to show things before they're ready. One of the things that often bugs me about **New York City Ballet** is that it doesn't let dancers or choreographers out of this cloistered anonymity soon enough. For a company that says it has no star policy, there are an awful lot of roles for which no second cast has been readied; if the "stars" get ill or injured, the ballet is scratched. And it takes just one season without chief choreographer George Balanchine to show how thin the creative reserves beneath him are.

Balanchine's absence this season has thrown the company into a sort of improvisational euphoria. After *Tricolore,* in which they tried to make the makeshift look intentional, they seem to have decided to relax and let their disarray show a little bit. Instead of a full-scale second new ballet as announced, the company showed parts of four works in progress, three by Jerome Robbins and one by Peter Martins. I found *A Sketch Book* refreshing for several reasons.

NYCB doesn't often make opportunities for novice choreographers, although it's one of the few places where one doesn't have to make a splash the first time out. Peter Martins is gradually learning the craft. In his *Pas de Deux* to Rossini for Heather Watts and Sean Lavery, he concentrates on partnering, on various uses of a particular lift where Lavery holds Watts from behind as she rises vertically over her legs. Sometimes it's done on the run, or she flips her legs while in the air, or he shifts her a few feet to the side and she waits till he carries her back over the same ground.

I thought it odd that Watts's body hardly ever changed, though her place on the stage did. Long and straight and flat, she seldom gestured with a curve or a flexion, or sent any part of her body into an area of space which she wasn't directly facing. Most of her arm gestures were executed on the same side of the body as the working leg. Maybe Martins imposed this limitation to emphasize Watts's planar, open quality, or maybe he just didn't think of giving her things to do that would be more complex and three-dimensional.

Making a ballet seems such a formidable undertaking and involves so many people, I don't usually think of choreographers working away at their craft the way writers or painters or any other creative artists do. But they too probably get obsessed with ideas and have to model and shift around and throw away and follow up new trains of thought, before they know whether to discard a notion or finish it.

We know that Jerome Robbins takes forever to make a dance, and I was interested to see him for once in the middle of his creative process. When he's working on things, Robbins often uses younger dancers, who are probably more available—and perhaps more tractable—than the big guns who will eventually do the completed roles. Robbins has contributed greatly to developing the male ensemble of NYCB, and all his sketches here stress the qualities of male dancers.

Fencing Dances and Exercises (Handel and von Biber) is a "theme" ballet —Robbins is thinking of it as one part of a work with additional sections on dancing and horsemanship. The elegant deportment in fencing and the agility, speed, and accuracy of placement it requires are certainly allied to dancing, and I liked the simplicity of the way Robbins presented these ideas as a classroom exercise, with unison lineups that gradually became more intricate in a businesslike, soldierly way, and brief face-to-face encounters where the opponents practiced parry and thrust with the good form of a pas de deux rather than the aggressiveness of a fight. The Duell brothers, Daniel and Joseph, did a duet of space-covering leaps, brandishing their épées in silence so they made rhythmic, lacerating swishes.

Solo (Telemann), for Daniel Duell and violinist Lamar Alsop, is projected for a four-part work, with three different solo dancers and instruments and a final trio for them all. As part of the *Sketch Book* pastiche it didn't make much impression, but because the piece was very spare, I noticed that Duell's arm movements were almost always used to propel or counterbalance or give extra thrust to his legs, never merely to decorate. A component of Robbins's "masculine" style that I've always taken for granted.

Robbins has been thinking about *Verdi Variations* since 1973, and now, with Kyra Nichols, Peter Martins, and a four-man corps de ballet, it looks quite wonderful. The piece is like a conventional pas de deux in form, with flying interpolations by the corps. The music, chosen from three Verdi sources, whizzes and lollops along, forcing Robbins to keep his dance going rather than allowing the unpredictable spurts and pauses that often make him seem self-conscious to me.

Robbins displays Nichols and Martins's dancing as two facets of the same ideas rather than two contrasting sets of ideas. In their solos, both to expansive operatic waltzes, they seem to be turning and circling and covering as much space as they can between steps. In a final duet, she jumps almost as much, and in the same style, as he does. The consonance between them is all the more striking because of the difference in their physical types—he's big and soft, she's very slight and incisive.

Nichols is one of the company's best young dancers—technically prodigious, daring, and smart in the stylistic niceties that give finish to a performance. I can't recall Robbins choreographing so fluently for a woman since Violette Verdy or maybe Makarova. ■

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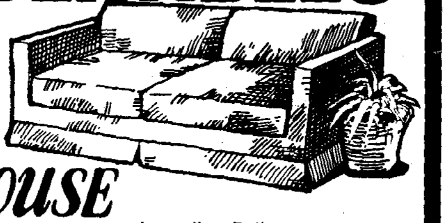

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Jazz/Gary Giddins

NEWPORT NEWS

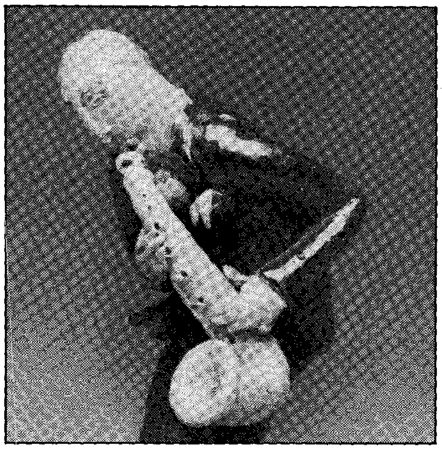
"... The senseless programming conflicts of the Newport Jazz Festival make it necessary to choose one's concerts carefully..."

June—according to Billy Taylor Productions, Jim Harrison Associates, and the Consortium of Jazz Organizations and Artists—is jazz month. In previous years, April was jazz month. I'm always confused by these official-sounding proclamations. They give the illusion of governmental beneficence, when in fact the decree (or press release) really exhorts consumers to Attend! Buy! Call! Listen! Patronize! Read! Support! Watch! "Call!" refers to a useful service of Jazz Interactions, Jazz Line (421-3592). "Watch!" optimistically alludes to TV appearances by jazz artists, occurrences only slightly less rare than Buddy Bolden records.

The summer months *are* propitious for jazz, what with numerous festivals here and abroad. The most famous of these is the **Newport Jazz Festival–New York,** now in its twenty-fifth year (seventh since relocating in the Apple). To get things off to a genuinely official start, the festival's silver anniversary was celebrated on the South Lawn of the White House on June 18, with a concert that ran the stylistic gamut from Eubie Blake to Cecil Taylor.

The actual festival, running from June 23 to July 2, covers almost as much territory, but, of course, that isn't nearly enough. The 1970s are coming to a close, but George Wein's Newport machine still hasn't taken note of the generation of musicians it produced. Still, since he's avoided the borrowed prestige of aging pop stars as well, and kept the commercial hybridizations down to a minimum, the current schedule is a generous representation of straight-ahead jazz. As usual, senseless programming conflicts make it necessary to choose one's concerts carefully.

There will be all kinds of traditional jazz events at Waterloo Village, in Stanhope, New Jersey, on June 23–5. The picnic grounds are pleasant enough, and the afternoon of June 25 is especially full, but you'll be missing some of the best concerts slated for Manhattan. Sarah Vaughan's annual Newport séance is invariably a highlight and sells out well in advance (June 23, Carnegie Hall, 8 P.M.). On June 24, there are two difficult choices: At 8 P.M., you can hear either Ella Fitzgerald at Carnegie or a Schlitz Salute to Jazz Latino at Avery Fisher Hall. The chief attraction of the Latino concert is that Dizzy Gillespie will solo with a great Latin band. At midnight, there is a tempting Count Basie concert with Joe Williams at Avery Fisher, but the opportunity to hear Ornette Coleman's new band, Prime Time, on the same bill with the Cecil Taylor Unit at Carnegie, is too rare to miss.



On June 25, Sonny Rollins and McCoy Tyner will lead their bands at Carnegie at 7 P.M., while Betty Carter, Max Roach, and Dexter Gordon commence at Avery Fisher at 9 P.M. Since Rollins will go on first, you can always sprint uptown midway through Tyner's bombast. A tribute to Clifford Brown, with Max Roach, Ted Curson, and Helen Merrill, will take place at NYU's Loeb Center on June 26, at 8 P.M., after which you'll still be able to lindy hop to Basie's band at the Roseland Ballroom, which opens at 9 P.M. On June 27, there is the Schlitz Salute to the American Song (Carnegie, 8 P.M.), an annual treat, which wins hands down over Maynard and Getz (Avery Fisher, 8 P.M.), especially since Getz will also play the Schlitz Salute. And on June 28, there is little competition for "Three Pianos and Two Guitars" (McCoy Tyner, Bill Evans, Mary Lou Williams, Philip Catherine, Larry Coryell) at Carnegie at 8 P.M.; the alternative at Avery is the dreadful duo, George Duke and Flora Purim.

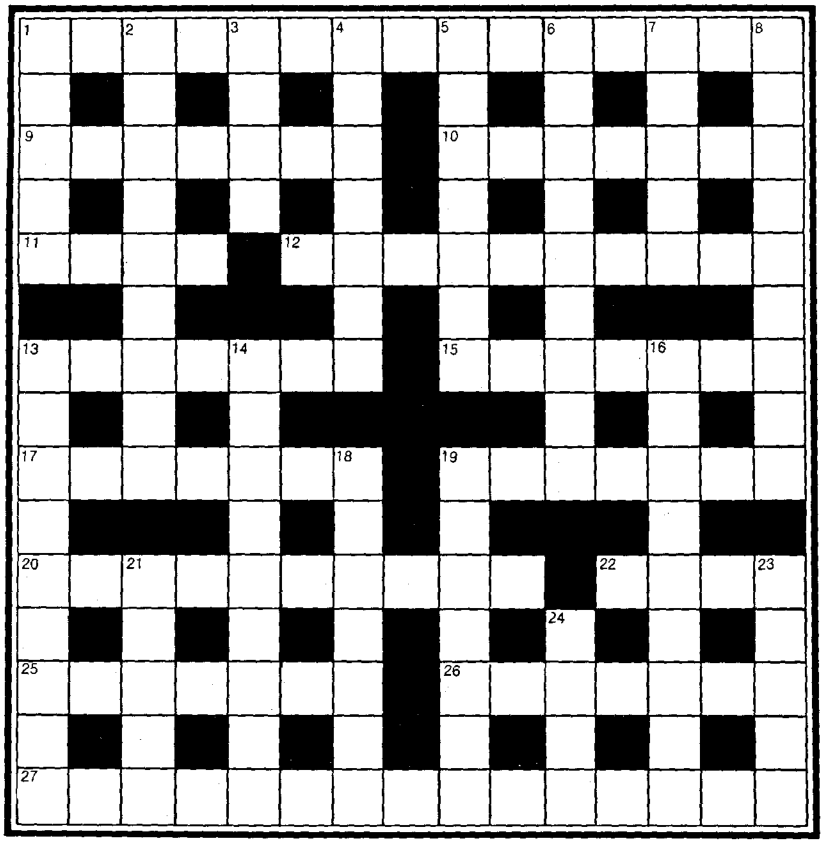
The concerts on June 29 at 8 P.M. are Brubeck and Mulligan at Carnegie, or Buddy Rich and Mel Torme at Avery Fisher; the latter will have guest appearances by Gillespie and Getz which may prove memorable. The unchallenged grandparents of American song these days are Eubie Blake and Alberta Hunter, who will fittingly conduct the children's program, 2 P.M., June 30, at Loeb Center. Brazilian Nights (Joao Gilberto and the ubiquitous Getz), Carnegie at 8 P.M. on June 30, is up against a Chick Corea–Woody Herman program, Avery Fisher at 7:30. The 8 P.M. alternative at Loeb Center is Dave Chertok's delightful evening of film (Ellington, Holiday, Coltrane, et al), but get back to Carnegie by midnight for an adventurous concert built around Sam Rivers, who will introduce Chico Freeman and Hamiet Bluiett, among others.

On July 1 and 2, you can either stay in Manhattan and attend a gala Lionel Hampton tribute (July 1, Carnegie at 8 P.M.), which should have been scheduled for another day, and an immensely promising (and free) 52nd Street fair, July 2, from noon to 5 P.M., or make the trek up to the Saratoga Performing Arts center for two noon-to-midnight festivals in the old Newport tradition. The July 1 program includes three spectacular large-orchestra events: the American debut of Hannibal Marvin Peterson's new symphony, the George Russell band, and Paul Jeffrey conducting the works of Charles Mingus. Rollins, Gillespie, Dexter Gordon, and George Benson are among the many other participants. July 2 is devoted to big bands—Basie, Mercer Ellington, Herman, Rich, Ferguson, Kenton, Thad and Mel, the New York Jazz Repertory Company, and an unannounced surprise, which surely won't be Sun Ra or David Murray. Yet you can hear them at the Public Theater (not a Newport affiliate): Ra will play the music of Fletcher Henderson June 28–30, and Murray will introduce his big band July 1–2, at 425 Lafayette Street. For festival information, call 787-2020. ■

Illustrated by Karen Fredericks

WORLD'S MOST CHALLENGING CROSSWORD

FROM THE SUNDAY TIMES OF LONDON



Solution to last issue's puzzle:

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G	U	E	S	S	E	D	■	D	E	S	I	G	N	S

Clues

ACROSS

1 Heard the last of a thousand changes, but he never seems to hurry. (3, 6, 6)
9 Islander who is a cross between two people. (7)
10 Country with unusual regalia. (7)
11 Sounds a lot for a very humble person. (4)
12 The religious have worries about me burning. (10)
13 Creature which shows there is something potentially odd about a backward step. (7)
15 Elgin, for example, is untidy and informally dressed. (7)
17 Reply I send off amid soldiers. (7)
19 Pose nicely as a member of a literary family. (7)
20 Animals make war universal before one is held by allies. (10)
22 Horrific limb injury. (4)
25 A pulp as processed in Sweden. (7)
26 It is funny when a fool is about to do the wrong thing. (7)
27 Something lucky and something attractive in electricity. (9, 6)

DOWN

1 Glamour which results in rings being given with speed. (5)
2 Something to wear which will cover two hundred nudes before the old man returns. (6, 3)
3 Came in a roundabout way to the point. (4)
4 The record would be difficult if there were no short answer. (7)
5 One who mends his ways. (7)
6 Outstanding feature of those who are tall but not heavy? (9)
7 Good order? (5)
8 Sailors get into a light boat as a means of shedding light on the enemy. (4-5)
13 Where to plight one's troth with Maud. (9)
14 Assume louts are queer in the head. (9)
16 Repetition gives one proportion in number. (9)
18 The inscription shows mine in an untidy heap. (7)
19 Recovery ensured when a wise man carries a means of getting a free meal. (7)
21 Readier to eat in a tripe restaurant. (5)
23 Power sounds a puny thing. (5)
24 Fish which is the reverse of something in a shell. (4)

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SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Sportswear—The three Charivari stores on Broadway are having their annual summer clearance, and imported designer sportswear, plus dressy stuff, is now one third to one half off. At the women's store: Christian Aujard skirts, were $100, now $50; Micmac collection of separates, were $32–$48, now $16–$24; Gudule separates, were $40–$70, now $27–$47; Marion Borderie styles, were $36–$80, now $18–$40. Many Italian knit T-shirts, were $12–$18, now $7–$12. High- and low-wedge espadrilles, were $26–$28, now $15–$17; polyester crepe de Chine shirts, were $30, now $15; and much more. Sizes 4–14. At the men's store: Cerruti suits, were $395, now $299; George Rech blouson jackets, were $135, now $85; Christian Aujard raw-silk shirts, were $110, now $85; Zanella pleated pants, were $65, now $49; Ferrer y Sentis short-sleeve cotton tops, were $32, now $19; Ebony of England silk shirts, were $150, now $75. At Charivari Sport, for men: a group of active and leisure sportswear, now 25–50 percent off. For women: French linen jeans, were $42, now $21, matching short-sleeve jackets, were $39, now $19; a group of cotton shirts and tunics are 20–40 percent off. American Express, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *Charivari for Women, 2307 Broadway, at 83rd St. (873-1424); Mon.–Wed. and Fri. 10:30 a.m.–7 p.m., Thurs. till 8 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m. Charivari for Men, 2339 Broadway, at 85th St. (873-7242); Mon. and Thurs. 11 a.m.–8 p.m., Tues., Wed., Fri. till 7 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m. Charivari Sport, 2345 Broadway, between 85th and 86th sts. (799-8650); Mon.–Wed. and Fri. 10:45 a.m.–7 p.m., Thurs. till 8 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Holiday sailing—The New York Sailing School offers reduced prices on its twenty-hour beginner course over any and all of the three-day holiday weekends—July Fourth (7/1, 2, 4), Labor Day (9/2, 3, 4), and Columbus Day (10/7, 8, 9). The course has fifteen hours of sailing time and five hours of classroom instruction, usually $159, now $129. Classes and sailing take place at City Island. Included are an instruction manual, a graduation beerfest, and a free weekday class sail. Maximum four students to one instructor on the boat. Optional: three days of limo service (round trip from your Manhattan door) available for $15. Landlubbers who are nervous about getting their feet wet can sign on for a 90-minute preview lesson for $5. Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted. *Call the New York Sailing School, 340 Riverside Dr. (864-4472), for a reservation.*

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*

Drapery cleaning—Here is a reduction of 25 percent on drapery cleaning for the summer. Although there are so many variables in length and width that it's impossible to give prices, figure an average of five pleats to a width, and a standard length of 8 or 9 ft. The lowest price would be $6.50 a width for plain, unlined sheers; lined drapes, exclusive of trim, can run $7.50 a width and up; take 25 percent off these prices. There's a $20 charge for removal and installation; pickup and delivery in all five boroughs. You'll get a written estimate once they've examined your drapes. Also, carpet and upholstery cleaning in your home at 25 percent off. No storage. Checks accepted; no credit cards. Pickups and deliveries made Mon.–Fri. 9 A.M.–5 P.M., Sat. till 1 P.M. *Andrew Newman, 151 West 19th St. (538-4600); through 8/31.*

Fashions for less—This little store, which discounts top-designer clothing, is so brand-new that word of mouth is just beginning to build, particularly among the students at the Fashion Institute across the street. By the time its summer sale is over, it should be permanently on the fashion map. Imagine racks of the latest styles by Helene Sidel, Leo Narducci, Givenchy, Geoffrey Beene, and other very famous names, already heavily discounted, with an additional 50 percent taken off those prices! Yvonne LaFleur English-cotton one- and two-piece dresses and separates, retail $78–$200, now $17–$50; Beene unconstructed cotton-ticking pants, skirts, blazers, retail $84–$92, now $25 each; Jack Fuller polyester-crepe blouses, retail $66, now $16.50; Ferrara earth-colored blazers in a blend of Irish linen and cotton, retail $180, now $40, with matching skirts, retail $70, now $15; all-cotton sundresses, retail $50, now $10–$12.50; French all-cotton active sportswear: hooded tops, retail $24, now $6; pants now $6.50. French cotton shirts, retail $52, now $13; cotton and silk skirt suits, retail $120–$180, here $24.50–$45. Sizes 4–16 and S, M, L. American Express, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *The New Store, 289 Seventh Ave., between 26th and 27th sts. (741-1077); seven days a week 10 a.m.–6:30 p.m.; through 7/16.*

Gardening—The Manhattan Gardener is moving from its 64th St. location and clearing out just about everything the terrace or land gardener needs, from hoses to bone meal, pots to fertilizer. From 7/5, the sale is extended at its 75th St. warehouse, weekdays only. Fertilizers will be 20–50 percent off; 40–60 percent off on all plants; 25–50 percent off on bags of bone meal. Painted pots and ceramic pots are half off; cylindrical chrome planters are 50 percent off; automatic humidifiers (previously used in the shop) are $125; 50-ft. no-freeze hoses, were $22.50, now $15.50; rose sprayers (attachments for hoses) are now $1.98. Francis wall nails, $1.50 a box; used redwood planters, 24-in. cubes, now $60; hydroponic gardens, half off; and many other growing aids, such as grow lights, layer kits, insecticides, etc. Also, there are a number of decorative items used by the firm in over twenty years of flower shows—carved sconces, $800 and $1,000 a pair; antique ginger jars, $185 each; and so on. Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *The Manhattan Gardener, Ltd., 201 East 64th St. (PL 2-0202); Mon.–Sat. 9 a.m.–5 p.m.; through 6/30. Beginning 7/5: 535 East 75th St. (PL 2-0202); Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–5 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Lingerie—Sachet, one flight up in a Lexington Ave. townhouse, closes for the summer and is having a sale to clear away a selection of its sleepwear and loungewear. Christian Dior blue zippered stretch-terry robes, were $65, now $32.50; a collection of brunch coats, were $24–$30, now 30 percent off; Italian cotton-blend nightgowns, were $30, now $20; embroidered white Dacron-and-cotton nightshirts, were $25, now $17; and more. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *Sachet, 1012 Lexington Ave., between 72nd and 73rd sts., second floor (288-6035); Mon.–Sat. 10:30 a.m.–5:30 p.m.; through 6/30.* ▬

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Abacus Lucite Outlet—Save 50% on furniture, accessories. 102 West 29th. 947-8990. Catalog $1.

PERSONALS

Dear Sissy and Danny—Congratulations and Best Wishes on the birth of your daughter Tara. With Love, Pat and Diane.

EMPLOYMENT

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

Is there life after college... outside of a typewriter... Creative Job Campaigns, professional resumes, unique cover letter individually designed to obtain interviews. Linda Layton-RE•SPONSE CAREER COUNSELLING, (212) 228-8908

Good Retail People—Experienced professionals for innovative NYC fashion stores. Apply 11-2 p.m. BLADES, 1452 Second Avenue - 76th Street.

Sales Persons Wanted N.Y., N.J., Connecticut, Delaware, Pennsylvania. Sell energy saving products Hotels, Motels, Health Clubs, Hospitals. Call (212) 241-8400.

Artist's Rep.—NYC's fastest-growing art/illustration firm seeks rep. Grow with us. Heavy income if you really hustle (no 9-to-5-ers please). Must know art, comping, ad business. Salary, commission, expenses, portfolios, phone. Write President, HOUR HANDS, 342 Madison, NYC 10017.

SITUATION WANTED

Exceptional multi-dimensional Woman with international background, unique style and outstanding communication skills, is seeking that "special position" in a creative millieu. Box 1294 NYM.

REAL ESTATE

APARTMENTS TO SHARE

Apartment Sharing for Particular People—Call LESLIE HARPER, LTD. As featured in... *N.Y. Times*. 794-9494. For careful screening, brochure. 127 East 69th Street.

A Comfortable Approach for Selective New Yorkers PREMIERE MANHATTAN ASSOCIATES, 581-6976. Emphasis on lifestyle. Thorough screening. Ask about our "fee refundable policy". Midtown at 119 West 57th Street.

APARTMENT WANTED

C.P.S., East 60's - 70's—8 rooms or more for 1 year rental. 628-2388.

Vice President major Bank needs 1 bedroom furnished apartment. Call Jill: (212) 935-8730.

Apartment Sitter—Cares for home, mail, pets. Responsible. References. Box 1293 NYM.

CO-OPS/CONDOMINIUMS

Flushing—3½ rooms luxury building, pool, garage, 30 minutes Manhattan. (212) 380-4439.

OFFICE SPACE AVAILABLE

Lexington Avenue, 44th Street—First Class Office Building. Unusual Penthouse Floor, 2,500 Ft. Great Space! No Fee. HERB GRAFF, (212) 279-7600.

HOUSES AVAILABLE FOR SALE/RENT

Berkshire, near Tanglewood—Six Acres Hill Top, Magnificent view. Colonial Living Room, Brick Fireplace, 3 Bedrooms, Den, Modern Kitchen, Bath. Plus Huge Converted Barn/Guest House, including Living Room. Large Glass doors, Dramatic Hearth, Beamed Ceiling, Studio/Bedroom, Kitchenette, Bath, Garage, Barn Suited for Rental Income. Asking $89,000 by Owner. (413) 698-2615.

Free Weekend in Sugarbush, Vermont—Learn about Time Sharing. Newest concept in Worldwide Vacations. Information call Dan Quinn (212) 986-3178, 9-5; Evenings, Weekends (212) 249-5536.

Country Charm—Private lake view, Lake Mahopac. 1 hour NYC. 5 bedrooms, 3 baths, fieldstone fireplace, Florida room, fully equipped eat-in Kitchen, 2 car garage with workshop, fully winterized. Principals only. High $60's. (914) 628-3312.

Nantucket—Oceanfront 3 bedroom cottage. $65,000. (201) 356-4799 after 5 p.m.

HOUSE EXCHANGE

Prestigious Saddle River, N.J.—35 minutes NYC. Magnificent, furnished 10 room Colonial with heated pool for similar luxury apartment upper eastside, 1-2 years. (201) 825-0765.

COUNTRY HOMES/FARMS

Cragsmoor, N.Y.—Artist Home and Barn, $49,500. (914) 647-7253; (201) 935-4842.

Stockbridge, Massachusetts—Beautifully Restored Colonial. Idyllic setting. $69,500. (413) 298-3750.

Beautiful 1877 year round residence—Four magnificent studios for painting, sculpture, art gallery, etc. Brochure available. Box 804, Wellfleet, Massachusetts 02667.

The Perfect Summer/Winter Getaway! Sylvan setting in horse country! North Salem, N.Y., 1 hour NYC. 3 bedrooms, huge fireplace, entertainment deck! Woods, farms, isolation! Soothing! $89,500. A.T. HOULIHAN, Inc., (212) 824-0260 or (914) 232-5007.

LAND AVAILABLE

Beautiful 2-Acre Land zoned for Hi-Rise or Town Houses. Coral Springs, Florida. Call (212) 879-1880.

SUMMER RENTALS

Mt. Snow, Vermont—Furnished Mountain Chalets. Pool & Tennis Club. Weekly, Season, THE SNOWBROOK, 05356. (802) 464-5154.

Spend a week or weekend at Westhampton Beach. For information call (212) 935-1575.

Vermont, Green Mountains—Fantastic house. $175 weekly. Sleeps six. (914) 273-8093; (203) 323-2230.

"The Villas at Montauk". Long season $5,500. See Vacations Listing.

East Hampton/Wainscott—Shares available, lovely house, lovely people. (212) 794-0341.

Vermont, Bolton Valley Resort—Luxurious condominiums in beautiful mountain setting. Tennis, riding, swimming, hiking, Tennis Packages. Easy access to Burlington and Lake Champlain. Units from $225 weekly. TRAILSIDE CONDOMINIUMS, Box 12, Bolton, Vermont 05477. (802) 434-2953.

Bucks County Estate—Scenic, swimming, Total tanning, Pastoral perfection. The Vacationers Edge. $2,600/Season. (215) 297-8545.

Atlantic Beach, Long Island—Bayfront executive home with own private beach and dock. 45 minutes Manhattan and 20 minutes Kennedy. 2 bedrooms and den. Couple only. June 15th - September 15th. (516) 371-0483; (212) 327-1200.

Fire Island - Ocean Beach—Luxurious 2 Bedroom Apartment, full kitchen, TV, $500 weekly. Accommodates 4 or 5. Holiday slightly higher. Reservations (516) 583-8870.

For Rent July/August—New loft type home. All modern conveniences. West Stockbridge. (413) 232-7079.

Westhampton—New 3 bedrooms/baths, pool, on bay. 7/1 - 9/15. (212) 593-7617; (212) 734-0702.

Westhampton Contemporary House, tennis court, weekdays or weekends. (212) 935-1583; (212) 832-3357.

Beautiful Oceanfront Cottage—Dune Road, Quogue. Available July thru September. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, beautifully appointed. Heated, air-conditioned. Cable TV. $9,000. (212) 628-8600 and Weekends (516) 653-4624.

FOREIGN REAL ESTATE

Dominican Republic—Tropical caribbean paradise. Houses, lots, condominiums, beach and city rentals. (212) 989-0404.

London—Charming modern garden Efficiency, fashionable Knightsbridge. Ideal couple. References. $500 weekly; $4,000 season to Labor Day. (202) 393-5195.

St. Croix, V.I.—Choice 1 acre lot. Gorgeous view overlooking bay and Caribbean, marina. $35,000. (919) 855-9368.

Because of the July 4th Holiday, Classified is closing the July 17 Issue, which is on sale July 10, on Friday, June 30, instead of our normal Tuesday closing.

TRAVEL SERVICES

This is a biweekly Section for Travel Agents & Tour Operators, limited to Display Ads only. Display Ads are sold by the inch. The rates for this Section are as follows: 1 time ad—$147 per inch; 2 consecutive ads—$129 per inch each; 3 consecutive ads—$120 per inch each; 4 consecutive ads or 13 during the year—$110 per inch each. Long term rates also available. Larger sizes available in increments of ¼ inch. Extra $5 for NYM Box Number. Complete rates available upon request. Closing is every other Monday at 1 p.m., for following Monday's issue.

Villas in France

On the French Riviera. Rentals available now thru October. From $260 week to $4100/week. ☐ Stop in or phone American Express Travel Service, 65 Broadway, 480-5121.

Maine Windjammer Sailing Vacation

Coasting Schooners

Isaac H. Evans

Lewis R. French

$265 weekly.

Brochures CAPTAINS LEE & FOSS, Box 482Y

Rockland, Me. 04841 Tel. 207-594-8007

The Best French Atmosphere In This Hemisphere

Vielle Tour on Guadeloupe offers quiet comfort in a truly first class French atmosphere.

There's a private beach. Tennis. Land and water sports. Great French food. And that's just the beginning.

See your travel agent for more details.

VIELLE TOUR

La Belle Caribe Vacations

Club

The Ultimate Vacation Weekend

The style is club Med.

The spirit is summer camp.

The high is pure Getaway!

Play tennis with pro instruction, ride horseback, ski, sail, climb our mountain, canoe the Housatonic, try pottery or yoga. Choose up for a zany game of volleyball or softball. Or relax on an airbed afloat on our own lake or in the East's largest California Hot Tub with 13 close friends. Disco, entertainment, great food, wine, a barbecue...$115 pays for it all including a party bus to and from Kent, Conn. in the Berkshires.

For More Information & Free Brochure **(212) 935-0222**

Getaway

TOWN & COUNTRY PROPERTIES

This is a Weekly Real Estate Section limited to Display Ads only. Display Ads are sold by the inch. The Rates for this section are as follows: 1 time ad—$147 per inch; 2 consecutive ads—$129 per inch each; 3 consecutive ads—$120 per inch each; 4 consecutive ads or 13 during one year—$110 per inch each. Long term rates also available. Larger sizes available in increments of ¼ inch. Extra $5 for NYM Box Number. Complete rates available upon request. Payment & closing dates are the same as regular New York Magazine Classified.

CATSKILL SKI COUNTRY RETREAT

10 ac w/4 bedroom lodge, 2 baths, fireplace. Large deck, swimable pond in yard, way-out view, good road - $33,500 - terms.

REDMOND AGENCY

Route 28, Arkville, N.Y. 12406

(914) 586-2696 Closed Sundays

GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT

Lovely brick Georgian house. Slate roof, beautifully landscaped grounds, formal step-down living room with fireplace leading to a sunny screened porch, large dining room, small library with fireplace, 3 large family bedrooms each with bath, 2 servants rooms and bath. The construction is superior. Newly on the market and in move-in condition.

NEWHALL & OGILVY

(203) 869-8100

ROXBURY, CONNECTICUT

Early 19th century miniature Colonial, greenhouse-linked with old converted barn to form unique 3 bedroom house on 7 acres. Wide planked floors, chestnut beams, loft, cobblestone terrace. 90 minutes from NYC. $185,000.

Owner Evenings (203) 354-9652

ARMONK Westchester County

ANTIQUITIES IN STONE

Stone gatehouse now enchanting guest Cottage & flawlessly restored residence of stone & timbers. Lake, Tennis & Pool membership in private Club, Windmill Farms Armonk. Price for quick sale $113,000.

UPCOUNTY

254 Katonah Avenue, Katonah, N.Y.

(212) 863-0121 (914) 232-8138

Exceptional Contemporary on 9.6 acres designed for outstanding views. Bordered by trees for privacy, spacious interior features dramatic cathedral ceilings and abundance of glass. Built by a disciple of Frank Lloyd Wright. Wide pegged floors, 30 foot kitchen, brick wall raised hearth fireplace. Located in the heart of northern Westchester. $159,900.

Frances Billingsley Realty Inc.

Katonah, New York

(914) 232-5121 (212) 298-3400

"SARATOGA IS EXCITING LIVING"

Restored Colonial, five minutes from Saratoga Springs, New York, 35 acres, $110,000.

John T. Roohan Realtor

43 Union Avenue Saratoga Springs, New York

(518) 587-4500

SOUTHAMPTON

Decorator house just completed. A/C, 3 bedrooms, 3 baths. Easy living in country club atmosphere w/ pool & tennis courts. Walk to beach & village. July $2,500; August also available; special season rate July 1 thru Sept. 15th. Call Sat. & Sun.: (516) 283-4457; (516) 283-8756; (516) 283-4455 - Mon. to Fri. (212) 838-9330, Ext. 35.

IRVINGTON, NEW YORK

An unusual and very beautiful home built in 1832 and owned by Cyrus W. Field. The surrounding area, named "Ardsley Park" after the house is widely known to be one of the prime residential areas of Westchester County.

The house is set on 2½ acres of lawn and surrounding woods. It includes 4 large bedrooms on the 2nd floor, 3½ baths, 6 very large rooms with 12' ceilings on the first floor as well as many distinguishing features: seven fireplaces, parquet floors, Tiffany glass, hand carved wood mouldings and bow windows. The house is well insulated and the atmosphere combines both elegance and grandeur with warmth and cheer.

A prospective buyer will recognize that the real value of the house lies in its beauty and uniqueness, yet the total purchase of house and land represents a very sound investment: $265,000.

(212) 688-8700 **WILLIAM B. MAY CO.** (914) 591-8984

FREEPORT

YOU BELONG IN FREEPORT

Quality & luxury homes $30,000 - $100,000. Top neighborhoods & waterfront. NEW RECREATION SPA, EXCELLENT SCHOOLS & CULTURAL ARTS PROGRAMS

CLOSE TO NYC

NO FEE

Mrs. Crook Weekdays 9-4:30, (516) 378-4000

VILLAGE OF FREEPORT

CONNECTICUT

"AN 1812 OVERTURE"

A mountain top dream house with 10 rooms including 3 bathrooms, huge kitchen, original beams throughout. Restored by the architect that supervised the Sturbridge Village Restoration. $175,000 with 10 acres, additional acreage available.

A.V. McGOWAN ASSOCIATES

Whitcomb Hill Road Cornwall Bridge, Conn.

(203) OR 2-6336

BARNS LIVE

Antique Vermont Hay Barn Reconstruction on smashing mountain view site in Weston, CT. (Westport commuting). Functional, structurally rugged, designed for comfort & luxurious, imaginative living while preserving the mellow feeling. "Barn People" are invited to call collect for an appointment. Immediate occupancy.

THE COUNTRY AGENCY

Westport, Conn. (203) 227-0823

Westchester Croton Commute

A DREAM HOUSE $135,000

Exquisite old fashioned Colonail. Wide Veranda, 30' long center hall, impressive living room/fireplace, large dining room, modern kitchen, family room/fireplace, guest room, office, 2 double Bedrm plus magnificent Master Suite, all in perfect taste. A gem of a home.

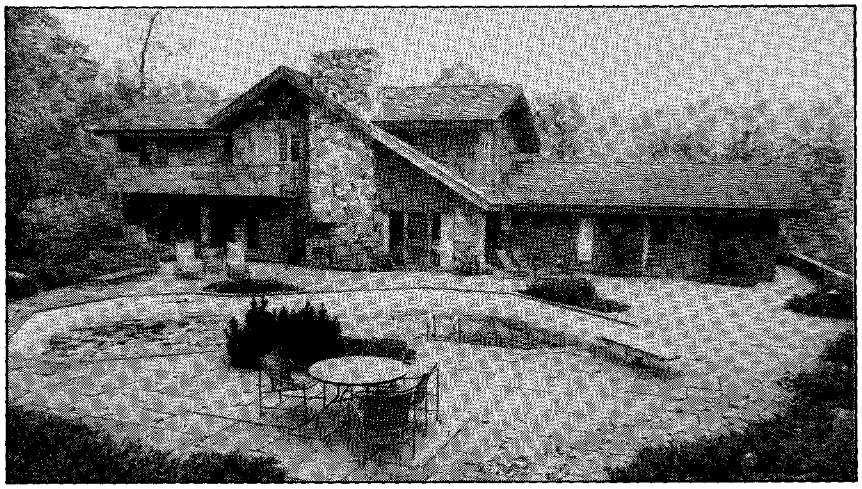
CENTURY 21 Robert Morin (914) 762-0800

TOP BERGEN BUYS

Call or write for your complimentary brochure featuring information on schools, town facilities and community affairs in Northwest Bergen County. Excellent communities with easy commute to NYC. Houses from $55,000 to $300,000.

BEIR-HIGGINS
Realty Associates Inc.

67 Allendale Ave. Saddle River, N.J.
(201) 327-5600



A MASTERWORK

Unique country home for the New York Executive, one hour from the city in beautiful Pound Ridge, N.Y. Thirteen spacious rooms, ideal for entertaining, separate servants wing, three fieldstone fireplaces, central air conditioning, large terraces overlooking two acre lake, heated swimming pool. Complete privacy on thirteen and a half acres with hiking and cross country ski trails. Masterfully conceived and built with the finest quality materials for the discriminating.

Brochure upon request $625,000

Exclusive Agents

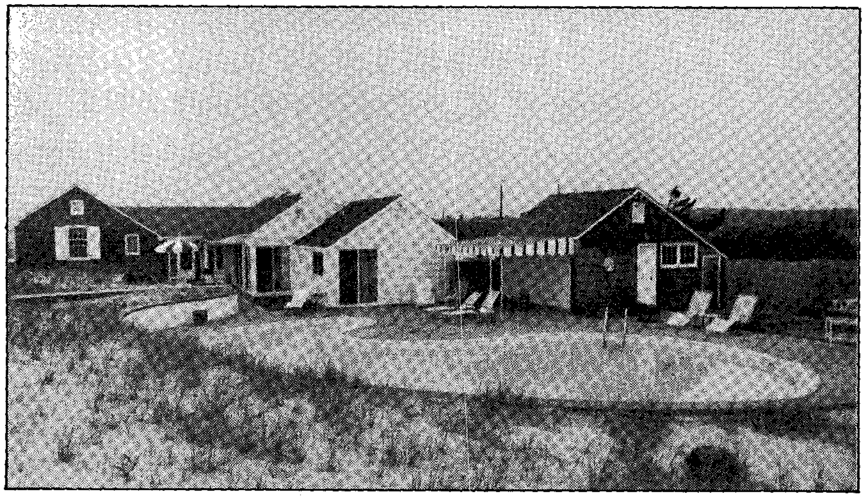
POUND RIDGE REAL ESTATE

(914) 764-4661

TOWN & COUNTRY PROPERTIES

AMAGANSETT - E. HAMPTON

FOR SALE THIS MAGNIFICENT OCEANFRONT RESIDENCE



Completely renovated and redecorated. Main residence, guest cottage, pool house. Price $325,000. Shown by appointment.

JAMES P. AMADEN J. EDWARD GAY JR. AGENCY
(516) 324-0041

GEORGIAN COLONIAL ESTATE

Beautifully restored, recently featured in *Better Home and Gardens*. Magnificent setting. Apartment-Garage. Guest cottage. In-ground swimming pool. Har-Tru tennis court. 30 acres with 2 acres planted vineyard. Pond site. Streams. Beautifully landscaped. A must for the discriminating buyer. 1¼ hrs. NYC. $195,000.

Photos available of this and other fine properties, readily accessible in our Manhattan office by appointment.

GARY A. SOREN
(212) 687-8212 (212) 628-4213

NEAR ATLANTIC CITY CASINOS

Must sell. 1½ bedroom exclusive Condominium. 10 minutes Atlantic City, next door to race course, 1 hour Phily, 2 hours NYC. Tennis courts, pool, sauna, club house, garden keepers, security, fully shag carpeted, washer, drier, all kitchen appliances, central air. $36,000.

Owner (609) 645-2147 Evenings or Weekends

Lovely Greenwich Home

Contemporary 8 rms., 4 brs., on lush wooded lot in distinctive family neighborhood. BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY SETTING, PERFECT FOR CHILDREN. Proximity to conveniences. Included: elec. air cleaner, humidifier, central air, new furnace, elec. garage door, gas grill on terrace. $179,500.

Unusual Land Opportunity

11.8 A. WITH 3,900' ON DAMARISCOTTA LAKE, 140' road frontage, offers ideal site for seasonal or year 'round residential home. Like an island, w/access by car. 3 inlets add to unique shoreline, 1 cove offers very protected area for boats. Good fishing, sailboating. 3 hrs. to Boston. Protective restrictions. $70,000.

Gracious Splendor in Vt.

Champlain Valley farm, on NATIONAL REGISTER OF HISTORIC PLACES: 20 rms., 6 brs., 2 stdies, 2 libraries, gallery, 2 fps. Horse barn, 9 rm. tenant house, poultry house & carriage shed. This fine example of Greek Revival on 257 A. has been PAINSTAKINGLY RESTORED. State maintained 21 A. pond. 45 A. open-78 A. woodland. Beautifully maintained foyer, circular staircase, 24 carat gold leaf walls, coffered ceilings & much more. Located in village of Orwen, in Addison Cty. $370,000. Brochure available.

Sussex County Lakefront

Lovely home on Swartswood Lake, N.J. 2 brs., 2 fps., 40' deck & 40' patio overlooking water. Family rm. Private in lagoon setting, good fishing. Perfect retreat for artists, writers. Excellent condition, low maintenance. Convenient to schools, churches, shopping. $79,900.

Our subscribers are the leading Brokers in the areas they serve. Contact us for any type of Real Estate.

The Settlers Corporation
100 Constitution Place
Hartford, Conn. 06103

(800) 243-8998
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70's E. (nr. 5th Ave.)

OUT OF THIS WORLD

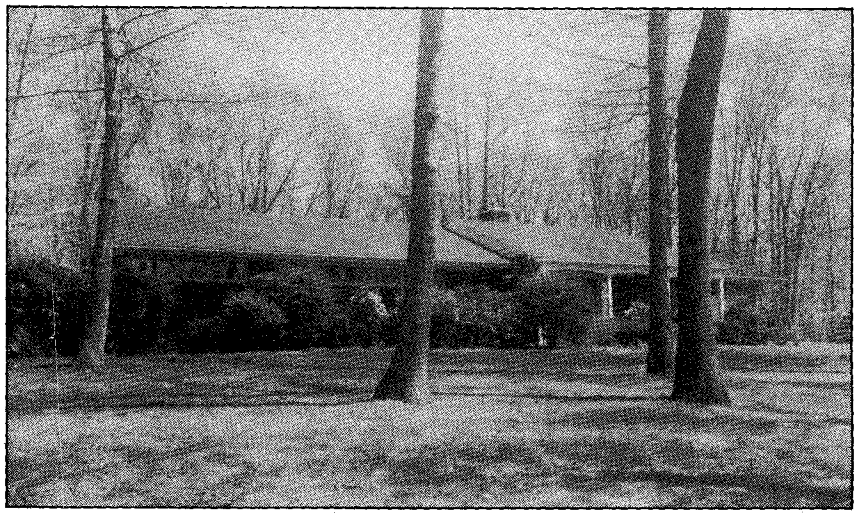
Fascinatingly different, expensive modern townhouse duplex, elevator, spacious seven rooms plus - for the discerning.

WILLIAM B. MAY CO.
Ext. 10 688-8700

BEST OF BOTH WORLDS

Ten room Super Spacious Dutch Colonial Home on 3 acres located on the Ridgefield Pk./Teaneck, N.J. boundary. Adjacent to Route 80 and minutes from the George Washington Bridge, it is both convenient and secluded. At $159,900, Professional and Investment opportunities abound.

CENTURY 21 Star Realtor (201) 837-6600



RIDGEWOOD VICINITY

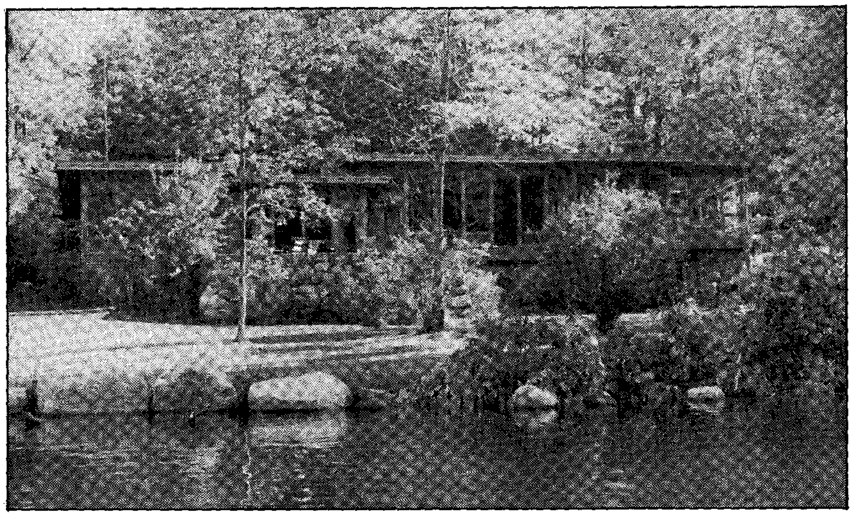
THE PRIDE OF HO-HO-KUS

Designed for easy maintenance, this all-brick and aluminum custom built ranch is the showplace of the prestigious Stratford Ridge Estates. The elaborate Japanese gardens support this easy maintenance as well as providing a private setting for the POOL and patio. Entertaining is painless since this home can easily accommodate 100 or more for cocktails or a group of robust teenagers in the special game room. A sensational value at $209,500.

Alan P. Howell
REAL ESTATE

605 North Maple Avenue (201) 444-6700 Ho-Ho-Kus, N.J.

TOWN & COUNTRY PROPERTIES



Lovely glass, stone and cedar vari-level home on 2½ lakefront acres in Tuxedo Park. 8 large rooms offer 5,600 square feet of living space with massive stone fireplace, vaulted ceiling, boat dock, 20 foot waterfall and brook. Bus and train from Park. $225,000. Brochure available.

Lydecker Agency

Corner Main & Franklin (914) 358-3700 Nyack, N.Y.

GRANDVIEW-ON-HUDSON

New England Colonial with Cottage. Handsome, spacious home, prime condition, 5 bedrooms, 2½ baths, new kitchen, ¾ acre riverfront. $135,000.

Other Riverfront Property Available

Wright Bros.

53 South Broadway Nyack, N.Y. 10960
(914) 358-3050

Treetop House - Waitsfield, Vermont

Enter unique house via 50' covered footbridge: 3 bedrooms; 2 baths; 2 fireplaces; all major appliances; all furniture built-in; easy maintenance, magnificent views, near shopping, restaurants, all sports, cross country trails, 3 major ski areas. $58,000.

GRAVES REALTY COMPANY

Waitsfield, Vermont 05673 (802) 469-2523

Northern Westchester - Mt. Kisco

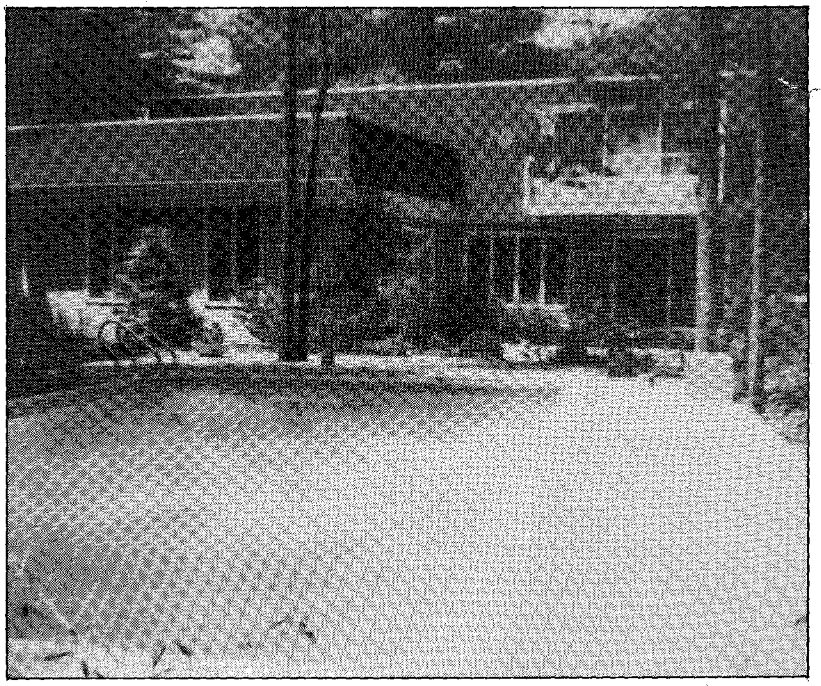
Classic Victorian circa 1900, lovingly restored. Set on beautifully landscaped acre, prestigious community. This distinctive residence offers best of everything - country living, village conveniences, recreational facilities, fast commute to NYC, and highly regarded Public School system. $127,500.

PLAZA REAL ESTATE

Kirby Plaza at the Mt. Kisco R.R. Sta.
(914) 241-3500

1820's SALTBOX ON MOUNTAINTOP
80 Secluded Acres

Mile of private road winds through woods and fields to totally secluded, restored farmhouse, miles from anybody. Deep pond, large barn, sweeping lawn. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths. Beamed, cathedral ceiling living room, flooded with light, wall of windows and French doors open out to stone terrace, all overlooking pond and breathtaking view of distant valley & mountains. Exquisite restoration just completed from the frame out. New (roof, clapboard, kitchen, fireplace, plumbing, heating, wiring, everything) combined with old charm of wide board floors, batten doors & iron latches, small-paned windows. Near Cooperstown, N.Y., 4 hours from NYC by auto, 55 min. by nearby commuter airline. $125,000 with financing available. (607) 547-8001, or for info write RD 2 Box 168, Cooperstown, N.Y. 13326.



EAST HAMPTON
JACK DOUGLAS REALTY

Hidden in a white pine forest and bordering a reserve area;. . . contemporary French country home with turquoise swimming pool. $165,000.

76 Woods Lane East Hampton, N.Y.
(516) 324-1133

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

COMPETITION NUMBER 322

BY MARY ANN MADDEN

"The Post Office regrets that the enclosed letter, mailed to you in 1958, was lost in transit. We trust the delay has not caused inconvenience."

Above, playing Post Office. Competitors are invited to devise the provocative opening paragraph of a letter received after a twenty-year delay from which we may (by the salutation or by other means) infer the identities of the sender and recipient.

Results of Competition 319, in which you were asked for misleading headlines and deflating follow-up copy.

Report: AND COMPETITION: JUDGE FAINTS—New York, N.Y. At a Xerox operators' contest here, Ms. Grace Judge, president of the Association of National Duplicators, today succumbed. . . . But not before listing the repeats: FORD RECALLS ALL PAST MODELS—"There was the Stutz Bearcat," remembers the ex-president. . . . CARTER TO REMOVE CABINET—A trucker has been called to haul away the armoire of Dr. Caligari of this city. . . . ARAFAT TALKS TO BEGIN—A series of speeches by Yassir Arafat will start tomorrow. . . . VIDAL LOVES MAILER—The promotional leaflet endorsed by Mr. Sassoon. . . . JUDGE CRATER ALIVE—A team of experts has deemed the volcano non-dormant. . . . CARSON WILL RESIGN—The television host has inked a new pact. Also will get new tires (see CARSON TO RETIRE, p. 5). Also: (Marni) NIXON TAPES PLAYED ON TV. (Alexander) POPE OPPOSES RELIGION. (Roof of A & P) MARKET COLLAPSES. (At farmer's market dishware display) RED CHINA DESTROYED BY TURKEY. NEW YORK BOMBED—Last issue terrible, say critics.

—30—

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

JOHN BOY ARRESTED FOR SELLING POT—WALTONS SHOCKED

Waltons, N.Y.—A young men's room attendant at the Waltons Zoo was apprehended today for allegedly selling a handcrafted ceramic article outside the elephant house without a license. Local citizens were outraged. "With all the crime in this city, you'd think the police would have better things to do than . . ."

Don Gibbs, Omaha, Neb.
sp. mention: Mark A. Malcolm, Teaneck, N.J.

PORT AUTHORITY TO LEAVE NEW YORK

New York, N.Y. May 24—Jacques "Le Vine" Levine, noted oenologist and portwine expert, announced his imminent departure from this city at a recent press conference, citing poor health as . . .

A. Ellen Jaffe, Leonia, N.J.

NEW DIET OF WORMS SHEDS POUNDS

In a move designed to forestall charges of conflict of interest, members of a newly reformed quasi-legislative body at Worms, Germany, today voted to divest themselves of all financial holdings in the United Kingdom. . . .

Oscar Weigle, Whitestone, N.Y.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

TRAINER SCRATCHES AFFIRMED IN DERBY TRIAL

Derby, England—Accusing her trainer and ex-fiancé of jealousy, figure skater Maria Pavlovina affirmed that he had brusied and scratched her during a lovers' quarrel. Medical reports indicated . . .

Jane Meredith Ash, NYC

CONVICT GETS THIRD DEGREE: KEEPS MUM

San Quentin, Calif.—Commenting on the single yellow chrysanthemum he received after attaining his Ph.D. degree, David Smith, an inmate here, stated, "I shall treasure it forever. . . ."

George Robinson, Scarsdale, N.Y.

CARTERS RECEIVE HEALTHY PAYCHECK

Nashville, Tenn.—June Carter and her sisters gave a welcome-home-from-the-hospital party for country-western star Johnny Paycheck. June and hubby Johnny Cash sang a medley of get-well tunes including "You Make Me Sick Every Time You Go Away." . . .

Len Elliott, Auburn, Wash.

MAMMOTH GARAGE SALE

Sturdy Pleistocene garage (circa 3,000,000 B.C.) suitable for storage of one or more woolly mammoths. Make offer.

Raymond Mullaney, Hawirth, N.Y.

And Honorable Mention to:

WILL NOT RUN IN 1980—CARTER IN EXCLUSIVE PLAINS INTERVIEW SAYS LANCE BUSINESS BROKE HIM

Quebec. May 16—Jean Jacques Rousseau Carter, who has been training in the Plains of Abraham for the marathon in the 1980 Olympics, today informed this reporter that he will not enter the race. "I had hoped to keep myself running," he said ruefully, "by selling replicas of medieval jousting equipment, but . . ."

Louis Kleinman, Louisville, Ky.

FORD SLIPS AND FALLS CHEVY CHASE STILL ON

Despite a sharp dip in sales for the last quarter, Ford Motor Co. officials said they still planned to overtake Chevrolet by year's end. . . .

L. Soth, Northfield, Minn.
sp. ment.: Ellen Freeman, Manchester, N.H.

HUNT NAMED IN CASTRO ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT

Havana. June 14—Cuban authorities are conducting a massive search for Muhammed Kaffir Named, a naturalized citizen of Cuba, who was implicated in last Saturday's disturbance at a public address where Premier Castro . . .

Marcia Feitel, New Haven, Conn.

NIXON, IN MEMOIRS, ADMITS WATERGATE GUILT

Hutchville Corner, Ga.—Nixon College, in Memoirs, South Carolina, has admitted Watergate P. Guilt to its freshman class in September. Mr. Guilt's father, Frederick Guilt, is president of the Hutchville Corner National Bank . . .

Dolores Kazanjian, NYC

MAN EATING FISH FRIGHTENS CROWD

An unidentified man was forcibly removed from Arthur Treacher's restaurant last night as . . .

Jacqueline Fogel, Jamaica, N.Y.

ALI THROWS MATCH

River City's annual Harvest Festival began today as fans watched film star Ali McGraw light the traditional bonfire. . . .

Tibby Llewellyn, Savannah, Ga.

WAR BETWEEN UNITED STATES AND RUSSIA

London. June 3—The musical group War arrived here today on the first step of a six-nation tour that will end in Leningrad. . . .

Gerald Rosen, East Northport, N.Y.

JUICE RUNNING THROUGH AIRPORT STOPPED BY OLD LADY'S TACKLE

A 10,000-gallon drum of orange juice stored in Kennedy Airport sprung a leak, causing the liquid to pour across the floor of the TWA Building. Quick action by 93-year-old Hattie Bluss saved the day when the elderly fishing buff wedged her tackle box into the rupture in the storage tank, slowing the flow, as repairmen . . .

Miles Klein, East Brunswick, N.J.

FILM MOGUL HAS HEAD CUT OFF

"I don't care *how* good a costume designer

she is!" With those words . . .
Janet Lemkau, Plandome, N.Y.

FRENCH, ITALIAN, AND RUSSIAN INVOLVED IN BIG MIX-UP

"The Great Salad Debate," Craig Claiborne, page C5.
Howard Leichter, Warren, N.J.

FORTY-SECOND STREET CLEANS UP

Who says nostalgia isn't what it used to be? The '30s Dick Powell–Ruby Keeler musical *Forty-Second Street* is playing to SRO crowds, reports *Variety*. . . .
J. M. Glick, Kinnelon, N.J.

MEG AND RODDY TO SHARE QUARTERS, LIZ OFFER NIXED

Erstwhile child stars Margaret O'Brien and Roddy McDowall have formed their own production company, but have rejected colleague Elizabeth Taylor's offer of help. . . .
Nancy Dickinson, Waterford, Conn.

STATUE OF LIBERTY FALLS INTO BAY

London. June 14—A Tilbury tender coming from the mouth of the Thames late last night collided with a barge, causing a large crate to fall from the deck into Gravesend Bay. This contained a marble statue of Sir Arthur Lasenby Liberty, commissioned by the famous Regent Street store he founded in 1875. . . .
James Fechheimer, Glen Head, N.Y.

GANGLAND STYLE SHOOTING IN N.Y.

New York, N.Y.—Filmads, Inc. has announced plans to film its new '20s epic, *Gangland Style,* on location in Manhattan. . . .
similarly: Susan M. Salzberg, Floral Park, N.Y.; Grace M. Katz, Rutland, Vt.

UFO CAPTURE ENDS MYSTERY

North Brunswick, N.J. May 9—Sheriff Orville Sykes announced the arrest of Joe Ufo, who confessed he was responsible for the disappearance of the town cannon last summer. . . .
R. Sardy, North Brunswick, N.J.
sp. ment.: Jim Bartruff, Kansas City, Mo.

SECRETARIAT CONTINUES TO RUN WITHOUT A HEAD

New York, N.Y.—Despite the recent and unexpected resignation of the secretary general, the United Nations has maintained normal operations. . . .
John Falxa, NYC
sp. mention: Preston Spickler, NYC

TAX HIKES THROUGH COUNTRY

Upon completion of his cross-country from Charlotte, N.C., to San Francisco, Cal., in protest of increased highway expenditures, Paul D. Tax reiterated his claim that automobile usage should . . .
Anna Spangler, Charlotte, N.C.

VIOLENCE WINS: FANS STORM FIELD

New York, N.Y. June 9—In the annual charity softball game between local TV stations, the CBS team once again topped the ABC team. Winning pitcher Rudy Violence, replacing an ailing Jim Jensen, struck out a record ten men, including ABC weatherman Storm Field. . . .
Susan Molefsky, Bronx

JACKIE PLEASED WITH "THE GREEK TYCOON"

New York, N.Y.—Jackie Bisset, star of *The Greek Tycoon,* is in town to promote . . .
Gerald Williams, Midwest City, Okla.

GIANTS, BEARS IN FINAL

Washington, D.C.—The House Endangered Species Committee today sent to the full House a recommendation that the Kodiak Bear and the Great Panda be classified . . .
Edgar F. Coudal, Park Ridge, Ill.
sp. mention: Lewis P. Reade, Philadelphia, Pa.

PRESIDENTIAL AIDE WAS CHILD MOLESTER

Atlanta, Ga. May 25—A local paper today revealed that in his strapping pre-teen years, presidential staffer Hurd Freestone found summer employment on a Georgia canal system as a mechanized-mole operator with full responsibility for . . .
John Hofer, Southboro, Mass.

GIRL, DINING ALONE, ESCAPES ADVANCES OF INTRUDER

Eekville, N.J. June 15—While dining at the Curds 'n' Whey Inn yesterday, a young woman, identified as Arlene Muffet, was accosted by (in her words) "a repulsive creature with hairy legs." Fortunately, she had the presence of mind to . . .
James Timmons Jr., Cedarville, N.J.
sp. mention: Elliot Davidoff, M.D., Granville, Ohio

PAN AM REPORTS DRASTIC FARE CUTS ON ALL FLIGHTS

In an economy move, Pan American World Airways announced today that it was eliminating meals on all but seven of its flights, and . . .
Pericles Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

PHONY CRYSTAL CAPER EARNS PERPETRATOR TWO YEARS

A contest entry ghost-written for Pericles Crystal of Scarsdale has earned its author first prize of a two-year subscription to *New York* Magazine. . . .
Holly Pavloy, Silver Spring, Md.

ELDERS PREFER READING TO INTERCOURSE

Reading, Pa. May 20—Mr. and Mrs. George Elder have settled here after residing in a smaller Pennsylvania community for two years. They cited cultural advantages as . . .
Steve Brody, Yorktown Heights, N.Y.

Contest Rules: One entry only should be sent to Competition Number 322, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. It must be received by June 30. Editor's decisions are final and all entries become the property of *New York.* First-prize winners will receive two-year subscriptions to *New York,* and runners-up will receive one-year subscriptions. Results and winners' names will appear in the issue of July 24. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace. **Postcards only.**

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Page of Lists / Elliot Willensky

NEW YORK'S BEST-LAID PLANS

...Fine ideas and good intentions are never wanting in New York. Herewith, some recent projects that never got off the ground...

Ambitious projects for the future of New York City have never been wanting. As early as 1824, when the population of Manhattan was only about 125,000, concern was voiced that the concentration of buildings at the Battery made Manhattan Island unstable. And so, to prevent it from sliding into the harbor, it was proposed that the island be sawed loose and turned around so that the heavier end would be up near Spuyten Duyvil.

Among more recent—and more serious—unrealized proposals:

1. The new 42nd Street Shuttle. Proposed improvements to the shuttle between the Lexington and Seventh Avenue IRT lines have long been on the minds of local transit planners. In 1954 the improvement was to be a continuous conveyor belt, a people mover from which riders would board sleek 24-passenger minicoaches. This idea was never put into effect. Instead, in 1960, a "high tech," completely automated control system was announced, which the TWU's colorful Mike Quill promptly labeled "insane." Those who rode its faltering cars during the three-year experiment would probably agree. The shuttle still awaits the grand idea.

2. The relocated Stock Exchange. In the early 1960s the New York Stock Exchange announced that it needed a new home. To take advantage of federal land write-downs, it negotiated a site in the Battery Park Urban Renewal Area. Two well-connected persons, realizing that urban-renewal designation frequently subjected affected property owners to long and uncertain waits, quietly offered them quick cash settlements. Before long, the two had bought up 90 percent of the site and were themselves offering it to the Exchange. Tempers flared, suits and countersuits ensued, and, finally, the Exchange decided that it didn't really want to move after all.

3. The Municipal Executive Office Building. Demolition of the so-called Tweed Courthouse, a symbol since 1872 of extravagant municipal waste, was to be a sweetener in the 1962 Civic Center plan. Its 40-floor office tower, a key element in the design, was criticized for overshadowing diminutive City Hall. Eventually other budget priorities doomed the project. In the meantime, tastes changed: Renewed regard for the architectural splendors of the courthouse overcame its tawdry reputation. There is today a movement to rehabilitate it.

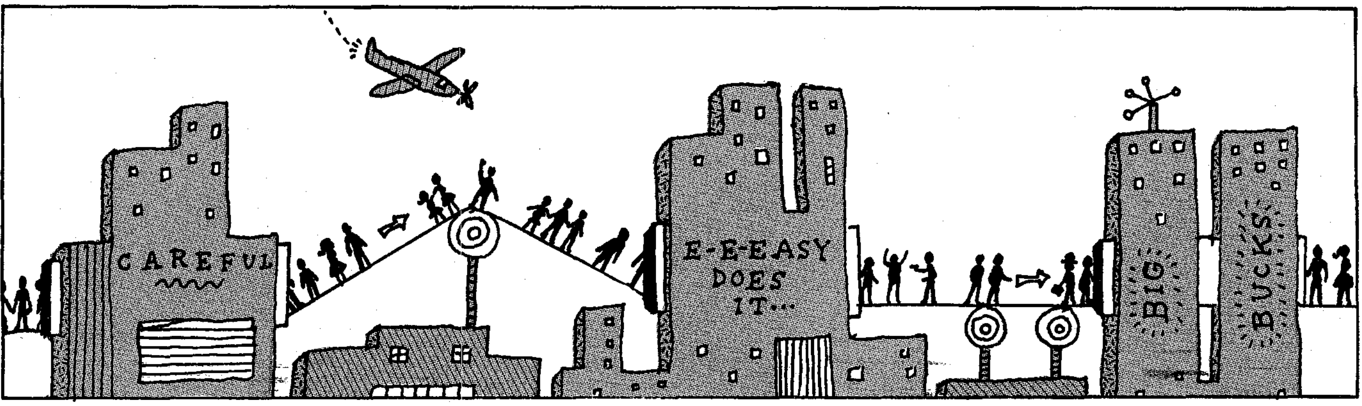
4. The Hartford Pavilion. The proffered outdoor café, a gift from the A&P millionaire, would have served food and drink to 1,000 at "moderate" prices in view of a picturesque pond. That last, however, was the rub: The pavilion would be in Central Park, just off 59th and Fifth. Encroachment! roared the people. But how could the city refuse such a generous offer? It took five years, but finally the incoming Lindsay administration did just that, in 1966.

5. The Lower Manhattan Expressway. Five mayors wrestled for a total of 30 years with ways to build this artery — elevated, surface, submerged, tunneled, and mixed—before fears of acute air pollution, destruction of SoHo's cast-iron façades, and unpopular commercial and residential relocation, along with the imprecations of Jane Jacobs and others finally laid this project to rest, in 1969.

6. The Madison Avenue Mall. To celebrate Earth Week in the spring of 1971, a stretch of Madison Avenue was closed to traffic during lunch hour. As a result of the enthusiastic response from pedestrians, a plan was initiated for a permanent mall along Madison from 44th to 57th Street, but outcries from the taxi industry and local merchants drowned out the enthusiasts.

7. An annex to the Federal Reserve Bank. A spacious street-level plaza tucked under a 43-story tower perched atop four stilts was the gift proposed for the financial district in 1972 by the New York branch of the Fed. Delays in acquiring the entire site and the subsequent slackening of what had been a tight rental market canceled the project. Meanwhile, the cleared site remains, at Nassau and John streets.

8. The Cinémathèque. After a two-year site search, plans were announced to house the American counterpart of La Cinémathèque Française under the Manhattan approach of the Queensboro Bridge. Ambitious proposals that called for three theaters to screen as many as fourteen films a day were quashed by the inability to raise the necessary $10 million. The cathedral-like vaulted space is now slated to become Bridgemarket, a mecca for food lovers. ▬



Illustrated by Ben Chase

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CAR BIZ

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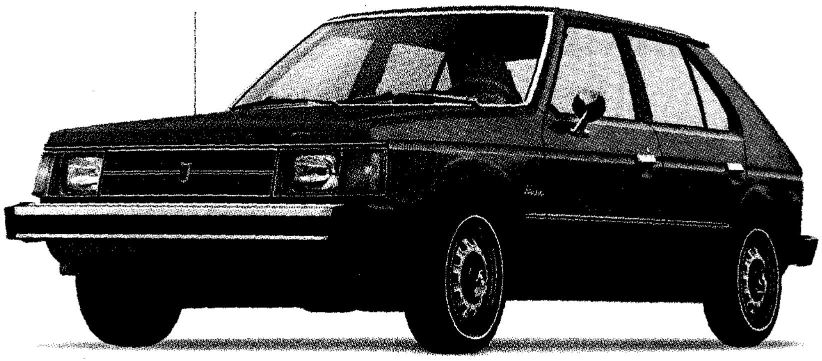
The Seattle Times

WHAT MORE CAN WE SAY.



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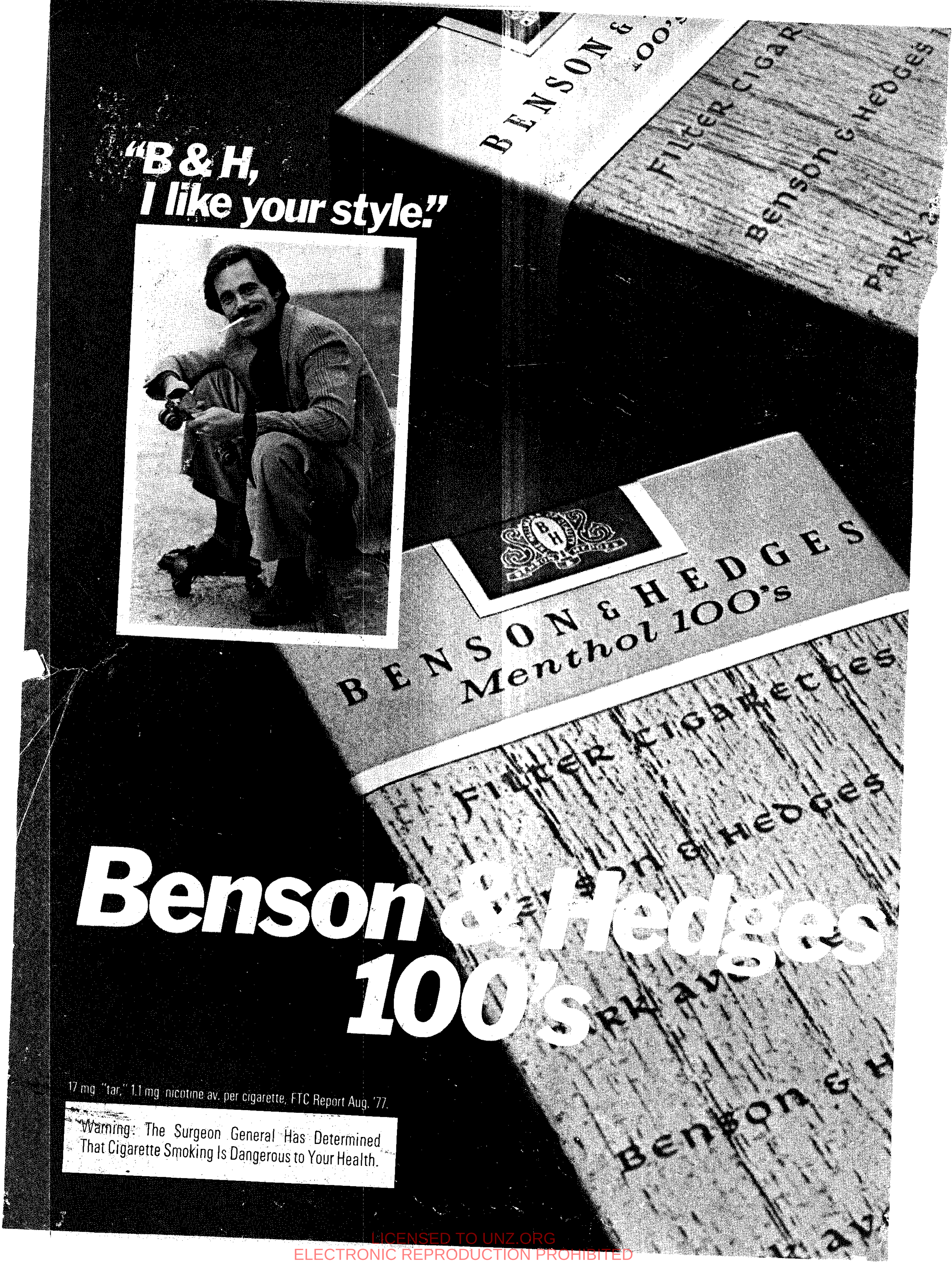
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